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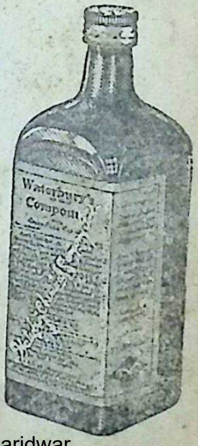

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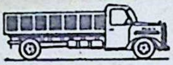

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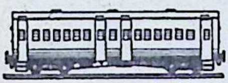

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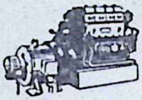

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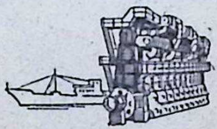

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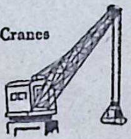

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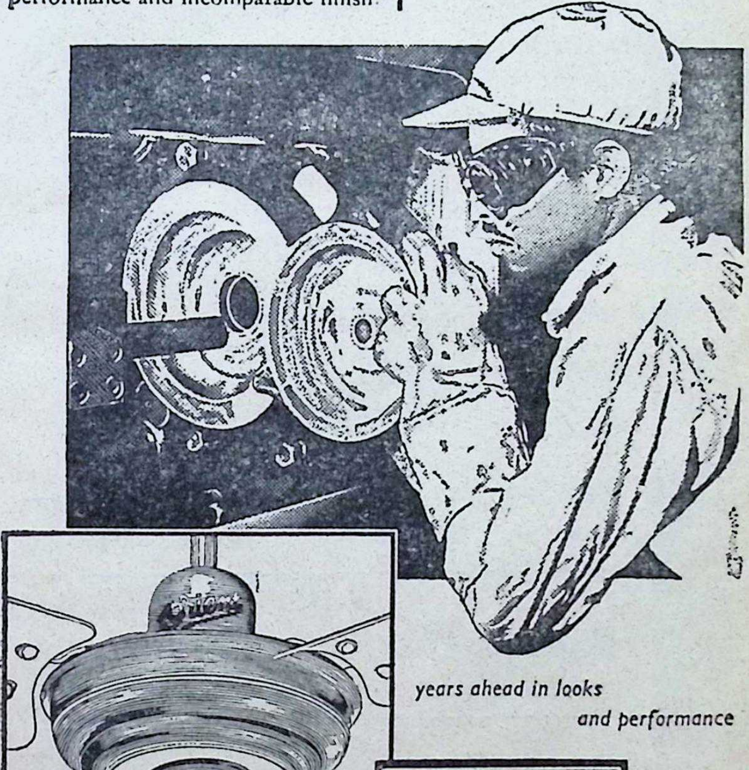

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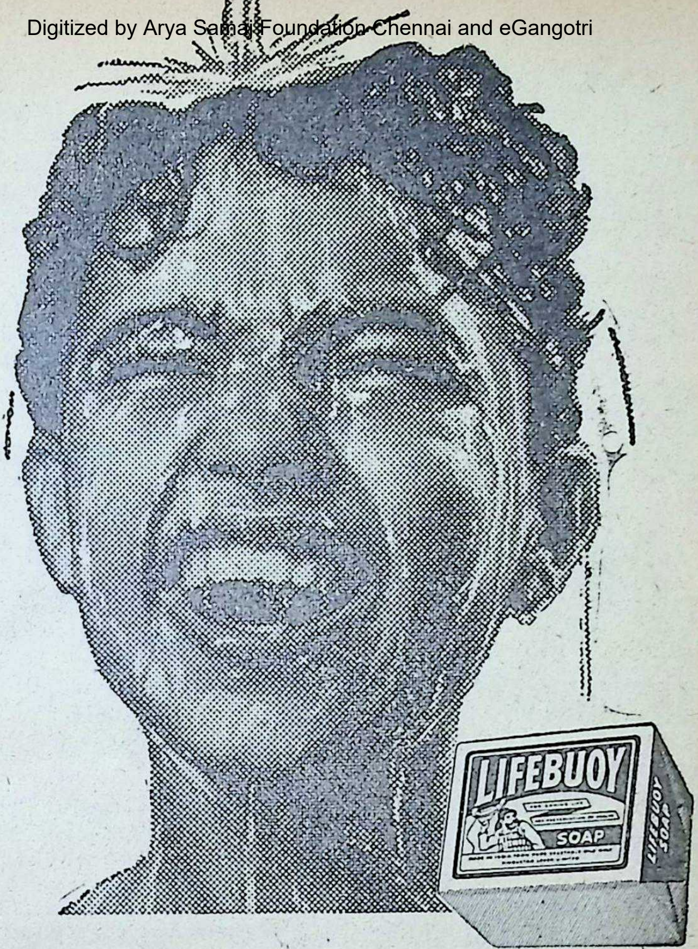

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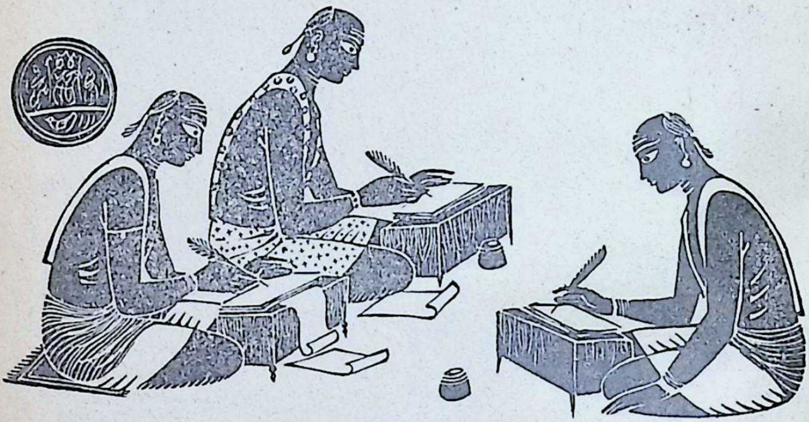

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

JAYASIMHA SIDDHARAJ

Artist: Sri Ravishankar Raval

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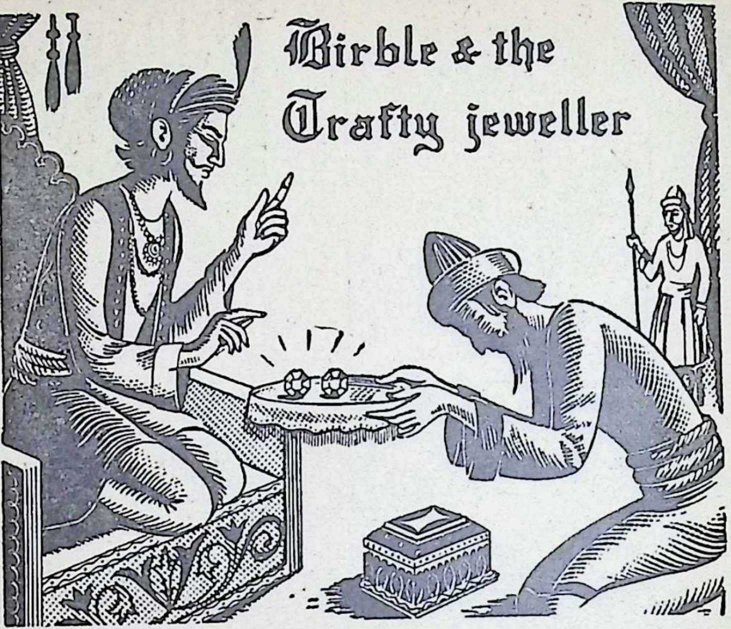

Once a jeweller brought two beautiful diamonds to Akbar's court. When asked about the price, he replied cryptically. "and select correctly, evaluate properly. pay the Right price." The diamonds looked so similar that many failed to value correctly. Then came Birbal's turn. During his scrutiny a fly alighted on one of the diamonds. Birbal smiled and placed both the diamonds in water. The diamond that attracted the fly soon melted away. as it was a suger candy crystal. Then Birbal said. "Put to test and judge by the result."

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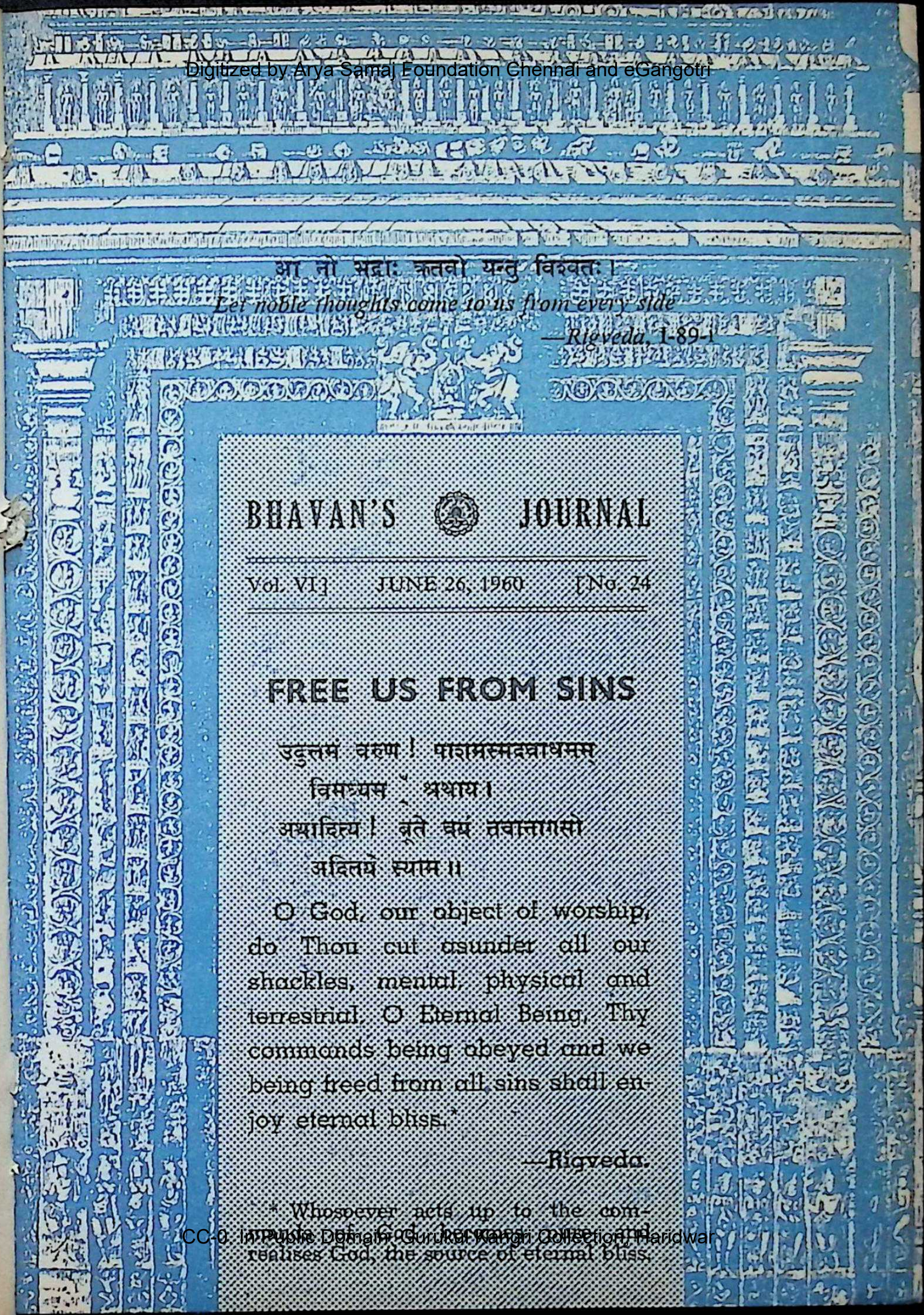

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, 1-89-1

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FREE US FROM SINS

उदुत्तमं वरुण ! पाशमस्मदवाधमम्
विमध्यमं श्रथाय।
अथादित्य ! व्रते वयं तवानागसो
अदितये स्याम॥

O God, our object of worship, do Thou cut asunder all our shackles, mental, physical and terrestrial. O Eternal Being, Thy commands being obeyed and we being freed from all sins shall enjoy eternal bliss.*

—Rigveda.

* Whosoever acts up to the commands of God becomes pure and realises God, the source of eternal bliss.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 208

★ JAYASIMHA SIDDHARAJ, THE FOUNDER OF GUJARAT

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.

JUNE 26, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

GUJARAT emerges into history again as a separate unit within the framework of the Indian Union. Naturally on such an occasion, my mind goes back to Jayasimha Siddharaj, who gave form and content to what we in modern times call Gujarat.

The history of a people is often moulded by a man of destiny. He fathoms the instincts of his fellowmen, gives shape to their innermost ambitions and leads them to the cherished goal of a well-knit collective life. This way he gains a position in their life which withstands the erosion of time. Such a man was Siddharaj.

* * *

Culturally, Gujarat has been intimately associated with North India from the beginning of history. It was a province of the Mauryan empire since the days of Chandragupta Maurya (c. 322-302 B.C.).

Later it was a part of the Kushana empire of Kanishka (c. A.D. 78-102). Then it came under the rule of Kshatraps; and the greatest of them, Mahakshatrapa Rudradaman (c. A.D. 130-150) defeated Satakarni, the lord of Dakshinapatha, and conquered Malwa, Saurashtra, Kutch, the areas included in what is Gujarat now, Northern Konkan, the Mahishmati region on the Narmada, the Sabarmati valley, Marwar, part of Sindh and Nishada (the Western Vindhyas and the Aravalli range). This empire was shortlived.

From the 4th to the 6th century A.D. we find what is Gujarat now forming part of the Gupta empire. I purposely use the words what is Gujarat now, for it was *not* called Gujarat then. Gurjaratra or Gurjara or, to use the Arabic equivalent Zuzr, indicated roughly what is Jodhpur Division of Rajasthan. The regions of what is now Gujarat went by the names of Anarta, Saurashtra, Lata and Kutch.

Of all the states that arose out of the ruins of the Gupta empire, the kingdom of Valabhi, with its capital being the modern Vala in Saurashtra, was the most durable. When Hiuen Tsang visited India (A.D. 630-44), the kingdom of Valabhi included not only Gujarat, but western Malwa. How the Maitrakas, the ruling dynasty of Valabhis, met their end is not known. All that can be said with certainty is that the dynasty came to an end some time between A.D. 766 and 783, possibly as a result of an Arab invasion.

Then Gujarat came to be divided. Southern Gujarat up to Kaira District came under the rule of Rashtrakutas.

Several small principalities with undefined status, which constituted the area now called the North Gujarat, were included in the empire of the Gurjara Pratiharas or the Imperial Gurjars of Kannauj.

By the middle of the 10th century, the Pratiharas declined in power. In A.D. 941, Mulraj, perhaps a descendant of the Pratiharas, conquered the Chapotkatas and founded the Chaulukya dynasty which ruled over Gujarat for more than three centuries.

Though Mulraj founded the fortunes of his dynasty, at his death he ruled only over a small principality around his capital Anahilapataka, modern Patan, which did *not* bear the name of Gujarat.

Mulraj's successors extended their dominion. The shrine of Somanath was destroyed by Mahmud of Ghazni in A.D. 1024. On the withdrawal of the Turkish conqueror, Bhima regained his kingdom and consolidated it. His son Karna I (c. A.D. 1065 to 1093), the father of Jayasimha Siddharaj, extended his sway to Lata or what is South Gujarat now.

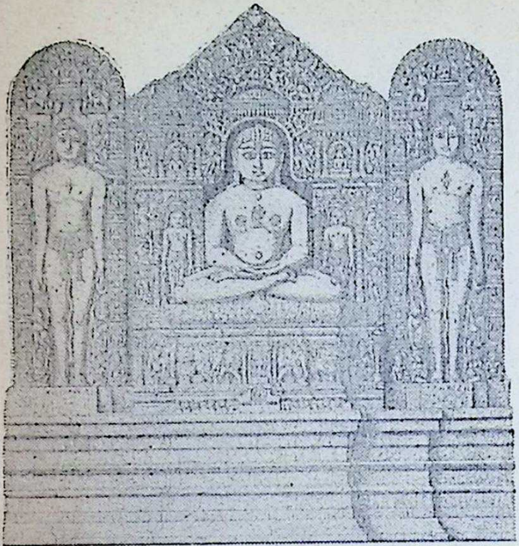
● ● ●

Rudramahalaya North Porch: Siddhapur.

Karna died when Siddharaj was a child and the young prince was left to face the Paramaras of Malava in the west and the Chahamanas of Nadole and Ajmere in the north, both of whom desired to annex his dominions.

There was trouble even at home. Karna's father, Bhima, had a son called Kshemaraja by Chauladevi, a hetaira. At Karna's death, Kshemaraja's son, Devaprasada, made a bid for the throne, but Siddharaj's mother, Mayanalladevi, supported by the minister Santu, managed to foil the attempt and had him executed. Santu, the minister, also appeared to have warded off both the Paramaras and Chahamanas, maybe by diplomacy.

Then the young Jayasimha began a brilliant career of conquest. We know what countries Siddharaj conquered,



Shrine of Rishabhadeva in a Jaina temple of Anahilapattana.

but we are not sure of the dates when he conquered them.

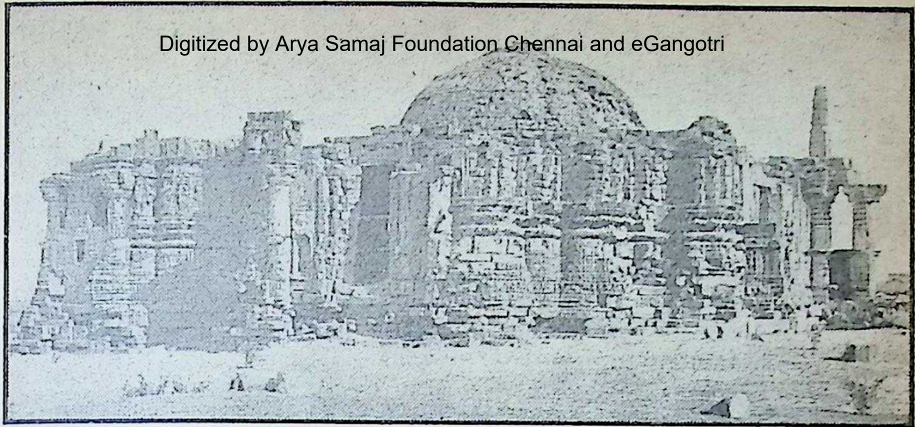
He began his warlike career by defeating Khangara, the king of Girnar, thus bringing practically the whole of Saurashtra under his sway. He then proceeded against Nadole and forced its Chahamana King, Asaraj, to accept his suzerainty. His next step was to defeat Arnoraj, the Chahamana of Ajmere, the ancestor of the famous Prithviraj.

After defeating Arnoraj, Siddharaj developed uncanny statesmanship. Malava was his greatest rival. Under her brilliant Paramara kings, Munja and Bhoja, it had attempted to annex the regions of what is Gujarat now if not already annexed some. If Gurjarbhumi, as his increasing dominion came to be called, had to emerge as a great power, it was necessary for Siddharaj to destroy the power of the Paramaras. With this object in view, he allied himself with the Imperial Chahamanas of Ajmere by giving his daughter in marriage to Arnoraj. At the same time, he annexed a part of Arnoraj's kingdom at least up to Sambhar. It is possible that as Siddharaj had no son, Arnoraj looked forward to acquiring the entire Chaulukya kingdom as his future inheritance.

Having secured his northern frontier, Siddharaj turned against Malava. He led several campaigns against the Paramara kingdom in the time of King Naravarman (c. A.D. 1094-1133). Ultimately the power of Paramaras was broken sometime about A.D. 1137, when Naravarman's son, Yasovarman, was on the throne of Malava. Yasovarman was captured and thrown into prison. Dhara, the capital of Paramaras, was added to the Chaulukyan empire and Siddharaj assumed the proud title of *Avantinatha*.

The power and prestige of Gurjarbhumi or Gujarat as the kingdom came to be known reached its zenith at the time of Siddharaj. He was the most powerful Indian monarch of his time. His empire in the north comprised large parts of Rajasthan including the Godvad region; some parts of Jaipur, Jodhpur and Banswara; in the west, it included the greater part of Malava including both Dhara and Ujjain; in the east, Saurashtra and Kutch had been integrated into Gujarat; in the south the empire extended up to and including Thana.

Siddharaj died about A.D. 1143, practically within six years of his conquest of Malava. When Siddharaj



South side of the temple of Somanath

came to the throne, he was the king of a small principality of Anahilavada, Patan. At his death he left an empire and whatever he integrated in his dominions came to be called Gujarat. He was thus the founder of modern Gujarat.

● ● ●

The estimate I formed some years ago may bear repetition.

> Siddharaja was not merely a great conqueror. He was as great, if not greater, as a builder and a patron of learning. With its ever-increasing boundaries Gujarat grew prosperous despite ceaseless military activity, and her wealth began to be used upon noble works of architecture. The *Prabandhas* vie with each other in describing the zeal of the monarch for the erection of magnificent structures. He re-built Rudra-Mahalaya at Siddhapura and constructed the lake of Sahasralinga at Anahilavada.
>
> The Sahasralinga was, in fact, the reconstruction of a lake which had been built by Durlabharaja on a very elaborate scale. In Jayasimha's days it must have been a magnificent work, consistent with the grandeur which characterised the ruler in all he did. The relics of it, now being excavated by the Archaeological Department, give some idea of what it must have been. The river Sarasvati was practically diverted into it. It was not so much a lake, as a vast structural arrangement, through the scientifically planned lakes and canals of which water flowed round temples and pleasure-houses erected on artistically constructed islets.
>
> This huge water-garden, if one can so term it, was girdled by one thousand temples of Siva, every one of which was an elaborate building. On the outskirts of this architectural wonder, were *satra-salas* for the Brahmanas for sacrificial purposes, one hundred and eight temples to goddesses, a temple of Dasavatara of Vishnu, and Mathas for resident teachers and students proficient in different branches of

learning. This was a monument excelling anything so far known to history, a tribute to the grandeur of Maharajadhiraja Paramesvara Tribhuvanaganda, Siddhachakravarti, Avantinatha Barbarakajishnu Sri-Jayasimhadeva.

Jayasimha did not rest content with these great works of art. "Who will equal Siddharaja's record of big temples and lakes?" asks Merutunga. He is credited with having founded Simhapura (modern Sihor) near Shetrunja, though in fact it was a much older town and is reputed to have built a chain of forty fortresses from Wadhwan to Thana, which formed the backbone of his power.

Siddharaja not only captured Ujjayini but diverted to Anahilavada the wealth, art and literature for which that city was famous. Just as Ayodhya was the capital of Rama, so was Anahilavada the capital of Siddharaja. The spires of its many temples rose high in the sky "obstructing even the path of the sun's steeds." It was a city of temples, and it was surrounded by a high wall, with towers and bastions of stones which, adds Hemachandra, "served as mirrors for heavenly damsels." Round the city wall was the moat which, like the ocean, protected its daughter Lakshmi who resided in the City. The desert had not then moved south, nor was the river Sarasvati the sandy track it is today. It was crossed by boats and supplied water through channels to the Sahasralinga Lake.

Anahilavada was fabulously wealthy. The trade, commerce and the maritime activities which its merchants carried on from Cambay and Broach, then ports of international importance, were proverbial. The rich of the city had their mansions with gardens made lovely with flowers. The citizens of both sexes were cultured. Women were sweet of speech, dulcet of voice and proficient in the fine arts and, as Hemachandra hastens to add, were beautiful as well. The people as a whole were liberal, hospitable, brave and adventurous.

● ● ●

Siddharaja, though not himself a man of letters, was anxious to vie with Bhoja of Ujjayini and the Vikramaditya of tradition, in being a patron of scholarship. He made Anahilavada the home of learning. The Jain sadhus have preserved their manuscripts with pious zeal and these give a fine, though partial, picture of the intellectual activities of Anahilavada. The Brahmanas led all such activities and were the special objects of royal munificence. These heirs to the learning and culture which were associated with Bhillamala, Kanauj and Ujjayini, were the architects of Anahilavada's cultural greatness which is described by Hemachandra.

In Anahilavada the Brahmanas were wont to perform their six-fold religious duties. They were famous for their erudition in every department of learning. On the margin of Sahasralinga Lake were built *satra-salas* for the Brahmanas and Mathas where students lived and studied. "A tongue-tied student," says Hemachandra, "studying in the college of the city would be an eloquent man."

In the city the ninety-six sects of all the *asramas* lived together joyfully. There were ritualists and philosophers. The six gods, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Surya, Soma and Kartikeya, were worshipped in the different temples erected by the king.

But Anahilavada was not merely the home of wealth and valour; under Siddharaja, it was an abode of *dharma*. "Its citizens were foremost in valour and learning, foremost in self-control and truth, foremost in the knowledge of the six Vedic lores and foremost in the pursuit of Absolution.

At one of the learned debates, which took place in the presence of Jayasimha, he was assisted by four learned men; a *maharshi*, learned in *Tarka, Mahabharata* and the *Smriti* of Parasara; Utsaha, a grammarian from Kashmir; Sagara, who was a man of extraordinary intelligence; and Rama, who was an expert in logic and dialectics. "One can be proud," says the poet Sripala, "of one's knowledge of grammar, poetics, politics and dialectics only if he has lived at the court of Jayasimha.

When Dhara fell, Siddharaja invited Bhava-Brihaspati, the *guru* of the Paramara kings, to come and settle in Gujarat. This learned and venerable Brahmana had come originally from Varanasi in the Kanyakubja-vishaya, and had taken the vows of the Pasupata cult. He was placed in charge of Somanatha, the guardian deity of Gujarat and the principal shrine of the cult in India. Siddharaja had a genius for making friends. Bhava, like Sripala, the poet, describes himself "as bound in brotherhood to the monarch".

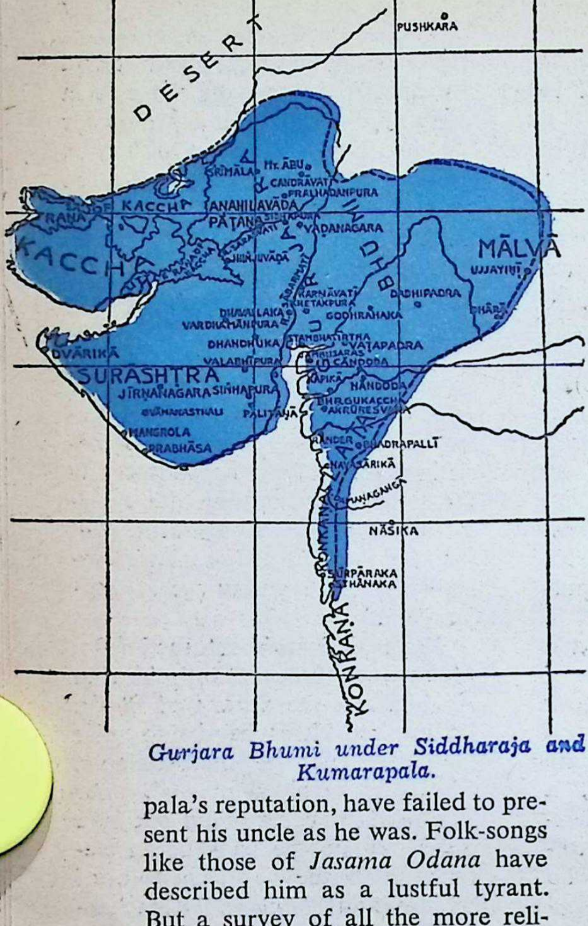
The names of other Brahmanas of learning—except stray and hostile references in the *Prabandhas*, —are lost, their life-work forgotten, their masterpieces gone. The vandalism which overspread Gujarat after the invasion of the Khaljis in A.D. 1299 destroyed not only the temporal glory and the architectural beauty of Gujarat, but the literary and intellectual achievements of the Augustan age of Gurjaradesa.

When Siddharaja returned from Malava, he brought with him to Anahilavada the library of Bhoja. He inspired Hemachandra to write the grammar, the *Siddha-Hema*, which, when completed, was honoured by being taken out in a procession on the back of an elephant with the royal insignia of *chhatra* and *chamara*. Hemachandra, the most honoured of Jain sadhus, has had the extraordinary good fortune to have much of his writings preserved.

Among other works which have survived are *Vagbhatalankara* by Vagbhata, the son of Soma, *Kavisiksha* by Jayamangalacharya and *Ganaratna-mahodadhi* by Vardhamana Suri.

●●●

Jayasimha had been maligned by later legends. The Jain sadhus, bent on weaving the fabric of Kumara-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SIMHAPURA
NANDODA
BHRGUKACCHA
AKRURESVARA
VĀMANASTHALI
PALITĀNĀ
MANGROLA
PRABHĀSA
RANDER
BHADRAPALLI
NAVASĀRIKĀ
LĀTA
NĀSIKA
SURPĀRAKA
STHĀNAKA
KONKANA
KONKANA

Gurjara Bhumi under **Siddharaja and** *Kumarapala.*

pala's reputation, have failed to present his uncle as he was. Folk-songs like those of *Jasama Odana* have described him as a lustful tyrant. But a survey of all the more reliable material gives a different picture. Jayasimha was great in every respect. In physical strength and courage he was superb; in administrative organisation and military achievement he was thorough; in statesmanship unique. From out of the ruins of the small principality of Anahilavada, which Karna left him as a legacy, he carved out an empire which resuscitated the glories of Imperial Gurjaradesa.

Few successful rulers have had to face the difficulties which were his when, as a minor, the scept was placed in his hands. But slow and steadily he overcame all o stacles. From the helpless yout relying on his mother and his mini ter for his power, he emerged mighty and invincible figure mo ing in mysterious dignity. The su pression of all intransigent e ments in the capital, the compl reversal of the traditional policy making feudatories out of va quished enemies, and the geni with which he dominated the brilliant court of Anahilavada maintaining the power in his o hands, shows rare perception a ability.

Mihira Bhoja, the greatest Gurjara Pratihara emperors of t 10th century if the little glimp we have of him is true, set hi self apart from ordinary hum beings and was worshipped as deity. Jayasimha Siddharaja sin larly had the art of creating a p sonal tradition which made hi appear a being altogether abo and apart from the brilliant thro which crowded the court of t first city in the India of his time. became the fountain-head of pow and grace. Furthermore, he had t imagination to conceive gra schemes and the capacity to car them out.

He was just, generous and vout. He could organise well a wisely, nor did his "umbrella" f to pieces when he was remo from the scene. Following the t dition of all great Indian kings conceived of royal splendour a composite of military triumphs, architectural grandeur and intellectual renaissance. He became the Augustus of his age. If the giving of grants was generosity, his generosity had not the magnificence of Paramara Bhoja. No *danapatra* of Siddharaja has so far been discovered. But he was a statesman; he preferred to set up institutional organisations rather than to scatter individual gifts.

Siddharaja, above all, was strong. His strength shines through contemporaneous and later records with the vivid brilliance of a well-cut diamond. He never forgave Devaprasad's branch for their early attempts to dispute his claims to the throne. Towards the vanquished foes of Anahilavada he showed no sentimental weakness.

But he removed many of the disqualifications under which the Jains had suffered and even as between the Mlechchhas and his own people he had the fairness to decide in favour of the foreigners who followed an alien religion. Muhammad 'Awfi observes in his *Jawami-ul-Hikayat* that during his stay (A.D. 1223) in Kambayat (Cambay) people told him of an incident relating to Jayasimha, the ruler of Nahrwala (Anahilavada).

"Some fire-worshippers instigated a number of infidels to attack the Musulmans of the place and their mosque. The Musulmans were attacked and eighty of them were slain, the mosque was burnt and the minaret destroyed. Khatib 'Ali, the Imam of the Musulmans, approached Jayasimha and presented this case in the form of a long poem composed in Hindi (the then local language). This so much impressed Jayasimha that he went secretly to Cambay and made his own investigations into the affair and was satisfied that the Muslims had been slain without justification. He then presented them with one lac of Balotras (local coins) to enable them to rebuild the mosque and the minaret and punished the offenders. Khatib 'Ali was also rewarded."

His secret service was efficient, so much so that his ministers and generals were in constant dread of a ruler, who, with his supernatural powers, could descend upon them when necessary with the swiftness of divine wrath. That is why he assumed the title of Siddharaj.

Throughout his life Jayasimha stood firm in the faith of his forefathers. He was a great devotee of Siva and had made the pilgrimage to Somanatha. Under the supervision of his minister Aliga, he constructed the new temple of Rudramahalaya at Siddhapura. In the temple, before the image of the god Siva, he had his own statue erected praying with folded hands.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

> Today, man requires one more adjustment on the spiritual plane, when material ideas are at the height of their glory. The voice has spoken, and the power which has its source in Asia, is coming to drive away the clouds of gathering materialism.

the world needs one more adjustment

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

"WHENEVER virtue subsides and vice prevails, I come down to help mankind," declares Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Whenever this world of ours, on account of growth, on account of added circumstances, requires a new adjustment, a wave of power comes, and as man is acting on two planes, the spiritual and the material, waves of adjustment come on both planes.

On the one side, of the adjustment on the material plane, Europe has mainly been the basis during modern times, and of the adjustment on the other, the spiritual plane, Asia has been the basis throughout the history of the world.

Today, man requires one more adjustment on the spiritual plane; today when material ideas are at the height of their glory and power, today when man is likely to forget his divine nature, through his growing dependence on matter, and is likely to be reduced to a mere money-making machine, an adjustment is necessary; the voice has spoken, and the power is coming to drive away the clouds of gathering materialism.

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The power has been set in motion which, at no distant date, will bring unto mankind once more the memory of its real nature, and again the place from which this power will start will be Asia.

This world of ours is on the plan of the division of labour. It is vain to say that one man shall possess everything. Yet how childish we are! The baby in its ignorance thinks that its doll is the only possession that is to be coveted in this whole universe. So a nation which is great in the possession of material power thinks that that is all that is to be coveted, that that is all that is meant by progress, that that is all that is meant by civilization, and if there are other nations which do not care for possession, and do not possess that power, they are not fit to live, their whole existence is useless!

On the other hand, another nation may think that mere material civilization is utterly useless.

From the Orient came the voice which once told the world that if a man possesses everything that is under the sun and does not possess spirituality, what avails it? This is the Oriental type; the other is the Occidental type.

Each of these types has its grandeur, each has its glory. The present adjustment will be the harmonizing, the mingling of these two ideals.

To the Oriental, the world of spirit is as real as to the Occidental is the world of senses. In the spiritual, the Oriental finds everything he wants or hopes for; in it he finds all that makes life real to him. To the Occidental he is a dreamer; to the Oriental, the Occidental is a dreamer, playing with ephemeral toys, and he laughs to think that grown-up men and women should make so much of a handful of matter which they will have to leave sooner or later. Each calls the other a dreamer.

But the Oriental ideal is as necessary for the progress of the human race as is the Occidental, and I think it is more necessary.

Machines never made mankind happy, and never will make. He who is trying to make us believe this, will claim that happiness is in the machine, but it is always in the mind.

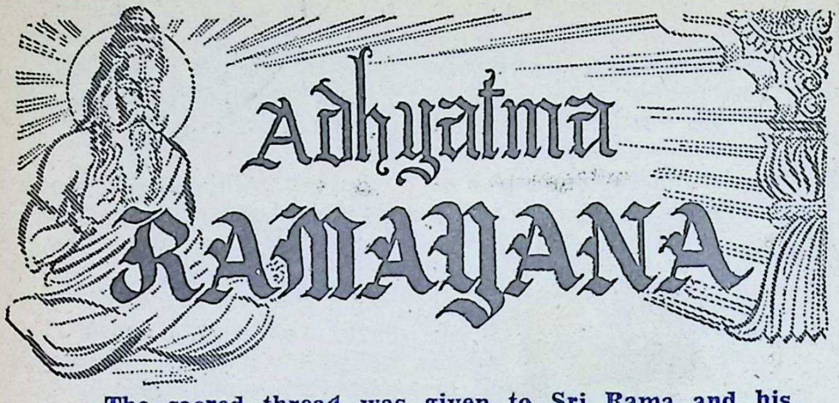
That man alone who is the lord of his mind can become happy, and none else. And what, after all, is power of machinery? Why should a man who can send a current of electricity through a wire be called a very great man, and very intelligent man? Does not Nature do a million times more than that every moment? Why not then fall down and worship Nature? What avails it if you have power over the whole of the world, if you have mastered every atom in the universe? That will not make you happy unless you have the power of happiness in yourself, until you have conquered yourself.

Man is born to conquer Nature, it is true, but the Occidental means by "Nature" only the physical or external Nature. It is true that external Nature is majestic, with its mountains, and oceans, and rivers, and with the infinite powers and varieties.

Yet there is a more majestic internal Nature of man, higher than the sun, moon, and the stars, higher than

[*continued on page 42*]

Selections from



Adhyatma RAMAYANA

The sacred thread was given to Sri Rama and his brothers. They were educated in all the Shastras and became experts in Dhanurveda.

Lakshmana became the constant companion of Sri Rama, and Bharata that of Satrughna.

After performing the morning ablutions and paying their respects to the parents, the princes used to attend to the affairs of state.

Thus did the Lord incarnate Himself in human form and did everything as a model to people.

VISHWAMITRA'S REQUEST

कदाचित्कौशिकोऽभ्यागादयोध्यां ज्वलनप्रभः।
द्रष्टुं रामं परात्मानं जातं ज्ञात्वा स्वमायया ॥

Glowing with the flame of penance, Sage Vishwamitra once hastened to the city of Ayodhya having learned that Rama, the Paramatman, had descended on earth through His Powers.

दृष्ट्वा दशरथो राजा प्रत्युत्थायाचिरेण तु।
वसिष्ठेन समागम्य पूजयित्वा यथाविधि ॥
अभिवाद्य मुनिं राजा प्राञ्जलिर्भक्तिनम्रधीः।
कृतार्थोऽस्मि मुनीन्द्राहं त्वदागमनकारणात् ॥
त्वद्विधा यद्गृहं यान्ति तत्रैवायान्ति संपदः।
यदर्थमागतोऽसि त्वं ब्रूहि सत्यं करोमि तत् ॥

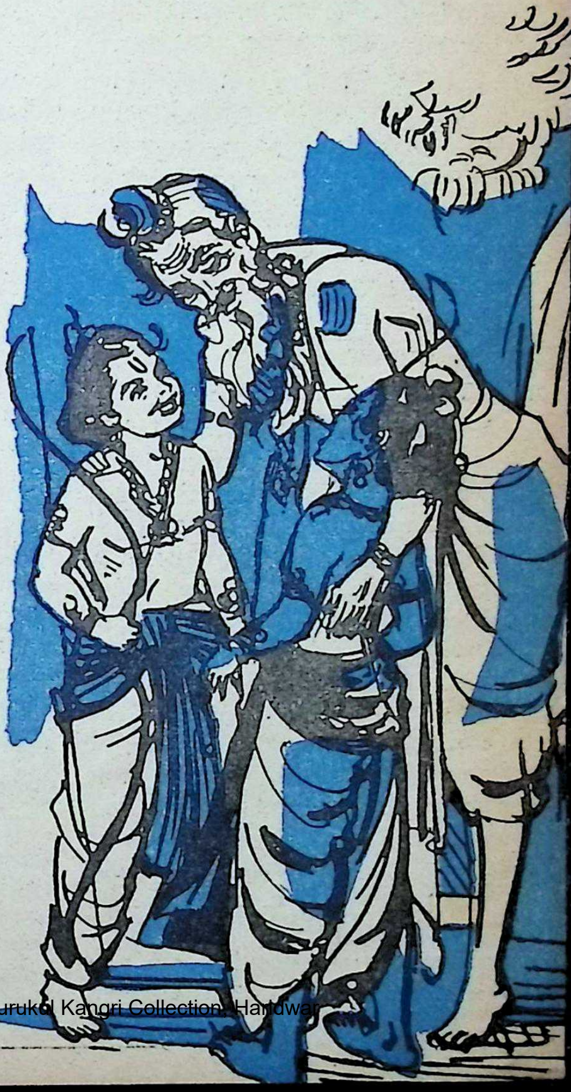
Seeing the Sage, Dasaratha, along with his preceptor, Vasishtha, greeted him respectfully and made his obeisance. With folded arms and a heart full of devotion, the King said to Vishwamitra: "O, Sage, my life has attained fulfilment by your gracious arrival. Wealth and prosperity visit the place graced by your footsteps. Now, may you be pleased to tell me the purpose of your visit. Whatever your order may be I promise to carry it out."

विश्वामित्रोऽपि तं प्रीतः प्रत्युवाच महामतिः।
अहं पर्वणि संप्राप्ते दृष्ट्वा यष्टुं सुरान्पितृन् ॥
यदारभे तदा दैत्या विघ्नं कुर्वन्ति नित्यशः।
मारीचश्च सुबाहुश्चापरे चानुचरास्तयोः ॥
अतस्तयोर्वधार्थाय ज्येष्ठं रामं प्रयच्छ मे।
लक्ष्मणेन सह भ्रात्रा तव श्रेयो भविष्यति ॥
वसिष्ठेन सहामन्त्र्य दीयतां यदि रोचते।

Greatly pleased, Vishwamitra replied: "Whenever I have started performing sacrifices for the *Devas* and the *Pitrus,* demons, led by Maricha and Subahu, have polluted the sacrificial place and prevented the completion of these sacrifices. In order to destroy them, you must send with me your eldest son Rama along with Lakshmana. By doing so you will attain prosperity. So, after consulting your preceptor, send both of your sons with me."

पप्रच्छ गुरुमेकान्ते राजा चिन्तापरायणः ।।
किं करोमि गुरो रामं त्यक्तुं नोत्सहते मनः ।
बहुवर्षसहस्रान्ते कष्टेनोत्पादिताः सुताः ।।
चत्वारोऽमरतुल्यास्ते तेषां रामोऽतिवल्लभः।
रामस्त्वितो गच्छति चेन्न जीवामि कथञ्चन ।।
प्रत्याख्यातो यदि मुनिः शापं दास्यत्यसंशयः ।
कथं श्रेयो भवेन्मह्यमसत्यं चापि न स्पृशेत् ।।

Saddened at this strange behest of Vishwamitra, the King confided in his preceptor: "O, Sage, it is after many years of suffering that I have been blessed with four sons endowed with divine qualities. Of these, Rama is the dearest to me. My heart does not permit me to part with him. If he leaves me I will no longer live. But if I do not comply with the wishes of Sage Vishwamitra, I am sure, he will pronounce a curse on me. So, please tell me a way out of this dilemma."



शृणु राजन्देवगुह्यं गोपनीयं प्रयत्नतः।
रामो न मानुषो जातः परमात्मा सनातनः।
भूमेर्भारावताराय ब्रह्मणा प्रार्थितः पुरा।
स एव जातो भवने कौसल्यायां तवानघ॥
त्वं तु प्रजापतिः पूर्वं कश्यपो ब्रह्मणः सुतः।
कौसल्या चादितिर्देवमाता पूर्वं यशस्विनी।
भवन्तौ तप उग्रं वै तेपाथे बहुवत्सरम्॥
अग्राम्यविषयौ विष्णुपूजाध्यानैकतत्परौ।
तदा प्रसन्नो भगवान् वरदो भक्तवत्सलः॥
वृणीष्व वरमित्युक्ते त्वं मे पुत्रो भवामल।
इति त्वया याचितोऽसौ भगवान्भूतभावनः॥
तथेत्युक्त्वाद्य पुत्रस्ते जातो रामः स एव हि।
शेषस्तु लक्ष्मणो राजन् राममेवान्वपद्यत॥
जातौ भरतशत्रुघ्नौ शङ्खचक्रे गदाभृतः।
योगमायापि सीतेति जाता जनकनन्दिनी॥
विश्वामित्रोऽपि रामाय तां योजयितुमागतः।
एतद्गुह्यतमं राजन्न वक्तव्यं कदाचन॥
अतः प्रीतेन मनसा पूजयित्वाथ कौशिकम्।
प्रेषयस्व रमानाथं राघवं सहलक्ष्मणम्॥

Vasishtha replied: "O, King, I shall presently tell you a secret which is not known even to the gods. This Rama is no ordinary man. He is God Himself born in this form. Oh, sinless one, He has been born as a human being at the request of Brahma to remove the weight from the earth caused by wicked demons. It is in fulfilment of this prayer that the Lord has been born from Kausalya's womb. In your previous birth you were Kasyapa, the son of Brahma, and Kausalya was the mother of the *Devas* with name Aditi. At that time both of you did severe penance and propitiated Lord Vishnu who, pleased with your devotion, thereupon appeared before you and asked you what you wanted. You requested that He Himself should be born as your son and your wish was gladly granted by the Lord. Now, Sri Rama is Vishnu in human form and Ananta, the great Serpent, is Lakshmana born to serve the Lord. Vishnu's Conch and Discus have incarnated themselves as Bharata and Satrughna. Similarly the Lord's Yoga Maya has been born as the daughter of King Janaka. Now, Vishwamitra has come for the purpose of uniting Sita with Sri Rama. Oh! King, this secret should not be disclosed to anybody. Therefore, gladly welcome the Sage and send Rama and Lakshmana along with him."

वसिष्ठेनैवमुक्तस्तु राजा दशरथस्तदा।
कृतकृत्यमिवात्मानं मेने प्रमुदितान्तरः॥
आहूय रामरामेति लक्ष्मणेति च सादरम्।
आलिङ्ग्यमूर्ध्न्यवघ्राय कौशिकाय समर्पयत्॥

At these words of Vasishtha, Dasaratha was greatly pleased at heart and ordered Rama and Lakshmana to be brought into his presence. The King summoned them to his side, and after embracing them fondly and kissing their heads handed them to Vishwamitra.

ततोऽतिहृष्टो भगवान्विश्वामित्रः प्रतापवान्।
आशीर्भिरभिनन्द्याथ आगतौ रामलक्ष्मणौ॥
गृहीत्वा चापतूणीरबाणखड्गधरौ ययौ।

Thereupon, the great Sage blessed Dasaratha, and along with Rama and Lakshmana who were now equipped with bow and arrow and other weapons, proceeded from there.

[*To be continued*]

RAMAYANA and MAHABHARATA

SWAMI SANKARANANDA

THE Vedas and the Upanishads teach us the path to tread in this life that will bring us happiness in the next.

But the understanding of the Vedas and Upanishads means life-long study under a qualified teacher.

The Puranas (Epics) and Upa Puranas (Supplementary Epics) seem therefore to have come into existence to assist the student of the Vedas and Upanishads.

The subject-matter of almost all these Puranas and Upa Puranas has been the war between the celestial beings and the demons.

Of course, the aim of these works is to teach the science of war between Good and Evil and the ultimate triumph of Good over Evil. The characters however, are mythical and the language cryptic.

At this stage there appears to have arisen a necessity for works dealing with the life and the doings of human beings; as a result, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* came to be written.

These books are known as Itihasas.

Each successive work in this hierarchy of knowledge is supplementary and complementary to the earlier ones.

The author of *Kavya Prakasa* has said: *"Dandapoopikaya Ramayana Bharatadi Parigraha."*

(The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* have to be accepted as Danda Apoopa: a stick along which sweets are strung together.)

The idea is that if one understands the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* very well, he will be able to understand the Vedas and the Upanishads.

The *Mahabharata* is really a Danda on which the sweet teachings of all spiritual knowledge is strung together.

Vyasa Bhagvan has said in the *Mahabharata*:

इतिहासपुराणाभ्यां वेद समुपबृंहयेत् ।
बिभेत्यल्पश्रुतात् वेदो मामयं प्रहरिष्यति ॥

(The Itihasas and the Puranas form the completion of the Vedas. The Vedas are afraid of a person who has not read these works and says, 'This person will murder us on account of his incomplete knowledge.')

While the teachings of most of the principal Upanishads are incorporated in the *Mahabharata* in the shape of stories and conversations, specific references are made to some Upanishads at the commencement of some of the episodes. In several cases the Upanishadic teachings are explained more elaborately.

The *Ramayana* narrates the journey

through life of an ideal human being. The Hero undergoes many difficulties, but always keeps in mind that Divinity is supreme and that Man is only a puppet in the hands of the Lord. The essence of *Ramayana* is explained in one verse thus:

सकृदेव प्रपन्नाय तवास्मीति च याचते ।
अभयं सर्वभूतेभ्यो ददाम्येतद् व्रतं मम ।

(If a person surrenders to Me only once and begs: 'O Lord, I am Thine', I will free him from fear of all creation.)

Sri Krishna has declared in the *Bhagavad Gita*:

अनन्याश्चिन्तयन्तो मां ये जनाः पर्युपासते ।
तेषां नित्याभियुक्तानां योगक्षेमं वहाम्यहम् ।।

(If one worships me without thinking of anything else, ever united in Me, I will take care of him, provide him with what he needs, and protect what he has.)

The *Mahabharata* is a striking illustration of the fate of a person (Yudhishthira) following in thought, word and deed, the above teaching of Sri Krishna.

At the end of the *Ramayana*, describing Rama Rajya, the poet has said:

न पर्यदेवन् विधवा न च व्यालकृतं भयम् ।
न व्याधिजं भयं वापि रामे राज्यं प्रशासति ।।
निर्दस्युरभवल्लोको नानर्थः कंचिदस्पृशत् ।
न च स्म वृद्धा बालानां प्रेतकार्याणि कुर्वते ।।
आसन् प्रजा धर्मरता रामे शासति नानृताः ।

(In Rama Rajya, destitute widows did not exist, sickness and epidemics were not experienced, death from poisonous reptiles did not occur, elders did not perform the funeral ceremonies of the young. The land was free from marauding exploits; people were treading the path of virtue and were not uttering lies, during Rama's Rule.)

In the Virata Parva of the *Mahabharata,* some verses describe the condition of the land where Yudhishthira lived:

तत्र तात न तेषां हि राज्ञां भाव्यमसांप्रतम् ।
पुरे जनपदे चापि यत्र राजा युधिष्ठिरः ।।
नासूयको न चार्पिषुः नाभिमानी न मत्सरी ।
हृष्टपुष्टजनास्तत्र स्वयं धर्ममनुव्रताः ।।
गावश्चवहुलास्तत्र न कृशा न च दुर्बलाः ।।
सम्पन्नसस्या च मही यत्र राजा युधिष्ठिरः ।

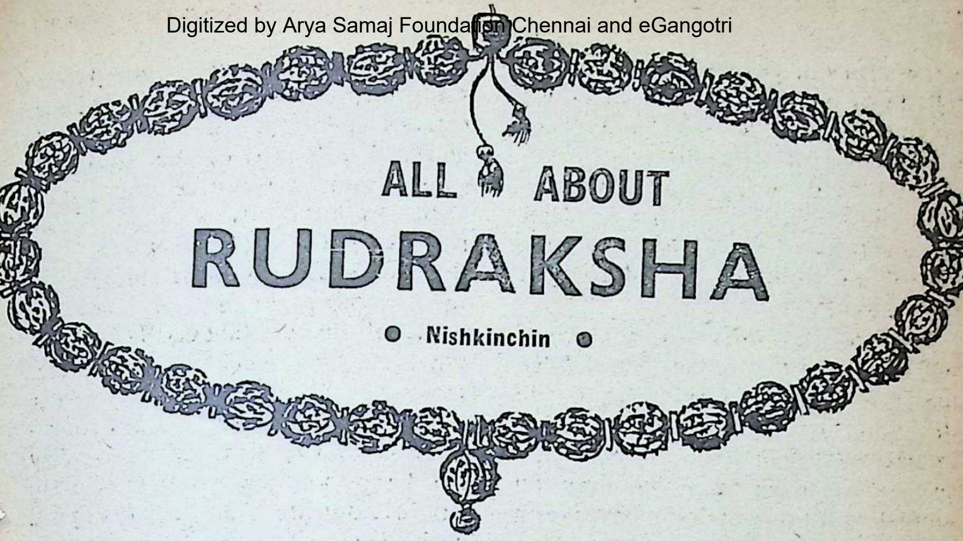
(Sons, heads of townships, districts, territories or states, will never have inauspicious thoughts in the land where Yudhishthira lives. The jealous persons, hateful persons, egoistic ones, are not found there. People are healthy and follow the path of Dharma of their own accord. Cattle will be found in plenty and will be neither weak nor emaciated where King Yudhishthira dwells.)

In other words, the *Ramayana* narrates the Pravritti Marga (the path of Action) and the *Mahabharata* illustrates the *Nivritti Marga,* the path of Renunciation, the path where the devotee totally surrenders to the Lord and acts as He directs.

A peculiarity may be noticed in the composition of these works teaching the Science of Reality.

The Puranas are eighteen in number. The Upa Puranas (Supplementary Puranas) are eighteen in number. The *Mahabharata* consists of eighteen Parvas. The *Bhagavad Gita* which is a portion of the *Mahabharata,* has eighteen chapters. The total strength of the combined armies of the two warring parties was eighteen Akshouhinees. The word JAYA in the invocatory verse of the *Mahabharata* according to the Ka, Ta, Pa, Ya, method, means eighteen. This repetition of eighteen has a special significance.

[*continued on page 42*]



ALL ABOUT RUDRAKSHA

Nishkinchin

DEVOUT people all over the world use some sort of a rosary for the purpose of *japa*. The beads of the rosaries used by Hindus are made of *rudraksha, tulasi* or *spatika* (crystal) for the most part.

Rudraksha, literally meaning 'the eye of Rudra,' consists of the berry of a kind of tree of the same name growing in the mountainous regions of Nepal and Java. (Of course, counterfeits, as in all other cases, of this berry too are flooding the market which experienced persons, however, can quickly detect.)

Now, this *rudraksha* has been considered as the holiest of the holy paraphernalias in India from very ancient times.

In this connection, it is rather strange to see that the *rudraksha* and *spatika* (crystal) are presently used by devotees of Siva alone while the *tulasi* beads appear to be a favourite with Vaishnavites!

The *Padma-Purana* unequivocally says:

यो दधाति मृतो मालामेकं रुद्राक्षकं शिरः।
स शैवो वैष्णवः शाक्तो गाणपत्योऽथसौरकः।
सर्वपापात्प्रमुक्तात्मा सुखं मोक्षं लभेत्क्रमात्॥

'Be he a Saivaite, Vaishnavite, of the Sakti, Ganapati or Sun cult—whoever wears it on his head at the time of his death will be free from all sins and will enjoy a happy after-life and get *moksha* in time."

This has apparently become popular with the Saivaites and not so popular with others because of the later identification of the term Rudra with Siva, although originally the word connoted the One Great God in his aspect as a 'Giver of Knowledge'.

Now, the legend about this *rudraksha* is as follows:

In the Krita Yuga, an *asura* by name Tripura played havoc by killing Brahmanas and Devas by virtue of a gift from Brahma from his headquarters in the sky. Requested by the Devas, Lord Siva killed him by means of his deadly arrow. The giant fell down dead on the earth like a bolt from the blue. During that skirmish, a few drops of perspiration from Siva fell down on the earth out of which grew the *rudraksha* trees and hence the sanctity of its fruits which provide the beads of the Hindu rosary.

In the *Padma,* Lord Siva explains the greatness of *rudraksha* to his son, Karttikeya, of which the following is the substance:

If seeing *rudraksha* carries a lakh of units of *punya,* wearing it will fetch ten-crore units. Performing *japa* with its aid brings untold *punya*. Even a casual wearing of it on the body gets one title for virtue. Why, even an animal which dies with the beads on it attains *rudrahood!*

There are different types of *rudrakshas* based upon the 'faces' it contains. The one-faced *rudraksha* is called 'Siva'. Wearing it destroys even sins like *brahma-hatya*. Those who desire for *moksha* should wear it. The two-faced one is called 'Deva-deva'. That too annihilates all sins including the one accruing from the killing of the cow. It will ultimately take one to *Swarga*.

The three-faced one is called '*Anala*'. One who wears it will have all his accumulated sins burnt like faggots in a forest fire. He acquires the merit of all *havanas*. He will be courageous and unconquerable by foes. He will live like Brahma in this world, brilliant of intellect. He will have no stomach diseases. His home, etc., will be safe from fire accidents. In short, nothing inauspicious will occur to him. Ultimately, he will attain heaven.

The four-faced *rudraksha* is called 'Brahma'. One who wears it will become greatly learned in the Vedas. His knowledge of *dharmas* and *tatvas* and *shastras, puranas,* etc., will be amazing. He will be wealthy. Of course, it will kill all sins including those of human murders etc.

The five-faced one is called 'Kalagni'. Wearing it will protect one from all imponderables and the sins of eating forbidden things etc. The five names of Siva: Mahesa, Sadyo-jata, Isana, etc., represent the five faces. Hence it is the best of the lot to wear on one's body. One who does so becomes dearest to Siva. He will be very rich, happy and successful in this life and in after-life will be worshipped by the *Devas*.

The six-faced one is called 'Karttikeya'. Wearing it on the right arm, one becomes released from all sins beginning from *brahmahatya*. He will be valorous like Karttikeya. He will know no defeat. He will be an ocean of good traits. He will be young and charming. All the four-fold *varnas* will be suitably benefitted by wearing it. Mother Parvati will be particularly gracious to these people. He will be a gifted speaker who can hold large audiences for long. He cannot be intimidated. Finally he will attain *Swarga*.

The seven-faced one is called 'Ananta'. This, being greatly pleasing to the King of serpents, protects its wearer from all poisons. Lord Siva is also greatly pleased with it. It kills all sins accruing from *brahmahatya,* drink, theft, illicit love, etc. Its wearer will enjoy all the comforts in all the three worlds.

The eight-faced one is called 'Vinayaka'. Its wearer will not be a dullard for several births to come. He will never encounter setbacks in his life. He will be an excellent writer, artist or an executive. No kind of sin can attach to him. After enjoying life to the full, he will reach heaven.

The nine-faced one is called 'Bhairava'. Wearing it on the hand will absolve one from millions of *brahmahatyas* ultimately becoming one with Siva. He will be worshipped in heaven like Indra.

The ten-faced one is so powerful as to make serpents perish at its sight!

The eleven-faced one should be worn on the head. It will fetch the merit of the performance of thousands of *Asvamedha* sacrifices and the giving away of thousands of cows to a learned Brahmin. He will have no after-birth and will become one with Hara.

One must wear the twelve-faced one on the neck. The Sun-god is pleased by its wearing. It will fetch the merit of great *Yagnas*. He will be free from the infliction of calamities like thunderbolts. He will have no fear from fire or illness. He will never feel the pinch of poverty. He will be free from the sin of all animal slaughter.

The thirteen-faced one is called 'Rudra.' It is a veritable treasure, as it will give all one desires. He will achieve miracles. He will be freed even from sins like the killing of one's own blood relations, ultimately reaching heaven.

One should wear the fourteen-faced one always on the head or on the arm. One who wears it will be worshipped even by Devas.

Now, the *rudraksha* should not be worn on the body without the utterance of certain *mantra*, when it becomes ineffective. This *mantra* differs with different types. Here are the different *mantras* that have to be uttered in the fourteen types described above in the same order.

(१) ओं रुद्र एकवक्त्रस्य। (२) ओं खं द्विवक्त्रस्य। (३) ओं वुं त्रिवक्त्रस्य। (४) ओं ह्रीं चतुर्वक्त्रस्य। (५) ओं ह्रां पञ्चवक्त्रस्य। (६) ओं ह्रूं षड्वक्त्रस्य। (७) ओं ह्रः सप्तवक्त्रस्य। (८) ओं कम् अष्टवक्त्रस्य। (९) ओं जूं नववक्त्रस्य। (१०) ओं क्षं दशवक्त्रस्य। (११) ओं श्रीं एकादशवक्त्रस्य। (१२) ओं ह्रां द्वादशवक्त्रस्य। (१३) ओं क्षौं त्रयोदशवक्त्रस्य। (१४) ओं त्रां चतुर्दशवक्त्रस्य।।

Now, the rosary should consist of perfect beads, i.e., free from blemishes like broken faces or parts thereof, malformations, lack of seat nor eaten up by worms. It must have the holy-knot called *Brahma-granthi* made by using the proper *mantra*. One should hook the beads by ones own hand after purifying oneself in the prescribed manner.

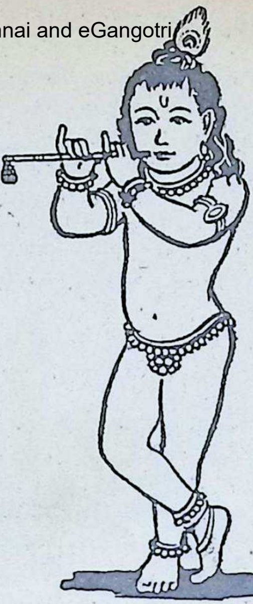
The *japa* should have the correct count, otherwise it will become fruitless. Any holy act done while wearing *rudraksha*—like worship of God or the manes, *dana*, used in prayer, etc., will yield hundred times more results. *Rudraksha* is the *tirtha* of all great *tirthas!*

For counting beads of *rudraksha*, one should seek a clear place. *Japa* of Vishnu-Mantra, Siva or Ganapati or Sun may be performed in the vicinity of living places. Devi-Mantra may be uttered in unfrequented places. But all Veda-Mantras, Puranas, Agamas, etc., uttered wearing *rudraksha* will acquire very high potency. The water sanctified by the beads should be sprinkled on the head. In short, its wearing will cleanse one of all sins.

KRISHNAVATARA

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi



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CHANUR, The Champion

WITH considerable effort Kamsa gained self-mastery. Devaki's sons had now entered the court, both gaily dressed, surrounded by an admiring crowd which joyfully shouted 'Jaya Jaya Nandanandan' (Victory to the son of Nanda). He could easily spot the younger of the two brothers—the young lad with the dark colour, who modestly followed the older one.

This was the young man who was going to destroy him! A giant wave of indignation swept over him. He, the indomitable conqueror, to die an ignoble death at the hands of this boy! He gnashed his teeth. No! He would defy the gods who foredoomed him to such an end. He would fight to the bitter end. He would, if necessary, wrench the neck of Devaki's son with his bare hands.

Kamsa clapped his hands. An attendant appeared in response and was ordered to call Agha, his confidential adviser.

Agha was an insignificant-looking, old man, who wore an obsequious smile. His wrinkled face scarcely betrayed the ruthlessness with which he had woven endless intrigues to further his master's interest for years.

'Agha, Nanda's son has entered the court. What happened to Kuvalayapida?' asked Kamsa.

'They say the elephant was killed by him, lord. Some say that he tamed him by a touch. I have sent a man to address inquiries to Angaraka,' replied Agha.

'There is no time to think of Angaraka now. The drums are already announcing the arrival of the champion wrestlers, and in a few moments I must go to the court with my guests,' said Kamsa.

'As the lord pleases,' said Agha, waiting for orders.

'Before the parade of the athletes begins, convey to Chanur that he has to finish Nanda's son,' said Kamsa.

'How can he?' asked Agha, the wrinkles on his face multiplying as he assumed airs of excessive humility. 'Chanur cannot challenge a boy to a bout. The *shastras* forbid it, lord.'

Kamsa heard the approaching footsteps of the royal guests, who were to accompany him to the royal enclosure. He stamped his foot in angry impatience. 'I don't care how he does it. These are my commands—they have to be obeyed—or . . .' Kamsa glanced malignantly at the old man.

As the royal guests came in sight, Kamsa controlled himself, dismissed Agha by a wave of his hand and turned to welcome the new arrivals.

* * *

The large quadrangular court was surrounded by the buildings appertaining to the palace. On one side of the quadrangle, on a little higher ground, was constructed the royal enclosure for Kamsa, his guests and the chiefs of the different clans and high-ranking officers. On the other sides were decorated enclosures reserved for different sections of the people, the Brahmans, the different Yadava tribes, the guilds of craftsmen, the villagers and the common people. In the middle of the court was a circular arena, covered with soft, medicated mixture of earth and sand, reserved for the wrestling tournament.

All the enclosures were filled by men. And from the windows, attics and terraces fluttered multi-coloured saris and scarves of women of different ranks who had thronged to witness the event.

The centre of attraction was the villagers' enclosure, where Krishna and Balaram sat in front of the cowherds of Vrindavan, headed by Nanda. Small crowds stood near it, looking at the prodigies whose names were on the lips of everyone.

The blast of conches announced the arrival of Kamsa and his guests in the royal enclosure. A sudden silence followed. There were no usual shouts of welcome.

Kamsa looked around with a forced smile and took his seat. His guests took their seats to his right; on his left were Vasudeva and Akrura surrounded by the Yadava chiefs. Pradyota was seated behind Kamsa, and next to him and just behind Vasudeva was seated Prince Vritrighna, surrounded by some of his lieutenants who were in command of the Magadhan contingent.

No one in the royal enclosure, except some royal guests who had not sensed the crisis so far, was in a festive mood.

In the wrestling arena in front of the royal enclosure stood Chanur, Musthika and Toshala, the three masters of wrestling, to offer a welcome to their master with folded hands. On either side of them, a few steps behind, stood their twelve principal disciples, who now blew the conches to announce that the events of the day were now to commence. Behind the champions and their disciples were ranged the selected wrestlers—about two hundred in number.

All those who were in the arena were dressed in tight-strung suspenders (*langota*), their bodies for the moment draped in shawls. By virtue of being royal champions, Musthika and Toshala had silver-embroidered shawls on. As enjoying the high office of the Master of *Bahu-yuddha*—Combat with Hands—as wrestling was called, Chanur had covered himself with gold-embroidered shawl.

* * *

Those were the glorious days of *Bahu-yuddha,* bodily contest, which was the ultimate arbiter in private feuds as well as in battle-fields. Bodily contest is the nature's way of settling feuds among living men, and men, from the earliest times, had made of it an art, if not a science.

Weapons were in use: for the ordinary man, the staff, the club, the scythe and the spear; for the man of rank, the sword and the javelin; for the high-born warrior, the mace, the battle-axe, the discus and the bow. The battle-axe, the devastating weapon favoured by Parashurama, the great master of the art of war, could be wielded only by the most powerful; the discus requiring deftness of hand and a sure eye was a tricky weapon; the bow and arrow required long training to be used in wars. However, all these weapons could easily fall away or be wrested from hands, leaving the combatants only his hands, feet and body as the only instruments of survival.

Everyone, high and low, therefore, equipped himself for *Bahu-yuddha*, 'the combat with hands'. Wrestlers of skill were honoured in society. Royal courts maintained large schools of athletes, and no king, if he valued his life in battle, could survive if he was not an adept in bodily contest. And no festivity can be held without wrestling tournaments, which provided the greatest attraction to the public.

Bodily contests, outside the battle-fields, were regulated by strict rules laid down by the *shastras*. In such entertainments, the combatant who was held firm on his back for a few moments was considered vanquished, and no combatant who admitted defeat could be challenged again. Above all, the rules prohibited a combatant from killing his antagonist.

* * *

The drums sounded. Conches trumpeted. At a signal from Chanur, the hundred pair of combatants handed over their shawls to the attendants and stood ready for the contest. A wave of hand from Chanur and every combatant went at his opposite.

Immediately the atmosphere became both tense and festive. Wrestlers, locked in each other's arms in balanced resistance, exhibited specialized skill, using every trick which his training permitted. And the spectators, again and again, became excited or hilarious whenever some equally-matched pair, body locked with body, rolled, one over the other, on the ground, rising, falling; sometimes slipping from each other's grasp or rejoining again in the struggle.

It was not long before the victorious combatants parted from their companions, who had acknowledged defeat. Victors stood on one side, the vanquished on the other. Chanur, Musthika and Toshala, each preceded and followed by two disciples who kept on blowing conches, walked round the arena in a parade.

Chanur was a very heavy man with a clean-shaven bullet head and enormous paunch. His powerful muscles were enveloped in huge masses of flesh. His biceps and thighs were so thick with muscle and flesh that when he lumbered along, his arms and legs remained wide apart from his body.

With a jovial face, Chanur moved round the enclosures, inviting people to join the next match which was reserved for special invitees. When he came near the enclosure in which the cowherds from Vrindavan sat, he stopped and laughed aloud in a friendly way at Krishna and Balaram sitting in front, dressed in the gorgeous clothes which they had taken from the shop of the royal dyer.

'Nanda raj, are these your boys?' Chanur asked Nanda. 'They look like princes. Why don't they join the tournament?'

'No, they won't,' replied Nanda. 'They don't wrestle as well as you experts do. We are village folks after all.'

As Chanur stopped in front of the pair of lads, every neck was craned to see what was happening. The common people, with their new-born admiration for Nanda's sons, wanted them to exhibit their skill. On the other hand, the Yadava chiefs, who were on their guard against treachery, sensed danger.

On a terrace behind the villagers' enclosure stood the ladies of the family of the Yadava chiefs. Among them was Devaki, who grew pale no sooner she saw Chanur talking to her sons. She went near the parapet and closed her eyes for a moment. 'My god, my beloved, my Krishna,' she murmured to herself as she steadied herself, opened her eyes and gazed with wide open eyes at what was happening below.

'Why do you listen to your old father?' asked Chanur of the boys. 'I have heard that both of you are expert wrestlers. People talk a lot about your wonderful exploits,' mocked Chanur.

Krishna and Balaram gave no reply.

'Come into the arena and show your might, my boys,' Chanur added and slapped his thigh loudly. One of his disciples blew a long blast on his conch.

Slapping of the thigh by Chanur and the blast on the conch made every Yadava's heart beat faster. Kamsa alone knew what was coming, and a faint smile played on his lips as his hand twirled his moustache.

Balaram could not bear the mocking attitude of the athlete and looked at Nanda, expecting permission. But the old man looked frightened.

'Why do you look at your father in fright?' asked Chanur loud enough to be heard by the whole enclosure. 'Don't you wrestle?' Chanur asked Krishna with a sneer.

'With you?' asked Krishna in return in equally mocking tone. 'I am so young.'

To take up the challenge was always a matter of honour, but Krishna had already guessed the motive of Chanur and was not prepared to accept it unless forced to.

'Come along, son of Nanda,' said Chanur. 'An old man can teach you a few tricks which you will never forget.' He again slapped his biceps by way of challenge. Krishna shook his head.

Chanur stepped near Krishna to pull him into the arena.

'No, no, no,' shouted Akrura, standing up in the royal enclosure. 'Chanur must not wrestle with a boy.'

The cry was taken up by the Yadava chiefs. Vasudeva looked on in silence, his heart throbbing with hope and fear.

They all knew the murderous tricks of Chanur. Whenever he joined in a bout in all seriousness, he never broke the rules of the game, but he was known on many such occasions to have suffocated the antagonist or broken his ribs by sheer weight of his heavy body, without ostensibly breaking them.

The Yadava ladies also echoed the shouts 'No, no, no.' The villagers who sat in the enclosure took up the shout of the morning 'Jaya Krishna', 'Victory unto the son of Nanda!' They thought it was a matter of pride for Chanur to have singled out Krishna for the honour of wrestling with him, the Master of *Bahu-yuddha*. It would be jolly fun.

Krishna fearlessly looked into the rolling eyes of Chanur and shook his head with a smile.

'Are you afraid to wrestle with me, my gay friend?' jeered Chanur.

Akrura looked at Kamsa and saw how glad he was at the way of Chanur was behaving.

'Lord of Andhakas, this is unfair; it is against the ancient canons of *Bahu-yuddha,*' remonstrated Akrura. Kamsa made no reply.

'No, no, no' came the shouts of the Yadavas again.

'Ah, ah, afraid?' repeated Chanur in an insulting way.

'Father forbids it,' quickly replied Krishna.

'He would, naturally,' jeered Chanur. 'He knows that you can only dance with milk-maids. Is it?'

'Yes, I can dance the *rasa* all right,' Krishna replied. He got up and folded his hands before Nanda. His voice rang out: 'Father, don't withhold your permission.'

With a defiant gesture, he took off his head-dress, *dhoti* and scarf, and handed them to his friend Uddhava. He stood only in his tight-strung suspenders like the God of Love, lithe and graceful in every limb, ready for the combat.

'Chanur, I am ready,' he said. And the concourse ignorant of Chanur's murderous intentions shouted 'Jaya Jaya.'

[*To be continued*]

When our vices quit us we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

—Rochefoucauld.

THOUGHTS FROM MAHAVIRA

Oh man, refrain from evil, for life must come to an end. Only foolish and uncontrolled men are plunged in the habit of pleasure.

* * * *

Who will boast of family or glory, who will desire anything, when he thinks that he has often been born noble, often lowly, and that his soul is neither humble nor high-born, and wants nothing?

* * * *

The fool, whose only desire is for the fullness of life, thinks that penance, self-control, and restraint are pointless, and thus comes to grief . . . .

* * * *

It is only through one's deeds that one becomes a Brahmana, a Kshatriya, a Vaishya or a Sudra.

* * * *

All beings love life, love happiness; none wants unhappiness, and none likes to be injured. Life is dear to one and all. The fool who in order to get riches does cruel deeds comes to grief on account of the pain which he causes.

* * * *

Oh man! You have a friend in you. How is it that you are searching for him elsewhere?

* * * *

A wise man resting on Truth conquers Death.

* * * *

A monk is a monk by nature of his equanimity.

MAHAVIRA

THE sixth century B.C. is one of the most eventful periods in history. It was characterised by mental stir and spiritual urge of an unusual nature. New experiments were tried and values reassessed. People longed for new light.

India, at this time, was passing through a period of transition and uncertainty. The superiority of one class over the other was questioned and exploitation had become unbearable. It was in this atmosphere that Mahavira, the twenty-fourth and the last Tirthankara, appeared on the scene.

His birthplace was Kundagrama, a prosperous suburb of Vaisali, somewhere about twenty-five miles north of modern Patna. It was the principal centre of the Kshatriyas called Jnatrikas, Nayas or Natas and was something of an oligarchic republic ruled over by Mahavira's father, Siddhartha. He belonged to Kasyapa Gotra and his mother's name was Trishala, a sister of Chetaka, a most powerful ruler of Videha, who had both Licchavis and Mallas always at his beck and call.

Mahavira was born on the 13th of the bright half of Chaitra in the year 599 B.C. His coming into the world was hailed with great rejoicings by the members of his family and the people of the city; every house in every street was beautifully decorated and illuminated, befitting the occasion. He is sometimes referred to in the Jaina

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Dr. A. S. Gopani

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canon and remembered by the Jainas as Videha, the son of Videhadatta; as Vaisaliya, a citizen of Vaisali; as Kasyapa, one belonging to the Kasyapa Gotra; as Arhat, Arihanta, Aruhanta and also sometimes as Buddha.

Truly speaking, Mahavira is an appellation which gods gave him as he annihilated, in the manner of a formidable fighter, quite a big army of Karmas, with the ever-sharp weapon of Tapas when he was a monk. His real name is Vardhamana which is significant in the sense that the prosperity and popularity of the father increased after his birth.

The Buddhists and his other contemporaries also, on the other hand, refer to him in their works more often as Nigantha Nataputta. There is a host of other names such as Sanmati, etc., given to him, but he is most commonly known as Mahavira and we shall refer to him as such in this article.

The facts of his early life as collected from early works are not many. No complete picture of his boyhood emerges from these. For detailed information, one, therefore, has to rely on later accounts which are intermixed with miracles and myths. Here is an illustration to show his bold and brave nature:

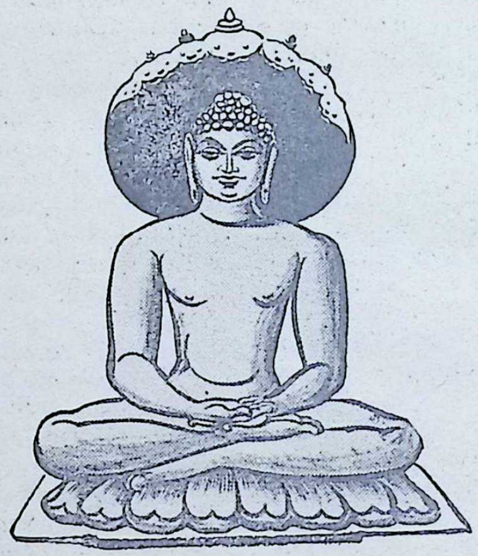
"Vardhamana was once upon a time playing in his father's garden in the company of his friends. He saw an infuriated elephant running amok in the crowd and rushing towards them. His friends were afraid of the impending danger and they fled away leaving him all alone. Immediately deciding to face the mad elephant with calmness and courage, he made a dash towards it, caught hold of the elephant's trunk and climbed straightaway on its back."

Mahavira had a sound physique. His limbs were all perfect and proportionate. Strength appeared as if overflowing from them and he was equally strong in mind, heart and soul too. He was brought up in a royal atmosphere and learnt all the arts and sciences worth knowing. It is clear that he had made up his mind from his very childhood to humanise the society and to so orientate the religious teachings as to wipe out inequality, exploitation, autocracy and injustice, especially in the social and religious domains. His religious crusade against the tyranny of the so-called self-appointed custodians was exclusively based on the principles of Jainism which he ably expounded and interpreted to the people of his time.

Mere preaching without practice was hypocrisy, he thought, and therefore, he wanted to renounce the world in the prime of life, but his parents desired to see their son live a normal life and arranged Mahavira's marriage, which was ultimately solemnized. In this matter Mahavira respected the wishes of his parents, although his heart was not in it. Yasoda was the name of his wife and in course of time, Priyadarsana, a daughter, was born to them. Out of sheer regard for his parents, Mahavira gave an assurance that he would not renounce the world so long as they were alive.

In his twenty-eighth year, when his parents died, he informed his elder brother, Nandivardhana, of his original desire, but the latter prevailed upon him to postpone his renunciation in view of the bereavement caused by the death of their parents. Mahavira yielded and put off his departure by two years more.

Mahavira ultimately threw off the worldly shackles at the age of thirty and started his religious career as a homeless monk, fully convinced of the ephemeral nature of all that was going on around him and fired by a zeal in quest of the Supreme Truth. This great event is vividly and touchingly described in the *Kalpasutra*.



Mahavira destined to be the Tirthankara was gifted from his very birth with three kinds of knowledge technically called Mati, Sruta and Avadhi and got the fourth one called Manahparyava on the eve of his renunciation. Only the Supreme Knowledge — all-comprehensive knowledge—the fifth and the last, technically called Kevala, now remained to be obtained by him, and this he did by leading an ascetic life for twelve years or so.

He went about stark naked and did not even keep such a trifling possession as a bowl for collecting food and preferred to eat in the hollow of his palms. He took no notice that there was something like a body. Insects and worms crawled and crept on his body and gnats and mosquitoes and bees and wasps bit him and stung him. People got shocked at his unusually uncouth appearance and they drove him away, beating him with stones and sticks. For days and nights, sometimes for months together, he would remain in silent meditation, starving his body but feasting his soul, exposing himself to cold and heat and rains. He talked to none, gave no interviews and dropped all sorts of formalities.

Absolute self-control of body, speech and mind is the essential part of his conception of Tapas. Mere restraint of the body or only outward austerities could not take one very far. If one wanted to work out a complete annihilation of *Karmic* forces, the surest and quickest method was to practise the three-fold restraint of body, speech and mind. That is to say, it should be both outward and inward. Thus the Tapas automatically came to be divided into fasting, absolute chastity, relentless meditation and the most rigid observance of the rules and regulations regarding eating, drinking, sitting, standing, sleeping, speaking.

The *Acaranga Sutra* has given a soul-stirring account of his Sadhana directed to the attainment of the goal.

Mahavira showed reverence to all

forms of life which included, among others, the earth-bodies, water-bodies, fire-bodies, wind-bodies and the vegetable-bodies. He never accepted what was specially prepared for him. He was circumspect in walking, speaking, begging, placing and in attending to calls of nature. He was guarded in his activities of mind, speech and body. He harboured no anger, no pride, no deceit and no greed. He bore no malice and showed no hatred. To none had he any feeling of attachment or aversion. He had no friends and no foes. He was equanimous to one and all. He wanted no support like the firmament and knew no obstacles like the wind. His heart was as clear as an autumnal night and as unaffected as a lotus-leaf. Controlled in senses like a tortoise, alone like a rhinoceros, free like a bird, valorous like an elephant, unassailable like a lion, steady as Meru and deep as ocean, he went through his life of Sadhana. He utilized every moment and every atom of his energy for spiritual advancement and progress. In the course of his travels, he visited many villages, towns and cities where he met many a hostile Parivrajaka who did everything to harass him, and also encountered untold suffering and unbearable persecution at the hands of tempter gods.

In his second rainy season which he spent at Nalanda, he met Gosalaka Makhaliputta who was attracted towards him with ulterior motives. Gosalaka found that Mahavira was popular among people and was practically revered by them. He nurtured an ambition that he too should be an equal to Mahavira, if not a superior. With a view to mastering the art of earning a name and fame, he associated with Mahavira who turned down more than once Gosalaka's respectful offer to be his pupil as he doubted, and rightly too, his bonafides. Gosalaka, who was so thick-skinned and practical that he swallowed this insult without a change of mien and stuck fast to Mahavira as an unwanted associate, if not as a pupil.

Company with the great is never fruitless and Gosalaka did, indeed, learn some occult secrets such as those of fiery power (तेजोलेस्सा) and with the help of these he impressed the masses and secured a following. He, later, picked up a quarrel with Mahavira on a flimsy philosophical ground and parted company. He, then, turned out to be one of the greatest adversaries of Mahavira and even went to the length of using the fiery power against Mahavira from whom he had managed to get the secret. He started a propaganda against Mahavira virulently and vehemently, used every means to defame him but ultimately to no avail as it is the Truth and only the Truth that wins in the long run.

When he was breathing his last, he confessed that it was Mahavira who was the real Jina and not he and he advised his pupils to believe in him, to accept him as a reliable religious leader and to respect him as such. Thus ended the tragic episode of Gosalaka bringing out in bold relief before the public the spiritual mettle of which Mahavira was made.

After a strenuous, unparalleled, historical Sadhana spread over twelve years, Mahavira attained the unequalled Supreme Knowledge called Kevala on the tenth day of the bright half of the month of Vaisakha outside the city of Jrimbhikagrama, in the field of Syamaka under a Sala tree, on the bank of the river Rijupalika.

Thus at the age of forty-two he became a Jina who saw everything and knew everything.

After enlightenment, he felt he was justified in propagating the truth he knew. He travelled far and wide; came to villages, cities and towns; mixed and moved with all; preached simple truths in simple language, in a simple manner; held discussions and solved the doubts of all men, women and children, the wealthy and the poor, the educated and the illiterate.

Mahavira once came to know of a sacrifice, organized on a grand scale, by a certain Brahmana named Somilacharya. He rushed to the place and addressed the people who had gathered, enlightening them. While preaching the Gospel, unequivocally he declared that the road leading to final liberation consisted of Right Vision, Right Knowledge and Right Character, expounded the principle of Ahimsa and described the nature of the seven Tattvas. The result was that with so many others, eleven Brahmin chiefs who had come there with bands of pupils became converts. These eleven chiefs later came to be known as Ganadharas who were heirs-apparent to the spiritual legacy of Mahavira and whose contribution to the consolidation of Jainism is more valuable than that of any other disciples. Mahavira seized the opportunity and strengthened the position of the fourfold Order reinforcing it with these mass conversions. Mahavira's genius for organization was clearly evident. He was now at the zenith of his career as a prophet.

Mahavira had a following in the princely order also. It is a historical truth that without a royal patronage, direct or indirect, propagation of any religion could not be as speedy and wide as expected. Mahavira had staunch followers in King Udayana, Dadhivahana, Satanika, Chanda Pradyota and Srenika. In addition to these, there were also others such as the Ganarajas of Kasi and Kosala, the nine Licchavis and Mallakis. Ten lay followers, no less important than the previous ones, mentioned above, have also been referred to in the *Uvasagadasao*. Alabhika, Campa, Kampilyapura, Rajagriha, Sravasti, Vanijyagrama and Varanasi are some of the many important places visited by Mahavira. In all of these cities, Mahavira had many devout disciples who had fabulous wealth, enjoyed high social status and were all pious-minded, and they did a great lot to propagate the Jaina religion, which found a ready acceptance among a large section of the people. Mahavira's personality evoked immediate response and respect in his disciples. They found in Mahavira a saviour who had a ready solution for their trials and tribulations, here and beyond. Mahavira's words had the force of law, and his character was irresistible. To his followers he was a beacon light, a sheet-anchor.

In the course of his career as an Enlightened Teacher, he passed the rainy seasons in many big cities such as Vaisali, Sravasti, Rajagriha, Pava, Mithila, Alabhika and Bhadrika. He passed his last rainy season at Pava where in the fourth month on the fifteenth day of the dark half of Karttika, in the last quarter of the night, in King Hastipala's office of the writers, the Enlightened Mahavira breathed his last. He got liberation, final bliss and beatitude. This took place in 527 B.C. at the age of seventy-two. This occasion was a matter for pride and honour for the eighteen chieftains of Kasi and Kosala, as also for the nine Mallakis and Licchavis who, as they all had undying devotion for the departed teacher, celebrated the historical event with bonfires and illuminations proclaiming 'The light of intelligence is gone and we are making an illumination with the material object.' According to Jainas, the traces of the origin of the Divali celebrations are to be found here in this programme of illumination by the confederate kings and chieftains.

It is now an acknowledged fact of history that both Buddha and Mahavira were contemporaries. Though they never met, they tried to understand each other's point of view and stated their dispassionate opinions before their respective followers, recluses, lay disciples and devotees.

The teachings of Mahavira can be compressed into three significant words, namely, Ahimsa, Karmavada and Syadvada.

The Ahimsa of Mahavira comprehends Ahimsa in thought, word and action. It is not a negative principle as is sometimes erroneously believed by some. When we do not help a person when we can, it means Himsa. So it is not merely an abstention from injury but a rendering of active service to others, of course, with non-attachment. Though the aim and end of Jainism is consummation *par excellence* of one's own personality and thus is individualistic in approach, it does not altogether exclude the objective side of ethics also. Such a formulation and application of the principle of Ahimsa has sure visible effects in other fields also. Kings who came under the influence of Jainism granted protection to different forms of life by law. It fostered vegetarianism and mitigated the rigour and ruthlessness of the criminal law, prescribing capital punishment for few crimes. To sum up, it contributed a great deal in its own way towards humanising the society. Jainism recognizes that Karma by itself and without the intervention of any outside agency, divine or mundane, is adequate to explain the whole world of experience and thus to throw on the individual himself the whole burden of responsibility for what he thinks, speaks and does. The theory of Karma gives absolute religious independence and freedom to an individual. Nothing can interfere with his activities and it is, therefore, the doer who has solely to experience the result, good or bad. It thus saved the individual from being victimized by the autocratic and despotic sections of the society. Syadvada teaches one the art of looking at the other person from his or her point of view. In Mahavira's day it removed unnecessary controversies, created an atmosphere of tolerance and gave an overall picture of the Supreme Truth.

Mahavira's contribution is distinctly this. He preached: all are potentially capable of attaining perfection. No divine favour is required for this.

One is solely responsible for what one does, speaks and thinks. Merit and not the birth is the determinant of his status in society. Inherent ability and not the sex is the standard for admission into the Order. Sacrifice of the animal is to be substituted by the sacrifice of the brute self. The means is not justified by the end: Mahavira's Sangha was open to all, irrespective of caste, colour, and sex. 'Mortify the flesh to develop the Spirit,' he declared. He delivered his message in the tongue of the people. He attacked aristocratic aloofness and mystifying secrecy of other thinkers of the day. In a nutshell, Mahavira undertook to work out and propagate a veritable spiritual democracy in the form of Jainism.

SARAL SANSKRIT
EXAMINATIONS
(September 1960)

Dates of Examination:
September 24 & 25, 1960.

Last date for receipt of application to sit for above July 30, 1960.

KOVID & PARICHAYA

Last date for receipt of application to appear direct July 23, 1960.

Pariksha Mantri,
Saral Sanskrit Examinations,
Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Chowpatty, Bombay 7.

The World Needs One More Adjustment
—*Contd.*

this earth of ours, higher than the physical universe, transcending these little lives of ours; and it affords another field of study. There the Orientals excel, just as the Occidentals excel in the other.

Therefore, it is fitting that, whenever there is a spiritual adjustment, it should come from the Orient.

It is also fitting that when the Oriental wants to learn about machine-making, he should sit at the feet of the Occidental and learn from him.

When the Occident wants to learn about the spirit, about God, about the soul, about the meaning and the mystery of this universe, he must sit at the feet of the Orient to learn.

[*Courtesy:* Advaita Ashram.]

Ramayana and Mahabharata—*Contd.*

The goal of human life is merging with the Supreme Being. The human body is a composition of eighteen aspects:

इन्द्रियाणि च भावाश्च गुणाः सप्तदश स्मृताः।
तेषामष्टादशो देही यः शरीरे स शाश्वतः॥

'The ten senses,[1] the four modifications of the mind; the three Gunas[2] combined, count seventeen. Then there is the Dehi, the Indweller, the eighteenth, Who is Immortal.)

Overcoming one by one the seventeen mortal ones, the seeker realises the Eighteenth, the Indweller.

The significance of eighteen in these works is that they show us the path towards perfection or the path to attain the Self, the eighteenth.

---

[1] Five Karmendriyas and five Jnanendriyas.

[2] Tamas, Rajas and Sattva.

Brimming with laughter and excitement, these Rajasthani children cluster around their quaint 'conveyance', the camel. Not every day do they have such fun—a camel ride across the sandy wastes and a marriage feast awaiting at journey's end. A few moments more and off they will go, swinging in rhythm with the trotting camel and completely at ease on the tall mount.

But How far can a Camel go —and how fast?

In vast tracts of India travel is still slow and uncertain. More roads and improved transport will broaden the horizons of our children enabling them to travel further afield and know their neighbours better.

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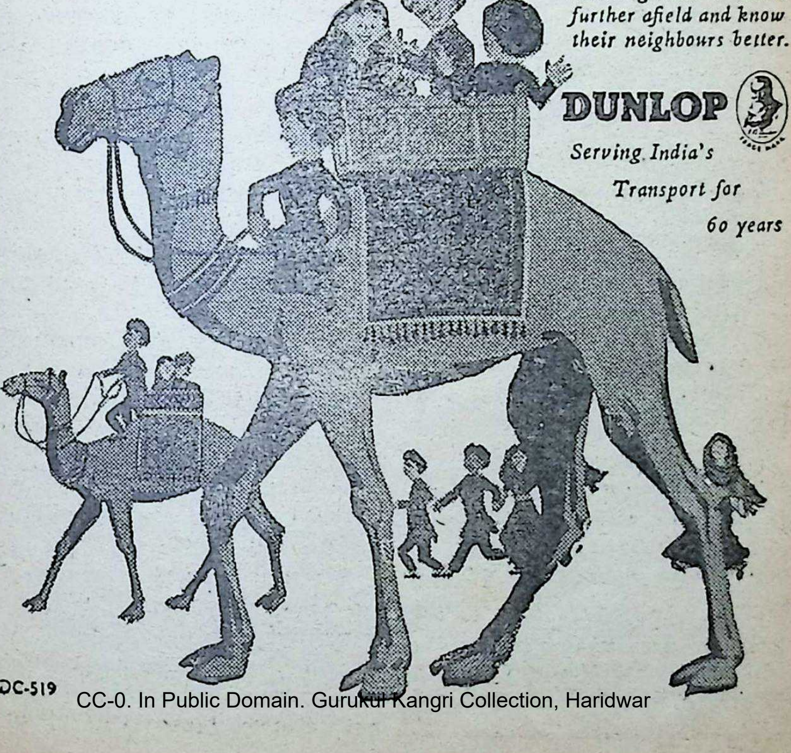

DC-519

THE IDOL IS GOD

Dr. C. Kunhan Raja

My earliest recollections relate to going to the temple early in the morning after my usual bath. Monthly visits to some temples slightly far off from home and annual visits to other temples which are very far off were included in the programme.

Guruvayur was the most important temple to which annual visits were arranged by the members of my family. I could, and even now I can, recite practically the whole of the famous *stotra* book called the *Narayaniya* by Narayana Bhatta, in honour of the deity at Guruvayur.

The love of the Gopis, the friendship of Uddhava, the devotion of Indradyumna who, as an elephant, was dragged into a pond by a crocodile and released by the Lord in response to his prayers; the response of the Lord to the casual utterances by Ajamila, a sinner, of the Lord's name Narayana which also happened to be the name of his son, and deliverance of the sinner in consequence—these episodes in the *Narayaniya* still remain deeply and indelibly impressed on my mind.

To me the question whether there is a god in the temple has no more meaning than a question whether the sun is actually shining in the sky.

Although idol-worship had been current among various peoples in the ancient world, certain religious tendencies got currency among the nations who became also politically powerful at a later stage.

Such nations had their influence on the thoughts in India, and I have heard many people in modern times saying that we in India do not worship a stone, that is, the idol of god, but only the God with that image as a symbol.

A statement like this is no more rational than the statement that a man is only hugging the physical body as a symbol of his beloved, and not deriving any joy with the touch of the body!

No apology is needed; when we go to the temples, we are not seeing merely the symbol of the divine; we actually come into contact with the divine and worship the divine in the temple.

The Idol is living as much as my body is living.

How can a stone or a piece of metal become alive?

Here the general question arises how dead matter becomes living matter in the universe.

How did inorganic matter change itself into organic matter?

Modern science explains this change by the presence of certain conditions that arose in the course of the evolution in dead matter.

But how did such conditions arise in the universe?

Modern science does not attempt an answer to this "Why?" It simply says that it is so, and an explanation for the "why" does not make matters any better, and nothing is lost if an answer is not given to that question.

I will as well say that an answer to the question how a dead stone became a living body, does not make the position any better and that nothing is lost if an answer is not found for the question; that the dead stone became a god is enough for me.

Any piece of stone or any piece of metal does not become the living body of a god.

An animal body and a human body are born only under certain conditions and through certain processes.

That is not what a scientist can accomplish in a laboratory.

If from the finer levels in the material world matter can be made to be specially associated with life and if in this way a physical body can be formed, why should not a similar effect be possible in the case of a physical body also?

The subtle body, the *linga-sarira,* which is free from the limitations of the gross body, creates certain conditions under which it is able to collect physical matter around to form a physical body.

If a man also can free himself from the limitations of the physical body without actually breaking away from it, then that man can command certain powers which the *linga-sarira,* freed from the physical body, commands. This is what is accomplished through the *Yoga*.

Just as the *linga-sarira* gathers a physical body round its living, fine matter and produces a physical body, the *yogi* is able to bring the physical matter into a special association with the life-force which is universal.

There are various processes by which the life of a man can be transfused into another dead body like a stone image; in that stage, one can do good to that other person whose life has been transfused into the stone and also do harm to him.

In the days when *Yoga* was a living process and not acrobatics, men could transfuse, with such *yogic* powers acquired, divine power into a stone and also the life-force of a man into a stone or a piece of metal or into any other material.

When science expands into wider regions in its developments, science will find an explanation for this phenomenon of a god living in a stone in a temple.

If this phenomenon is not included in the science of modern days, the fault is with the science and not with the subject-matter. As the ancients say, it is no fault of a pillar if a blind man does not see it!

The temples are not survivals of the pre-scientific days of superstition; they are the survivals of a post-scientific day in the history of Indian culture recorded in Sanskrit, a stage that will come for the modern science too.

God is in the temple and the Idol is god in the temple.

God's images are of eight kinds: of stone, wood, metal, plaster, painting, sand, mind, and precious gems ....The devotee. without deceit, should conduct My worship with well-known materials and love in his heart.

—Srimad Bhagavata.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

Chowpatty, BOMBAY 7

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The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

Results of Shastriya Examinations

held in April 1960.

The following candidates are declared successful in the different SHASTRIYA examinations of the Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, held in April 1960 in Bombay and mofussil centres:

PRAVESHIKA

II Class: 30, 37, 47, 48, 64, 71, 74

127, 32, 33, 34, 35, 52, 54, 59, 62, 65.

234, 40, 43, 44.

326, 45, 74, 78, 85, 98, 99.

III Class: 33, 38, 76, 79.

126, 28, 29, 31, 39, 40, 46, 66, 68, 93.

211, 25, 39, 41, 42.

346, 54, 55, 56, 57, 70, 71, 72, 73, 76, 83, 87, 97.

402, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 27, 41, 42.

Pass in Sanskrit Only:

II Class: 150, 53, 64, 97, 98, 99.

202, 4, 8, 55, 62, 63, 64, 65, 82, 92.

311, 14, 16, 34, 35, 38, 39, 47, 50, 91.

422, 29, 44, 46, 47, 49, 51, 56, 58, 65, 69.

III Class: 1, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 27, 49, 50, 51, 56, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 68, 72, 78, 80.

104, 11, 16, 17, 41, 48, 49, 60, 67, 84, 86, 87, 89, 95.

200, 3, 5, 13, 31, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 60, 61, 66, 68, 69, 96, 97.

310, 13, 17, 18, 19, 21, 25, 36, 37, 41, 44, 49, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 75, 90, 93, 94, 95, 96,

414, 16, 17, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 45, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57, 62.

PRIZE WINNERS:

R. No.	Name	Centre	Prize
162	Madhuri Avasthi	Mandhana	II
202	Keshavdev Bashishth	Soron	III

PURVA MADHYAMA:

I Class: 327 only

II Class: 6, 14, 15, 26, 27, 28, 39, 40, 47, 48, 68, 71, 77, 98, 99.

100, 1, 6, 10, 17, 18, 19, 21, 38, 39, 40, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 59, 76, 77, 82, 86.

209, 17, 38, 40, 42, 71, 90.

303, 31, 34, 36, 54.

III Class : 2, 13, 17, 19, 23, 32, 33, 41, 43, 67, 70. 79, 80, 81, 82, 86,

112, 20, 22, 23, 25, 37, 41, 58, 78, 79, 80, 84, 85, 88, 90, 92, 95, 96.

202, 10, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 91, 92, 94.

313, 24, 30, 32, 33, 35, 38, 40, 41, 44, 45, 52, 53, 71, 75, 77, 78.

Pass in Sanskrit Only:

I Class: 288, 320 and 364.

II Class: 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 42, 46, 49, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 65, 74, 76.

103, 5, 7, 14, 15, 52, 57, 87, 98, 99.

200, 6, 7, 8, 20, 32, 41, 43, 52, 53, 55, 60, 61, 65, 78, 81, 89.

302, 6, 10, 21, 22, 23, 29, 46, 51, 62-A, 63, 82, 85, 87, 91, 92.

III Class: 9, 50, 51, 52, 53, 72, 73.

108, 13, 128-A, 50, 51, 84, 97.

215, 33, 45, 46, 49, 54, 56, 58, 59, 62, 63, 66, 68, 79, 80, 87, 97.

307, 8, 9, 14, 25, 26, 28, 37, 39, 47, 48, 49, 67, 69, 83, 86, 88, 89.

UTTARA MADHYAMA

II Class: 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 29, 33, 34, 35, 44, 46, 58, 59, 65, 72, 77, 79, 99.

101, 2, 3, 11, 17, 30, 46, 50, 65.

223 and 230.

III Class: 4, 22, 30, 37, 42, 64, 74, 90, 92, 98.

100, 4, 8, 14, 18, 20, 45, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 59.

233 and 252.

Pass in Sanskrit Only:

I Class: 82 only.

II Class: 2, 17, 18, 25, 26, 27, 28, 31, 36, 38, 41, 47, 48, 52, 53, 55, 56, 60, 61, 66, 68, 73, 75, 76, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 88, 93, 94.

123, 25, 29, 35, 44, 53, 57, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 95.

200, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 27, 31, 35, 36, 38, 45.

III Class: 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 32, 45, 50, 63, 67, 69, 70, 71, 78, 87, 89, 91, 95, 96.

107, 13, 24, 27, 28, 33, 42, 43, 73, 75, 83, 85 86, 94, 96, 98.

209, 13, 32, 43, 46, 49, 50 and 51.

PRIZE WINNERS:

R. No.	Name	Centre	Prize
82	Parashuram Dikhat	Jhansi	I
103	Vidyasagar Dwivedi	Navabganj	II
80	Devdutt Varma	Jhansi	III

SHASTRI—I KHAND

19, 20, 24, 26, 27, 31, 32, 42, 43, 45, 46, 72, 7 77, 79, 92, 93.

124, 33, 35, 36, 53, 88.

Pass in Sanskrit only:

2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 15, 22, 23, 25, 28, 30, 33, 39, 40, 51, 53, 54, 57, 59, 60, 69, 71, 73, 75, 76, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 95, 96, 98, 102, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 27, 29, 31, 32, 43, 46, 54, 55, 56, 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 75, 91, 95.

SHASTRI—II KHAND

II Class: 208, 14, 24, 79, 82, 89 and 94

III Class: 215, 20, 23, 53, 60 and 95.

Pass in Sanskrit Only:

I Class: 213 only.

II Class: 201, 27, 29, 31, 36, 37, 48, 55, 63, 69, 71, 78, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 90, 92, 93. 300.

III Class: 206, 10, 12, 32, 35, 38, 45, 57, 65, 68 76, 91, 96, 97, 98 99.

PRIZE WINNERS:

R. No.	Name	Centre	Prize
213	Ramakrishna Mishra	Kashganj	I
279	Vidyadhar Sharma Gaur	Kajada	II
224	Ratnakar Joshi	Jwalapur	III

ACHARYA—I KHAND:

3, 4, 5, 16, 36, 45 and 56.

In Sanskrit only:

2, 6, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, 22, 23, 24, 27, 35, 39, 40, 44, 47, 48, 52, 57, 62, 63, 65 and 66.

ACHARYA—II KHAND

67, 78, 94, 95, 97 and 102.

In Sanskrit only:

68, 69, 75, 76, 80, 81, 82, 86, 89, 96 100, 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9.

ACHARYA—III KHAND

II Class : 110, 11, 12, 14, 21, 26, 27, 29, 34, 38, 39, 49, 50.

III Class: 122 only.

Pass in Sanskrit only:

I Class: 147 only.

II Class: 115, 16, 17, 20, 35, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45. 54, 55, 56.

III Class: 136 only.

PRIZE WINNERS

R. No.	Name	Centre	Prize
150	Shivakumar Goswami	Dholpur	
147	Mahabalashwar Hosmane	Gokarn	I
111	Parasnath Dwivedi	Agra	III

Shelat
BRAHMI OIL
PROMOTES HAIR GROWTH
& INVIGORATES
MEMORY
SHELAT
BRAHMI
OIL
SB
SHELAT BROS.
MADRAS & BOMBAY
SHELAT BROS
MADRAS-3
GP

QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

799

Sri R. N. Pattanaik, Howrah.

Q: *What is the origin and direvative meaning of soul or Atma?*

A: How can there be an origin of soul or Atma? It is an unmanifested divine essence in man, and God has no origin. I do not understand what you mean by 'derivative meaning' or soul or Atma. God is eternal, omnipotent and absolute. But in the scheme of the universe, the divine essence appears in human form which we call a 'soul.'

800

Sri K. S. Murthy, Belgaum.

Q: *What is 'Japa Mala'? Why do the performers of 'Tapas' count the beads of the* mala?

A: *Japa* means the repetition of a name or a formula undertaken as a step in developing God-mindedness or self-protection. (1) As a first step, *japa* steadies the mind, detaches it from the worries of the world, and leads to concentration. *Yogasutra* calls it as a 'primary exercise in developing *Yoga*.' In the next phase, *japa* has to be accompanied by concentration on the meaning of the word or formula repeated. It means that with the repetition of a name or *mantra*, the mind must learn to visualize what it stands for. In this way *japa* becomes a step towards developing *dhyana*, an essential step in *Yoga* or even in worldly self-perfection not associated with *Yoga*. (2) These are technical explanations. To a man unfamiliar with these terms, I would explain it in this way: we want to achieve certain result; we exercise our will to reach that objective, but often our subconscious power, through imagination, opposes it. For instance, suppose you want to give up smoking, you exercise your will to give it up, but you cannot do so because all the time that you are exercising your will, your imagination has been raising a picture of how uncomfortable you would be if you gave up smoking. In the end the imagination wins and the will fails, and you would go back to smoking. The underlying principle of achievement is that when the will and imagination conflict, imagination wins and the will loses. (3) It must be remembered that imagination is not fancy; it is a powerful medium through which the strength of our subconscious power, and even the soul, is expressed. Therefore, if you want to give up smoking, you must develop your imagination that you will be very happy as a non-smoker. Ordinarily when you have got a fixed habit, imagination will not obey you. Your imagination will picture you as a man suffering from ill-health or comfort if you gave up smoking. The best way of training the imagination to obey your will is to go on repeating that 'I do not like smoking,' 'I do not like smoking; 'I hate smoking,' 'I hate smoking.' If you go on repeating it day after day, your imagination will be mobilized; it will support your will and you can easily give up the habit of smoking. (4) This is an elementary example that I am giving you. The same thing would apply to higher things. (5) If I want to be God-minded, I should go on repeating that 'God is everywhere,' 'I am the instrument of God,' 'I surrender myself to God,' 'I surrender myself to God,' *'Sri Krishna saranam mama,'* etc. By constant repetition of this formula, all our mental, emotional and spiritual power will be canalised to develop the quality of becoming God-minded. That is why our *yogis* train their imagination and evoke the hidden powers of the soul by *japa*.

801

Sri H. N. Keshavamurthy, Hassan Dist.

Q: *Is it right to say that "Ahimsa" applies to harmful animals also?*

A: Ahimsa is not non-killing. It is removal of wrath, hatred and malice from our mental make-up. If animals—and even men—become incurable danger to life, killing them would not be *himsa* if it is done from a pure motive of saving life or *dharma*.

802

Sri N. P. Sharma, Suchindrum, Cape Comorin.

Q: *My friends always say there is no God. They also try to make me a 'Nastik'. As they are very close to me, what shall I advise them?*

A: Tell them that they are mistaken; that they should study the lives of God-minded men; that they must learn to be humble and not arrogant in such a matter as faith in God, which makes life worth living.

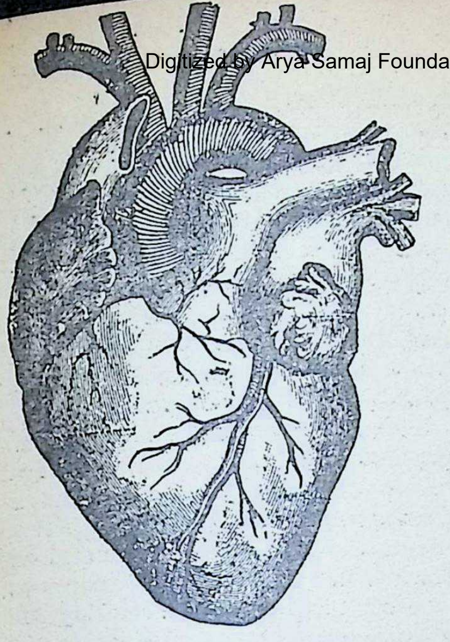
803

Sri V. A. Rajput, Ahmedabad.

Q: *If God is one, why do we have so many Gods in our Hindu religion? Some deny that Rama and Krishna are Gods. According to history (they say), they were simply kings and no more. What is your opinion in this respect?*

A: (1) God is one, but human beings differ in their attainments and needs. Therefore, each one is free to worship the god towards whom he is attracted. But as *Gita* says, whatsoever the god one worships, the worship goes to God, if it is characterised by appropriate devotion.

(2) Sri Rama and Sri Krishna were men no doubt, but God manifested Himself through them; that is why they are considered *avataras*—as God descended on earth as human beings.



commonsense about heart

WALTER ROSS

THE heart is the most amazing and strongest muscle in the human body. Every day this small (no more than ¾ pound) muscle moves from five to ten tons of blood. In 70 years it generates enough energy to lift a giant battleship 14 feet in the air. It starts working before you are born and continues ceaselessly, although at varying rates depending on your work, the stimulants you use, the food you eat, the diseases you suffer, the emotions you feel and even the weather.

The normal rate at which your heart beats is the same as your pulse rate. It ranges from as few as 40 beats per minute to 100. In times of stress or excitement, your pulse may double, although it would probably not go above 220 beats per minute. Rapid beating, even for months, does not usually strain your heart. However, a pulse ordinarily returns to its normal rate after a few minutes of rest.

Your heart works at only 1/10 of capacity when you are resting. Even when you are doing very hard labour or exercise, your heart has at least 30 per cent reserve for extra effort. It is not possible to damage a healthy heart by the most strenuous effort. If you come too close to the limit of your heart's efficiency, your body has a built-in safeguard—fainting—that causes you to stop effort and fall into a horizontal position in which your heart works least and gets a chance to recoup its strength.

Keeping in mind these facts about your heart, let us take a look at the things that affect it.

Hard labour and exercise: Most doctors believe that steady physical labour or exercise strengthens a healthy heart. If your body muscles are fit, your heart muscle will be stronger. If your muscles are slack, your heart will be less able to stand a heavy load.

Married life: Normal married life is no bar to the heart patients.

Heat and humidity: As air temperature and humidity rise, your heart works harder to keep your body temperature normal. On a very hot, humid day as much as 60 per cent of your blood supply may be at the surface of your body. Your heart will beat faster to push more blood into your lungs. Heat stress is increased by hard work or exercise which alone can raise body temperatures as much as 4° ; by wearing heavy clothing ; by eating heavy meals ; and by exposure to the sun. You can decrease heat stress by wearing light clothing, shading your head from the sun, eating lighter meals—less meat and fat—and avoiding iced drinks, which raise body temperatures.

Cold: When outside temperatures fall, your heart expends more effort to keep you warm. The colder it gets, the more work your heart must do—pumping warm blood to your skin and extremities. Also, at low temperatures your basal metabolism—the rate at which your body burns food to keep you alive—rises, calling for more output by your heart.

Normal hearts can easily stand cold stress. Light, warm clothing is a help. However, cold stimulates many to sudden activity. In middle-aged, sedentary people the sudden stress of overactivity and cold may be dangerous, especially for those who have damaged hearts—for cold tends to mask certain symptoms of heart disease.

Altitude and oxygen: At high altitudes, where the oxygen content of air is lower, your heart has to work harder to extract enough to keep your tissues supplied. Newcomers to high places are apt to feel altitude distress if they try to maintain their normal activities.

Alcohol: Alcohol is a mild heart stimulant which very slightly increases the work done by the heart. In very large quantities it can damage the heart muscle ; but it is more likely to hurt the brain and liver. The strongest effect alcohol has on your heart is probably through your emotions.

Coffee and tea: The caffeine in coffee and tea is a stimulant to the heart. It also affects the nervous system—in some people more than others. Those especially susceptible to caffeine will notice an increased pulse or pulpitation. None of these things will cause heart disease, according to Dr. Paul Dudley White, noted cardiologist.

Tobacco: Tobacco has a constricting effect on blood vessels. Since it raises your blood pressure, it adds a burden to your heart. As with caffeine, tobacco is more easily tolerated by some than by others. Some people get so much relaxation from smoking, and are made so nervous by being deprived of tobacco, that doctors are reluctant to make them stop, even after they have had heart attacks. No heart specialist will say bluntly that smoking damages your heart—but statistics show that heavy cigarette smokers get at least twice as many heart attacks as those who smoke less or not at all.

Rheumatic fever: The infectious disease that does most permanent heart damage is rheumatic fever. It is most often found in children, but also among young adults. Its symptoms include a preceding sore throat, headache, fever from 101° to 104°, abdominal pain and nausea, rash and swollen neck glands. Permanent damage to the tissues of the heart happens usually as the result of several attacks of rheumatic fever—and people who have had one, have at least a 50-50 chance of getting more. It used to be almost impossible to stop repeated attacks of rheumatic fever. Today, however, with slow-acting penicillin and sulfonamides, recurrences of the disease can be and are being controlled.

Teeth: Abscessed teeth are such a common source of irregular pulses that doctors recommend routine teeth X-rays to patients who have an irregular beat.

Pregnancy: Carrying a baby imposes an increasing load on the mother's heart, mostly in the later months of pregnancy. The mother's heart work is probably 50 per cent above normal in the ninth month of pregnancy because of the extra blood supply. The strain is bearable by women with normal hearts. Even many women with heart disease can bear children under medical supervision which should start before pregnancy.

Eating: The amount you eat affects your heart by making it work harder for a longer period after a heavy meal. Nobody knows exactly how certain fats can affect your heart; but many physicians prescribe a low-fat diet as a safeguard against attacks. Some of these doctors feel that the fat content of your diet may affect your circulatory system by increasing deposits of cholesterol, a yellowish fatty substance, on blood vessel walls.

High blood pressure: Blood pressure becomes a strain on your heart only when it stays too high for a long time. Then it may cause the heart to enlarge and pump harder to keep blood flowing. High blood pressure is a greater threat when the sufferer also has hardened arteries.

Overweight: Every pound of body weight over that which is normal for your height and build is a strain on your heart. Being overweight is even more of a burden for someone with high blood pressure. Moreover, the hearts of the obese cannot stand heat strain as well as those of normal weight.

Tension: One way of measuring how hard the heart is working is by the number of calories burned each minute. For example, a steelworker doing heavy labour consumes an average of 4.4 calories per minute; a surgeon performing an operation burns only 3 calories per minute. But blood pressure and pulse rates tell a different story. The surgeon's *extra* heart work is more than four times as great as the steelworker's. This suggests that men who work or live under continual tension may be putting greater strains on their hearts than men who do hard physical labour all day long. A man who does physical work gets tired and has to rest, but a man under tension may be unable to relax, not giving his heart and arteries a chance to renew their strength.

Neurosis: There is a disease called "cardiac neurosis" which has the symptom of heart disease but actually is an emotional disturbance. It is usually caused by intense, prolonged fear—sometimes fear of heart disease itself. It is frequently found among soldiers who are abnormally frightened of combat—then it is called "soldier's heart". This condition is not an illusion—it often makes invalids of its victims. Like its cause, its cure has nothing to do with the heart. Psychotherapy is the answer.

Rest and sleep: Your heart requires periods of rest and relaxation between periods of effort, in order to recoup its reserve strength. Heart specialists recommend at least eight hours of rest at night for healthy patients; more for those who have had heart attacks. They prescribe non-competitive sports so that their patients can stop and rest before becoming overtired. The heart specialists do not believe that anyone should rest too much or turn himself into an invalid—not even those patients who have heart disease, except in serious cases.

Age: As you get older, your heart, along with the rest of your body, is more prone to accident and disease. This does not mean that you should pamper your heart after you pass age 40—it does mean that you should gradually take things a little easier.

Custom: Most hearts can do what they have been accustomed to doing. The men who make headlines by dropping dead after shovelling the first heavy snow or running for a train probably had taken no exercise for weeks or months previous to the big effort and probably had a heart or blood vessel disease that would have struck within hours or days in any case.

The lesson of all this is simply that your heart is equipped to take a fantastic number and intensity of strains. You can harm it more by worrying about it and pampering it than by giving it plenty of work and plenty of rest. Treat it with respect and it will last you a lifetime.

[Condensed from an article in the *Coronet*.]

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Our Fortnightly Profile—137

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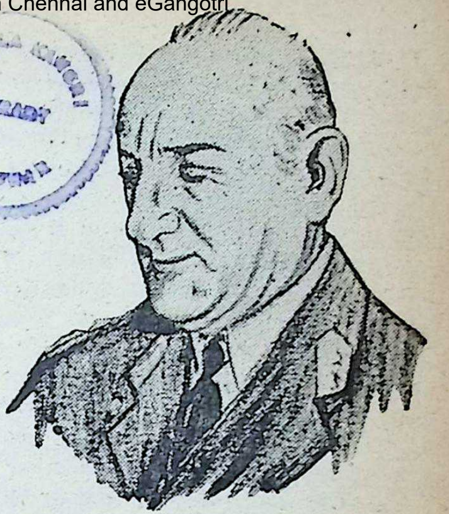
GENERAL GURSEL



DO we have to revise our opinion on the role of the army in a country's life?

It is high time we did so judging from what has been happening in the countries of the East and West Asia in the recent past. And now the army has administered baptism to Turkey, for the third time.

It is said that the Father of modern Turkey, Kemal Ataturk, used to hold that the army should keep out of politics, but guard the Constitution of the country too. And the army has done the second part of it today, but one may wait for the first part, or should one?

It is quite on the cards that the lightning revolution of May 27, which lasted but a few hours and cost but one single inadvertent life, was popular by all standards, and people, it is reported, went delirious with joy because it signalised the end of a reign of terror unleashed on the people by a most voluble Premier in the name of democracy.

Heady with power of a ten-year rule, the ex-Premier Adnan Menderes became high-handed and dictatorial. He muzzled the Press and put all inconvenient criticisms behind bars. The sporadic anti-Menderes agitation of the students at Ankara and Istanbul was the last vestige of public discontent but no one ever suspected that with a clear 3 to 1 majority in the Assembly, the Government could be jokeyed out in such an incredibly short while.

The man behind the bloodless coup and who presently occupies the post of President, Premier and Defence Minister all in one is 65-year old General Cemal Gursel (pronounced *Jemal Goorsell*).

True to the traditions of the Turkish Army, strapping General Gursel was strictly a career-soldier and little known before the date of the Revolution. It all came about like this. When last month Menderes came down with a heavy crack-down on student agitators and opposition Republicans, the army found itself in the very unpleasant situation of having to kill its own people to satisfy the pride of the politician. A section of the army approached the Republican Opposition Leader and ex-Premier Inonu to lead them; he refused, stating that he would prefer to seek the verdict of the electorate rather than listen to the men of the army. These army officials then approached Gursel who had lately been forced to retire by the Government for unpleasant advice and he agreed to head the military junta National Unity Committee. At 3-30 A.M. the revolution started and by 9-30 A.M., Gursel sat at Menderes' desk.

Affectionately called Big Brother by the army, Gursel comes of a middle class family. He first served the Ottooman Army; he took part in World War I, first against the British and later against Greece, finally joining up with the forces of the late Kemal Ataturk. He took a degree from Turkey's War College. It is said that he played a significant part not merely in retrieving chunks of his country from the Greeks, but in its transformation from a Sultanate to a Republic. He got his first Star in 1929, the fourth being in 1957.

White-haired, stubby-moustached, five feet four, and over 200 lbs. in weight, Gursel had a steady rise on the army ladder. He was true to his late leader till yesterday by avoiding publicity. Looking rough, he is reserved, but as his face abundantly testifies, has a fine sense of humour.

Despite his self-imposed reticence, it appears Gursel had been warning the Menderes administration and pointing out ways of retrieving lost position, but it all fell on deaf ears. What was worse, he was served with an order to retire from his Command of the Ground Forces before age. It is said the General tore the order to pieces and returned it to the Ministry. It was while in his retirement, the Country's call came to him.

Will Gursel pave the way for the re-emergence of democracy in Turkey? Judging from his post-Revolution utterances, one is inclined to say yes; but one can never be too sure in these days of lightning developments. He has presently released the Press from the gag and generally removed other repressive measures clamped down by Menderes. He has set people who know their job on the drafting of a provisional Constitution. He has reassured NATO and CENTO Allies of Turkey's commitments, while the leaders of the previous Government await their trial.

General Gursel is devoted to his family with whom he used to spend all his spare time. He has a son who follows the avocation of a commission broker.

He profits most who serves best.

—A. F. Sheldon.

K. M. MUNSHI'S

TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

●

In his attic at Bhoiwada Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning-point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's dissipated ways of living, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, became a thorn in his flesh, showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of her new friend, Ramchandani.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and her overforwardness cast doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings.

A TEMPORARY WIFE

RAVI unlocked the door of his room, and Mona and he went back into it. As he did so, Ravi said: "I shall sleep in the balcony outside. You may sleep in my bed."

"Nonsense," said Mona. "Do you mean that you can't control yourself in the presence of a woman?" she asked as she removed her overcoat and took off her spectacles. She then sat on the bed, lit a cigarette and asked, "Do you smoke?"

"No," replied Ravi.

"That explains why you are so uncouth. Tell me what work do you intend to do here."

Ravi sat down on a stool opposite the bed and replied: "I came here eight days ago. Khanderao has introduced me to some of the local workers. I have gone through the old files and have also visited three or four factories. I have called a meeting of the Committee on Sunday, but have not so far met the members of the local cell." Ravi said everything with the frankness of a novice though he was also a little frightened of this dynamic, impetuous woman. Ravi's handsome face lit up as he described his new experiences.

"Do you know anything about organizing a cell?" asked Mona.

"I have only made speeches so far and have never been directly in charge of an organization. This is the first time I am working as the convenor of a Committee. To tell you the truth, I do not quite know how I should deal with the members of the Committee."

Mona whistled to herself and said: "Baby face, if you let the members of the Committee suspect that you are afraid of them, rest assured, they will never listen to you. If you want to keep them in order, don't do all the work yourself. Learn to take work from them. If you do not know even this much, I wonder why you have been posted here. Bandopadhyaya,—sorry—Sanyal keeps making such mistakes and entrusts work to people which they are not capable of doing."

Ravi stood amazed at seeing Mona nonchalantly criticising their leader. It was something to know that there was someone prepared to make fun of their dictator leader.

Resuming her comments, Mona said: "Well, evidently you can make speeches but you don't know how to organize. Very well then, let that be my business. When the Committee meets, you look solemn, but remain silent. If you can't think of anything else, pretend to be sharpening your pencil. But, above all, behave as if you understand and know everything. Before Sunday next, we shall make plans for the next three months. The partnership of two of us will be so powerful that Mathurakar will become very jealous of us. I shall make myself responsible for all the practical aspects of this business and see to detailed schemes and tactics. You are a handsome fool, so you had better go on filling peoples' minds with hopes and ideals, the wonderful ideology of Communism, the leadership of the workers, Russia's message to the world, all about the fight to free the workers of the world from their bondage, etc."

"Well, it is very good of you to assign this much of work to me," Ravi who had become somewhat shrunk by now, remarked sarcastically.

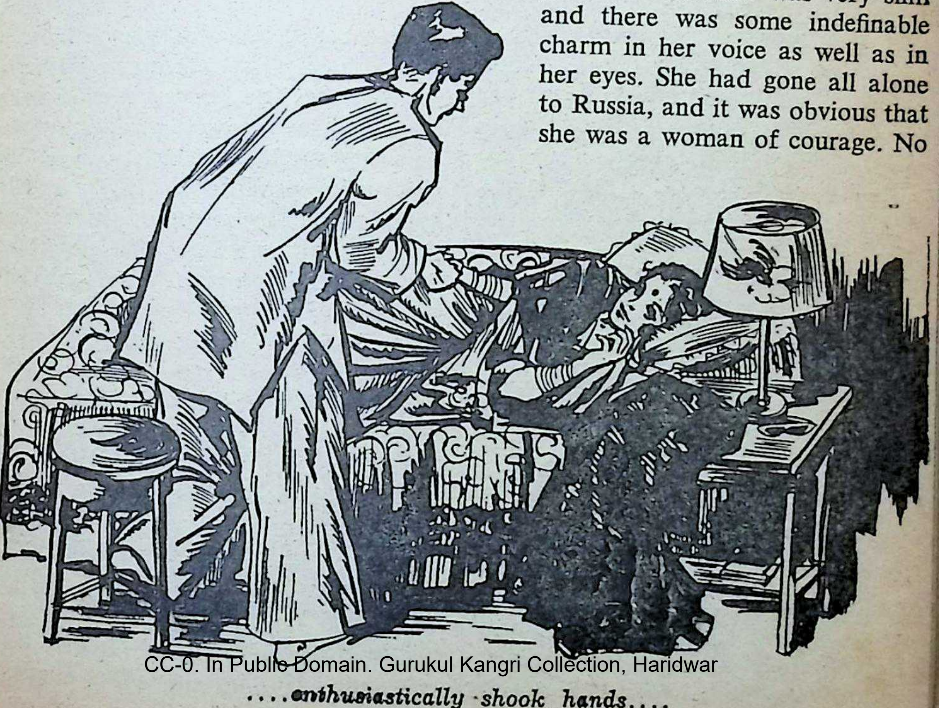
"You are no doubt suggesting that I am interfering with your work, isn't it?" asked Mona as she shook her head. "Whether you say 'yes' or 'no' makes no difference to me. I can't help interfering in everything. That is my nature. So, my bridegroom, you had better not think that way."

"But, how can I talk about giving it up if my bride won't even let me say a word?"

"So, the baby face has now got back his courage. But let us not argue. Let's, instead, come to brass tacks. Listen, you have got some assets but they can't be sold without the skill of a salesman. If, on the other hand, the two of us should join hands and do business together, it will prosper." Mona stretched out her hand and said, "So, let's shake hands on this. Let's work according to the arrangement for three months and see what benefit you get out of it."

Mona's smile, as she said this, was full of charm. Ravi too stood up and enthusiastically shook hands with Mona. "Yes, if you will help, our success is assured," he said.

Mona smiled again and fixed her gaze on Ravi. She was very slim and there was some indefinable charm in her voice as well as in her eyes. She had gone all alone to Russia, and it was obvious that she was a woman of courage. No



....enthusiastically shook hands....

doubt, she must have in her stormy fashion plunged into all sorts of things.

If, said Ravi to himself, he could work with her, it was he who stood to gain, for he would be able to get experience in the sphere in which he most needed it. So far, he had not succeeded in making friends with anyone in the movement; but, he was now getting a friend in this young lady. Ravi felt very happy. "What did you see in Russia?" he inquired.

"In Russia? There are two schools of thought about Russia. One says that it is better than even heaven itself. The other considers that even hell would be preferable to Russia. But neither of these extremes is acceptable to the masses. Whenever I talk to people that there is much in Russia that is good and much again that is bad, they are willing to listen to me." Mona lit her cigarette and lay down on her bed, as she commented "Russia is an enchanting country. Now it is the homeland of the free. It also is my fatherland. That is all that matters, so far as I am concerned."

"But is there freedom there?" Ravi couldn't help asking.

"If freedom is not to be found there, then indeed it is not to be found anywhere else," said Mona very firmly.

Ravi's mind went back to his grandfather, his love for India, that is Bharat, and his deep faith in his religion and his duty. He asked himself how it had come about that he had got mixed up with this totally alien company? Ravi fell into a reverie as he sat down upon his bed on the floor.

After Mona had finished her cigarette, she said: "I am now feeling sleepy. Baby face, come, sit near me and tell me something pleasant."

Ravi was again confused and indeed frightened. He had become a Communist but his ideas of the relationship between man and woman were still those of his grandfather. "I still have some work to do," he temporised.

"Nonsense! What is the point in tiring your eyes at this late hour? I, Mona, believe in trade union principles. There should be no more than five hours each day for five days in each working week. To do more than that is only a capitalist conception. Don't be shy. Come and sit here. I won't eat you up."

Ravi went and stood close by the cot, but he still did not sit down. Mona pointed her finger at the precise spot on her bed where she wanted him to sit. He was afraid of saying 'no' and thought the best course would be to comply. Mona, in the meantime, had finished smoking another cigarette and now prodded Ravi with her stretched-out leg and remarked rather impishly, "It is a long time now that I have had an opportunity of sleeping so peacefully."

Ravi, who felt like making good his escape but did not dare to do so, said: "Do you know I have never been alone in a room with anybody except my grandfather?"

"Oh, baby face! Don't worry, we shall get on quite well. You aren't going to live long in a room like this."

"Then, where do you think I should be living?"

"In big palaces. You would like living there. Don't be startled. There is nothing you would like better. You are bound to get ahead," said Mona.

"If my principles take me forward, I will certainly fare forward."

Mona shook her head as if to show she disagreed. "Do you think that your principles will remain unaltered? You are destined to go far."

Ravi was hurt at what the accusation implied. "You are being unfair to me. I am not a hypocrite or a betrayer of principles."

"I know that your advance in life is inevitable," Mona said as she sat up. "But why are we worrying about that now? We shall find it out for ourselves as we get along. You take it from me that you will go far. I wouldn't be surprised if you become a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. I might then be rotting in a jail for sedition." For a time there was complete silence in the room. Then Mona broke it saying: "Well, for the present, our duty—yours and mine—is to work hard. I am now feeling sleepy. Put out the light and go to bed. You are my husband for three months. So, from tomorrow, I shall treat you with the respect due to a Hindu husband. I am your wife Rewa, and so, you will be entitled to treat me with a little less respect."

Ravi had a sudden impulse. He wanted to squeeze her hand, but did not dare, and so he switched off the light as Mona had asked him to do and lay down in bed.

This sudden and imposed friendship had so excited his imagination that it became impossible for him to get sleep. The opportunity to work so closely with such a woman aroused in him unwonted enthusiasm. With her help, he felt that he would be able to increase his power and influence in the party. But deep down, his conscience was pricking him. Russia to be regarded as one's Fatherland! What about the Rani of Jhansi, the ideals which Dadaji stood for all his life, the patriotism of Sri Aurobindo, his father's sacrifices, the recital of the Vedas, the devotion to Mother India, Bharat? Were all these false? Were they mere illusions? Were Mona and Russia, her fatherland, the only reality? For a moment his mind appeared paralysed.

After a while, he got up. From the regularity of Mona's breath, he judged she was fast asleep. He would have liked to awaken her but he couldn't. He sat up and immediately noticed that he couldn't hear Mona's rhythmic breathing. Then he saw that she too was sitting up in bed. Ravi immediately lay down and tried hard to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come. Again he thought that Mona had fallen asleep. After a while he thought she was awake and was preparing to come near him. He sat up only to find that Mona was sleeping. So, he too tried to sleep. He did not know how much time had passed, but some time later, he again felt that Mona was awake. So he sat up in bed. This time he was greeted by Mona's laughter. He was startled; surely, Mona was not mad. "What is it?" he asked.

"What is what? I was afraid you were going to assault me. You were frightened that I was going to tempt you to be wicked. Sleep seems to elude both of us. Please don't keep bobbing up and down. Lie down quietly and let me sleep." Mona laughed as she tried to sleep.

Ravi was not sure if he should say anything. He decided to keep quiet and for a long time kept tossing in his bed. Instead of getting sleep, Ravi had a series of dreams. He dreamt that he saw Mona smoking in his grandfather's attic ; He was worried lest Dadaji might arrive. Would he be angry? Would he beat him, or would he merely rebuke him? He wondered. He had another dream. Someone was calling out his name. Was it his father Shivshankar? How could he be calling him? He was dead long ago. No, it was not his father who was calling him. He appeared to be singing something and it seemed the sound of that music was reaching him through the window. Mother and motherland alike are as heaven.

Yet another dream came. He did not dare to look towards Mona. She was talking strangely. She talked about Russia, about world revolution, about Russia being the fatherland of freedom, about Russia being her fatherland. She surely was wrong, but Ravi dared not say so. He thought Mona was gently stroking him with her toe...He saw something lying in the attic. He knew what it was but he dared not turn towards it. If he did, he was afraid Mona might get angry but in the end he could not resist looking at it...

From the attic came a voice repeating: *twameva mata cha pita twameva*: "Thou art my Mother and Thou my Father..." He suddenly realised what the thing was. It was his grandfather's corpse... The corpse suddenly began to tremble. But it surely was not the corpse ; no, it was his grandfather offering his prayers as usual. He thought he heard Mona laughing contemptuously at him.. Ravi felt as if someone was wrenching his heart out of his body. He began singing the National Anthem: *"Vande Mataram, sujalam, suphalam* ..." Those were surely not the words he was reciting. It was his father who was singing the national song...

As he turned again, he saw Dadaji's corpse...And there he heard Mona laughing. Very wicked!

This time, he had really woken up. It was morning. He saw Mona sitting on her bed, smoking and laughing.

[*To be continued*]

Money does all things for reward. Some are pious and honest as long as they thrive upon it but if the devil himself gives better wages they soon change the party.

—Seneca.

Bhojarajeeyam—23

Ajavaksha in a quandary

THE ladies of the city continued: "You are an intelligent man and should by now have found out the reason behind our tip to dispose of the *rakshasa*."

Pavaka was dumbfounded when he heard the story. Summoning courage, he sought the palace of the *rakshasa* queen. Soon he found it; he saw her sitting on her throne, serene and majestic. While she was wondering who he was, Pavaka walked straight up to her and when sufficiently near, shot a deadly arrow at her. The arrow pierced her chest and blood started flowing profusely from the wound. In agony she began to cry when all the women of the palace ran up to her to give her whatever help they could.

Seeing Pavaka walk further up to her, the queen asked him: "Are you a man? Burn your bow and arrow! What wrong have I done to you to merit this treatment at your hands? You seem utterly devoid of any sense of right and wrong. Don't you know the *shastras* say that the holy cow, the woman and the child should never be killed, whatever their crime, but can only be punished short of being killed? They call for the greatest compassion. Who incited you to kill me? Couldn't you have selected other princes as strong as yourself as the target of your secret and sinister arrow? If you have surplus strength or energy, couldn't you have awakened my husband who would have given you a good thrashing? Why did you do this cruel act?"

PAVAKA: "Mother, I plead guilty to your charge. But, listen. Just now you didn't like my coming near you. When that is the case, why didn't you advise your husband to refrain from his nefarious work of impounding all the princesses of the land here?"

QUEEN: "O, cruel man! That's none of your concern. But inasmuch as you have sought to kill me in this manner, I curse that you suffer the indignity of a lame and maimed man by having your legs and arms cut off!"

Pavaka was thoroughly rattled by this curse and falling at her feet implored: "Mother, forgive me my wrong. Pray, when will this curse come to an end?"

Smiling at this question, the Queen replied: "Devi Parvati will come to this world and on a particular day when She would be plucking flowers, Her feet will touch your body. At that time you will be released from this curse."

Continuing, she said: "You are not to blame for my present condition. My husband who has the valour of breaking lances with the *devas*, showed his small mind in killing a female monkey which pronounced the curse that this should be the manner of my death. I do not think that my breath will last any longer. O, the pain! Please remove this accursed arrow of yours from my chest!"

When Pavaka did as he was told to do, blood started spouting from her body and very soon she lay dead.

Leaving her there, Pavaka now turned his attention towards her husband, the *rakshasa,* who was lying in deep sleep. Whipping up anger, Pavaka kicked the *rakshasa* on his chest with his legs to rouse him from his sleep. When finally the *rakshasa* did wake up, he roared, "Who the devil are you? Has your last day arrived which has made you enter the lion's den? You have the courage to kick me on my chest? Look! I shall presently dispatch you to Yama's presence!"

Pavaka who was anything but bamboozled by this threat, replied: "You, vile creature! Brave words butter no parsnip. Your valour is only good enough for ladies whom you have shamelessly imprisoned here. Stand up and face me!"

RAKSHASA: "*Are-are,* human child! You feel so strong? Ha-ha-ha! But, listen, how can I fight you, unarmed as you are?"

PAVAKA: "O, that doesn't matter. Let's fight like great men. Throw aside your arms and come out for a bout of wrestling!"

When the two entered the arena making explosive noises by slapping their arms, it appeared that Bhima and Bakasura had entered the ring. For reasons already stated the *rakshasa* had lost his stamina, and Pavaka found it quite easy to dash him on to a rock and batter his body to pieces.

Overjoyed at the tragic end, all the impounded ladies of the city thronged round Pavaka and expressed their indebtedness to him. Among them was Hanumati, who stood there with a wan face looking for liberation. Seeing her unkempt hair, tear-laden eyes and perceiving hot breath, he said: "My dearest! I can only blame my bad luck for having brought you into this predicament. I have sent the *rakshasa* to the abode of Yama. Forget it all as a nightmare. I am by your side!" Saying this he embraced her lovingly.

Soon Hanumati had her auspicious bath. Wearing fresh clothes and ornaments, she appeared before her husband as a fresh bloom. Together they started for their own capital.

As they were coming out of the tunnel, Kumbhi who was waiting outside saw them emerge when he started trembling.

Thought he: "What shall I do now? Once they are out, my game will be up!"

As ill-luck would have it, Pavaka and Hanumati got separated in the darkness of the tunnel and while Pavaka lost his way, Hanumati came out.

Kumbhi jumped at this development and without being seen, closed the mouth of the tunnel with a huge rock and quietly walked behind the unsuspecting Hanumati. When he tapped on her shoulder, she looked back and felt like treading on a serpent! From the manner of his approach, his sheepish smile and lack of circumspection, she concluded that she was in for another spot of trouble. A quick look-back gave her the knowledge that the entrance to the cave had been completely blocked. Although it caused a shock, it did not create panic. She decided to change her tactics while Kumbhi gloated: "I

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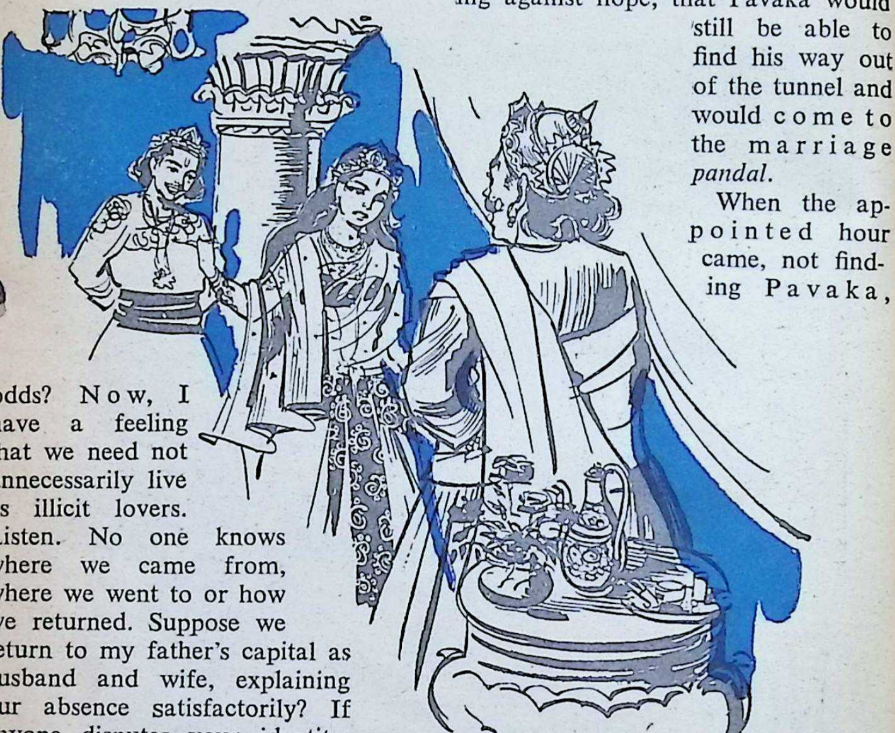
appear to be destined to have this girl whatever the obstacles. Bravo!”

This time she smiled encouragingly at Kumbhi who felt himself transported to the heavens. Said Hanumati: “Kumbhi, dear! It is clear as daylight that we are meant for each other; otherwise why should we be pitched together again despite the heaviest odds? Now, I have a feeling that we need not unnecessarily live as illicit lovers. Listen. No one knows where we came from, where we went to or how we returned. Suppose we return to my father's capital as husband and wife, explaining our absence satisfactorily? If anyone disputes your identity, you affirm that you won me in the public contest and I will stand by you.”



Kumbhi immediately approved of the idea, realising there could be no better solution.

There at Natyapattana, the King was making preparations for the ceremonial wedding of his daughter with the person who had shot the *ratnahara* from the neck of the mechanical *hamsa*. Therefore, the return of the pair—Kumbhi and Hanumati—was an appropriate climax to the preparations.

Having reached home safely, Hanumati kept quiet for some time, hoping against hope, that Pavaka would still be able to find his way out of the tunnel and would come to the marriage *pandal*.

When the appointed hour came, not finding Pavaka, Hanumati called her father and pointing to Kumbhi who was standing beside her in the bridegroom's role, said: “Father! This man beside me is an impostor; he did not hit the *ratnahara*; it was another person who hit it. This man is his valet.”

[*continued on page* 72]

Stories of King Madana Kama—24

pratapa teaches a lesson

IT required a lot of doing for the Minister to convince his King that he would definitely do away with Pratapa in the third attempt. In view of the object to be achieved, the King had perforce to agree to his Minister's offer and wait patiently for the result.

Said the Minister: "My lord, I propose to send Pratapa now on a more perilous mission than the previous two. From this he will never return. Your Majesty, the Minister for Home Affairs and I would each write a letter to one of our ancestors. Pratapa will be asked to carry these messages to them and return with their replies. Who knows whether our ancestors are in hell or heaven or elsewhere? How will he know? And even supposing he does, how will he go? I am sure that in this task he is going to perish, and his three wives will become ours. Please write your message."

Saying this, the Minister produced a palmyra scroll and an appropriate pen. The King scribbled his message and handed it to the Minister. The Minister too wrote his own letter to one of his ancestors, so also did the Minister's colleague to his. The Minister handed all the three letters to Pratapa and said: "Pratapa, here are some letters addressed to our ancestors. It is the desire of our King that you should personally deliver them to the addressees and bring back their replies."

Realising that it was a King's command and failure to comply with it would entail serious consequences, Pratapa took these letters and went home promising to report back.

Reaching there, he informed his first wife of his new commission.

Indra's daughter thought, "I had all along been under the impression that the King was really testing our husband and that he was admiring his valour. But the latest commission appears to indicate that the King's desire is far from being so. On the contrary, the King seems to be too eager to do away with my husband's life. What could be his real intentions if it were not that? Surely, in that the King would have had other motives. And what possible or better motive could there be than that of acquiring the three of us who have actually no counterparts in the whole kingdom? Somehow my intuition tells me that the King has an eye on us. And I can never fail in my second vision. Under the circumstances, there is no alternative but to mete out adequate punishment to the King and his accomplices."

Deciding upon a plan of action, she said to her husband: "My lord, please return to the palace and tell the Minister that you would be back on completion of your mission in eight days.

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Tell him also to make a huge bonfire on the evening of the eighth day for some sort of propitiation."

While Pratapa went to the palace to communicate this decision, Indra's daughter wrote out a letter as though coming from the ancestors of the King and his Ministers in reply to theirs. The letter ran:

"My dear descendants,

We are very happy to inform you that we lead the most luxurious lives in Heaven. We have excellent food, enjoy the company of excellent women, and have all possible conveniences and amenities. But we are sorry to note that you happen to lead wretched lives in what can adequately be described as hell proper. What pains us most is that you have become repositories of jealousy, hypocrisy, and positive crime against humanity. We bewail your lust-laden life. It is our prayer that at least in future you may give up those evil ways and lead righteous lives. However, we are very anxious to have a look at you. Please, therefore, make a trip to our abode of bliss. If you so prefer, you may continue to stay with us, or, if you decide otherwise, can return.

Your ancestors."

As soon as Pratapa returned, Indra's daughter told him: "My lord, this time I have a plan by which I am going to teach your King a good lesson. It is needless to tell you that in all the commissions assigned to you, his intentions, evil as they were, appeared different. That the King has his eyes on us—your wives—I have no doubt whatsoever now. Hence my present decision. You have to stay indoors for seven days from now and on the eighth evening, take the letter which I shall give you and proceed to the Cross Maidan where the bonfire will be blazing forth. You drop my letter into that fire and God Agni will present himself there. Without the least fear, plunge into the fire and wait for what happens."

On the eighth evening, just as prearranged, Pratapa walked towards the bonfire with the second letter. That letter ran as follows:

"My dear Uncle Agni,

The bearer of this letter is your brother's son-in-law. It is my wish that you receive him properly, treat him well, and right away give one of your daughters in marriage to him. You may depend upon me to take good care of her. After the marriage, please carry him in front of all the people assembled by the fire and leave him in the open."

The letter was signed by all the three wives of Pratapa.

Of course, Pratapa carried in his vest-pocket also the first letter purporting to be the ancestors' reply to the letters which the King and his Ministers had addressed to them.

When, therefore, Pratapa dropped his wife's letter to Uncle Agni into the fire and entered it nonchalantly, people stood petrified and eagerly awaited further developments.

Just as foretold by Indra's daughter, God Agni was waiting for Pratapa whom he received befittingly and to whom that very night he gave in marriage the most beautiful of his daughters.

At midnight when all the people had gone to sleep, Pratapa, unknown to others, came out of the fire taking his new bride along with him. He then left her to the care of his three other wives and quickly returned to his place in the fire which to him was as cold as ice.

On the morrow, the King and his Ministers who had made sure that Pratapa would never come out of the huge fire, however, returned to the scene of the fire to make doubly sure that they were not wrong. Indeed, the whole city had assembled around that fire to see what was really a miracle. At midday, to the surprise of all assembled, God Agni came out of the fire holding Pratapa by his hand and left him outside.

Holding in his hand the reply purporting to have come from the ancestors of the King and his Ministers and followed by the King's guards and the huge crowd, Pratapa made his way to the palace where the King and his Ministers had already occupied their seats apprehending further trouble.

As soon as Pratapa handed over the reply to them, they hurriedly opened it and read the contents. Their first reaction was overwhelming joy in that their ancestors had responded to their message. The second was one of regret for their ill-conceived thought and action towards Pratapa. The third was to seek recompense by taking a trip to where their ancestors were. In this way, they thought of making amends for their folly and foul behaviour.

So, after hurried consultations, they called Pratapa to their presence and after apologising to him for the series of troubles they had put him to, made their collective request to arrange to take them to the abode of their ancestors. Pratapa agreed on the spot and asking them to wait for him the following evening by another huge fire lit for the purpose, went home to his wife for further consultations. Indra's daughter felt happy that her plans were being executed according to her wishes and consequently she gave him another chit to her uncle, God Agni. That chit read as follows:

"My dear Uncle,

As you know, the bearer of this letter is now your direct son-in-law. He is bringing with him a few people. Please receive them all but leave your son-in-law alone. And burn the rest.

Indra's Daughter"

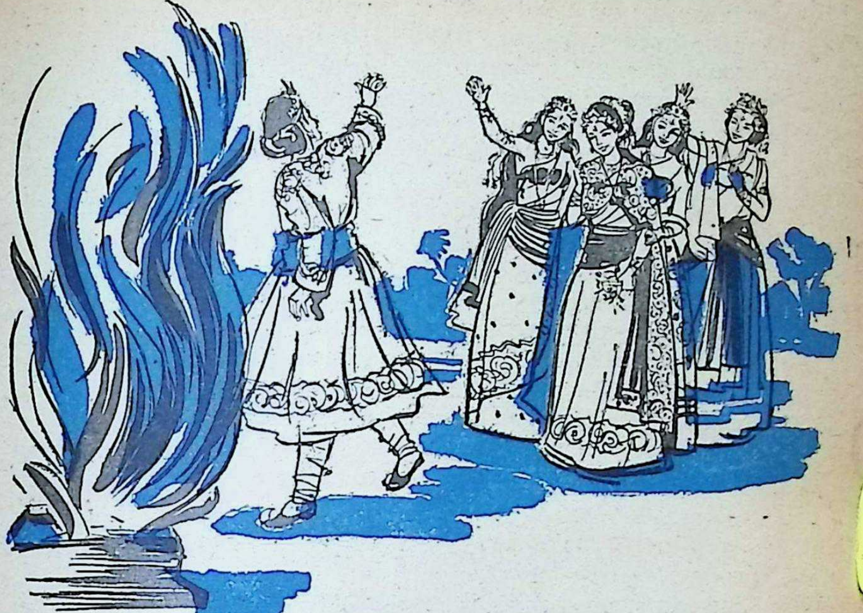
Carrying this letter with him, Pratapa went to the scene of the fire where the King and his two Ministers were waiting for him. In their anxiety to see and please their ancestors, they had brought with them numerous presents, a large quantity of fruits and other niceties.

Seeing them all, Pratapa asked them to hold him by the hand and come behind him. He entered the fire throwing the chit into it given by his first wife. God Agni who saw the note, quickly recognized his son-in-law and burnt the rest as directed.

When Pratapa came out alone, the people surrounding the fire got quite anxious. Addressing them in a forceful way, Pratapa explained to them the evil designs of the King and his Ministers on him and his family and concluded: "I have punished them for their evil designs as they fully deserve."

When the people heard this version, they all acclaimed "Pratapa-ki-jai" and literally carried him to the palace where they proclaimed him as their new King taking into account his unsurpassed valour in all his undertakings.

But Pratapa would not agree. On



his persuasion, the people of the city agreed to accept another person who happened to be Jagatalapratapa's Deputy in office. So, after personally supervising the coronation of the Deputy as the King of that country, Pratapa advised the people to keep to righteous ways whatever happened and after personally instructing the administration of the kingdom for about a week, he left the city in the company of his four wives.

In the course of their travel, they came across an arid desert which made his first wife, Indra's daughter, smile. Seeing her do so, Pratapa asked her, "My love, what makes you smile unaccountably. I don't think anything is funny here."

Replied she: "My lord, you didn't catch my point. It just struck me that if I had the will, I could make this arid desert the most alluvial and rich plain, and if so needed, raise a positively handsome city on it—more beautiful than even my father's."

PRATAPA: "Very true indeed, my love. Don't I know that you are Mother Goddess in reality? It is a chance happening, and I cannot account for it, that you are my wife. I dare say that by a fiat of your will you can do what you say."

INDRA'S DAUGHTER: "My lord, I quite appreciate your compliment, but I think there is a touch of scepticism in your statement, if I mistake not."

On hearing this, Pratapa laughed uproariously and said: "Oh, no. That was never intended. I just made it appear so."

INDRA'S DAUGHTER: "But, my lord, nevertheless, I am going to demonstrate to you that I never brag, and I mean what I say. Would you be a witness to it?"

PRATAPA: "I would love to."

At the next moment, the arid desert became a valley of flowers, trees and the seat of lovely mansions touching the heavens. The moon and the stars vied with one another in beautifying its waters. Pratapa's four wives vied with one another in enhancing the loveliness of the place.

Indra's daughter coronated Pratapa as the King of that city. Naga's daughter beautified the city with gardens and other rich flora and fauna. Varuna's daughter made the city overflow with sweet water and also provided it with plenty of lakes and ponds with lovely blossoms where women could disport themselves. She further caused deep ditch to be dug around the city to make it impregnable. Agni's daughter provided it with the traditional four-fold forces with all their paraphernalia.

Thus, Pratapa, in course of time, became one of the greatest monarchs of the world commanding the allegiance of innumerable kings. At the same time, his domestic life continued to be an unmixed blessing.

[*To be continued*]

BHOJARAJEEYAM—*Contd.*

The King was stunned as he listened further to the perfidious role played by Kumbhi throughout.

When the furious-looking King turned in the direction of Kumbhi and demanded an explanation, the latter replied: "King! You see, when your daughter was captured by the *rakshasa,* she became so frightened that her brain got upset. Very often she became listless and spoke incoherently. Obviously, she mistook me for my valet. It was I who shot the *hara,* and again it was I who killed the *rakshasa* in his den and rescued your daughter. To prove it, I shall show you the den; but I would take no responsibility for anything that may happen later, if the other *rakshasas* take a fancy to you. Will anyone be foolish enough to claim for himself any act done by others?"

At this, the King looked at his daughter and asked her: "Well, now what would you say to this?"

Hanumati replied: "Father, if what he says is true, ask him where is the *ratna-hara* that he shot at?"

Kumbhi replied laughing: "Is that so important? In my fight with the *rakshasa,* it fell somewhere and so far as I am concerned, it is of no consequence to me. If you are keen on it, I am willing to pay its price."

"Could perfidy be so black as this?" thought Hanumati. Then she refused even to look at such a sinner, and tied a piece of cloth round both her eyes.

King Ajavaksha was in a quandary, not being able to know who was telling the truth. He, however, ordered that Kumbhi be placed in safe custody pending further inquiry.

[*To be continued*]

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THE BHAGAVAD GITA. By Dr. Shakuntala Rao Shastri. Published by East West Institute, New York. pp. 448. Price: Rs. 10.

THE volume under review gives the original text of the *Gita* in Sanskrit line by line, the correct pronunciation of each word in English with running English translation. The translations of the *Gita* that are available speak more about their authors than about the sacred text. But the present volume which comes from the facile pen of Dr. Shastri, a distinguished scholar of the East, is indubitably an exception. Modest in aim, accurate, comprehensive and critical in its presentation, the present edition is the fruit of her deep study of the Hindu classics.

She has written an excellent introduction and shown due regard to the translations of other noted thinkers. "Not mere knowledge, not mere action, but action with perfect knowledge, without any desire for its fruits, consecrated to God is the ideal of *Bhagavad Gita*". She has not missed the striking resemblances between the philosophy of the *Gita* and Buddhism on the one hand, and *Gita* and Christianity on the other. One who does not know even a whit of Sanskrit can understand very well *Bhagavad Gita* made easy by Dr. Shastri.

Dr. Shakuntala Rao Shastri is highly qualified. Her Professors F.W. Thomas and A. B. Keith were very much impressed by "her singular conscientiousness and great assiduity." The impression one gets from her published works (*Aspirations from a Fresh World, Women in the Vedic Age, Lights of Eternity, Kaumudimahotsava*, etc. besides the book under review) is that by virtue of her deep study of Hindu Classics, she possesses the wisdom of the East. She writes with precision, clarity and easy grace. She is honest in her opinion and is completely free from a tendency to bluffing, scholastic conceit and vanity. She is at present editor of *East West Journal* and President of East West Institute.

Dr. Shastri deserves praise for having written an authoritative translation of the *Gita* which may well become a classic on the subject. With full cloth-binding and an art-jacket *The Bhagavad-Gita* lends beauty and grace to the table.

—*Prof. Dayal Sharan.*

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THE INTEGRAL YOGA OF SRI AUROBINDO. By Rishabhchand. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 2nd Edition, December 1959. pp. 474+xxiv. Price: Rs. 9.

IN the volume under review, we have an authentic and excellent study of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy from one of his most competent and beloved disciples. The subject is treated in a comprehensive way in a clear and limpid style. Sri Aurobindo's *Integral Yoga* is examined and explained in the background of the spiritual heritage of Indian thought. *Integral Yoga* is a new chapter in the history of Indian philosophic thought. It answers the current challenge to religion. It is not otherworldly or personalistic in its ideal. It is at once spiritualism and universalistic in its humanism. "It envisages as its aim an all-round divinely pragmatic consummation—an integral perfection and fulfilment of man in God and an outward manifestation of God in man. It promises to fulfil all the deep-seated aspirations of man by developing all his powers and faculties, visible and invisible, and raising him beyond his mental consciousness to the Truth Consciousness of the Super Mind. It does not ask man to renounce or unduly reduce the activities of his life, and forswear the salutary, secular aims of his existence. That way lies not victory, but the defeat of life and the disintegration of the material basis of all spiritual conquests. All that it asks of him to do is to shift upward his central will of life and discovering and realising the infinite and eternal Reality of his existence, shape his nature and life in its image. It asks him to recover the truth, the harmony, the beauty and the bliss, the peace and the power of God, and express them in his nature and in all its movements." (p. 469). In the first nine chapters of the book we have an account of the preliminary basis of the integral yoga. Four things are necessary according to Aurobindo for spiritual life: 1. Scriptures (Sastra); 2. Guru; 3. Earnestness (Utsaha) and 4. Time (Kala).

Sri Rishabhchand has given us a detailed account of all the essential doctrines of Aurobindo. The three chapters on Liberation, Transformation and Perfection are masterly expositions of the difficult theme.

The volume under review is an indispensable and revealing account of the gospel of Sri Aurobindo. For a long time the book will remain as a standard account of Aurobindo's philosophy.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

EVENING TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO (First series). Recorded by A. B. Purani. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. pp. 325. Price: Rs. 8.00.

OUR complex civilization, overburdened by technology, is threatening the extinction of Homo sapiens. Today we have reached the point where at any moment humanity may be scalded, burnt to death or blown to smithereens. What is needed is a spiritual revolution, an awakening of man to the fact that he is a spiritual being. Sri Aurobindo offers a spiritual solution to all the problems of man. According to him transformation has to take place in nature because the divine reality has to manifest itself in nature. He pleads for Upanishadic philosophy, a synthesis of old and new, realism and idealism, pragmatism and spiritualism. Sri Aurobindo's is a *"Weltanshaung"* which finds solution for all the problems of human life and welds all knowledge into an integral whole which alone can save humanity.

The present volume is a collection of evening talks intended to *"afford to the outside world a glimpse of his external personality and give the seeker some idea of its richness, its many-sidedness, its uniqueness....Sri Aurobindo brings the unlimited into the limited"*. Lala Lajpat Rai, Tagore, C. R. Das and many others sought interviews with him. He interpreted the traditional idea of *Vibhuti* and *Avatar* in terms of the evolutionary possibilities of man and did not regard

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them as supraphysical miracles. The talks used to be very informal. Purani has deftly recorded the talks and classified them under separate heads—On Books and Letters, On Medicine, On Art, On Poetry and On Beauty.

We may not agree with Sri Aurobindo on many points, but we cannot fail to be impressed by the versatile nature of his genius, the penetrating power of his intellect, his deep understanding and his spiritual dynamic power. To quote from page 303:

"Disciple: What is the connection between spirituality and art?

Sri Aurobindo: One can say that spirituality is the basis of art. Art expresses, or tries to express the soul of things. The true soul of things is the divine element in them....In a sense spirituality is the highest art, the art of life, for it aims at creating a life of beauty pure in line, faultless with light and vibrant with delight."

While reading the book, at times we feel constrained to ask whether it was necessary to record every word that Sri Aurobindo uttered. We are happy that Puraniji has taken considerable pains to record them. We can safely skip them when we like. The book is illuminating and most welcome.

—*Prof. Dayal Sharan.*

A SEMINAR ON SAINTS (With the Opening Address of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan). Edited by T. M. P. Mahadevan, Area-Secretary, Union for the Study of Great Religions, India. Distributors: Messrs. Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. First published 1960. pp. 456. Price: 12.50 nP.

TWO seminars have been held so far under the auspices of the Union for the Study of Great Religions (India). The first seminar was held in 1955 at Bangalore. The present volume contains speeches (delivered at the second session of the seminar held in Madras in 1956) on the "Saints" or *Yogis*, distinguished by placidity and devotion to divine ideals,—those savants who bear witness to one and the same Spirit. The saints and prophets belong to humanity. They preach the message of unity and harmony to mankind, of universal love and brotherhood. Notable contributions had been made by eminent scholars: The Role of Saints by Swami Ramdas, Narada by K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, Gorakhnath by Kalyani Mallik, Ramana by P. K. Sundaram, Gandhi by D. S. Ramchandra Rao, Sai (The Unifying Force) by V. K. Pantulu, Ramkrishna—His Life and Teachings by S. C. Chatterjee, Aurobindo's Conception of Religion by A. K. Mazumdar, Some Typical Spiritual Masters by C. D. Deshmukh, Kabir by M. B. Niyogi, The Sanctity of Saint John of the Cross and of Saint Teresa by R. Panikkar, Great Saints of Russia by Fr. A. Lazarus. Mention has been made of just a few. Those unmentioned are also richly laden with ore.

There are forty-eight speeches on Saints included, also three public lec-

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tures given at the evening sessions— 1. The Role of Intuition in the Saintly Life by His Highness Jayachamaraja Wadiyar: 2. Union for the Study of Great Religions by K. D. D. Henderson: 3. Religion and Piety in Spinoza by Leon Roth.

The Seminar aims at achieving inter-religious understanding which is possible only when men learn to abjure prejudices of all kinds. It is well worth quoting a passage from the inaugural address by Radhakrishnan: "The end of man is a creative experience which is one immense enlargement and enrichment of life." Details of creeds and doctrines do not make religion. We may think just as we like about them, but what is of importance is *moral living* which implies obedience, tolerance, equanimity, justice, humility and charity.

The best of words and thoughts may seem to melt into the thin air, but the ripples set in by them travel through eternity and form an ever-generating power-house for human brains to draw upon. That seminars and symposia on religions have far-reaching influence cannot be denied.

—Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.

BUDDHA-DHAMMA (A Higher Affirmation). By G. C. Lall. Published by Messrs. Kitab Mahal, 56-A, Zero Road, Allahabad-3. pp. 252+xvi. 1959. Price: Rs. 5.

THE book under review is not one more addition to the literature on Lord Buddha but is the result of a reverential study by a man who had clung to Buddha and his teachings for a period of 30 years when suddenly he saw a new vista open before his eyes and all that he had learnt acquired a new meaning and significance. This novel experience generated in the author a conviction that he had been able to discover the truths that lay hidden under many a philosophic exposition of Buddha's teachings and preachings. These findings of his have all been presented in the book in a spirit which is both humble and benevolent.

The studies of the European writers about Buddha are for the most part objective. Sri Lall's approach is both subjective and objective and highly synthetic. It is this that distinguishes the book from the rest. Sri Lall has presented Buddha's teachings in a manner that they can easily be taken up as a panacea for the world's turmoils and troubles. The Buddha is, according to him, a spiritual Marxist who has the potentiality to meet the highest needs. The author appeals to all to try Lord Buddha undogmatically and he is sure that Buddha would revolutionize their lives and way of living.

Readers are advised to read and re-read the Introduction particularly as it contains in a nutshell the main arguments of the whole book. The glossary of Sanskrit and Pali words is indeed very helpful.

—Dr. A. S. Gopani.

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CHIDACHIDA SHAREERAKA BRAHMA SIDDHI. By Sri K. Jagadeeshvara Sastri. Published by the author, 9, Veerabhadra Iyer Street, Nungambakkam, Madras-6. pp. 112. Price: Rs. 2.

THE AUTHOR is a learned pandit who has lived for a long time in the Ashrama of Ramana Maharshi and later served as Asthanavidvan under His Holiness Kanchi Kamakoti Swamiji. He has deeply imbibed the message of Vedanta under the guidance of these two realised souls. In this book are published two essays, one summarising succinctly the two famous schools of Sankara and Ramanuja and the other setting forth the seven objections raised by the latter against the former only to refute them. The peculiar *Shareera-Shareeri Bhava* (Brahma's body being *chit* doctrine of the Ramanujeeyas) is singled out and elucidated in all its diverse aspects, and a
special effort is made to refute th
same. The chronological priority o
Srikantha's *Sivavishishtadvaita* to th
system of Ramanuja (which owes a lo
to it) has been established. This ser
to bring out in bold relief the unr
sonable nature of their aversion
Siva at present. The seven 'Anup
pattis' or incompatibilities listed by t
followers of Ramanuja against Sank
are shown to be unavailing in the lig
of new interpretations, avoiding th
so-called inconsistencies, complained o
Tirodhana is thus explained in a nov
manner and explains adequately th
Advaitic standpoint. How Vidya help
in dispelling Ajnana which causes ou
bondage, how Saguna Vidya is a ste
ping-stone to Krama Mukti and ho
finally all these steps lead to Nirgu
Brahma realisation—these and man
other topics are clearly discussed. Sr
Polagam Rama Sastri, Professor, Myla-
pore Sanskrit College, has written a
appreciative foreword.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Ra*

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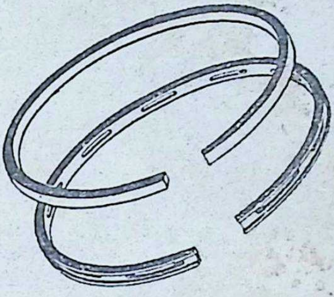

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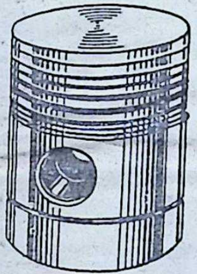

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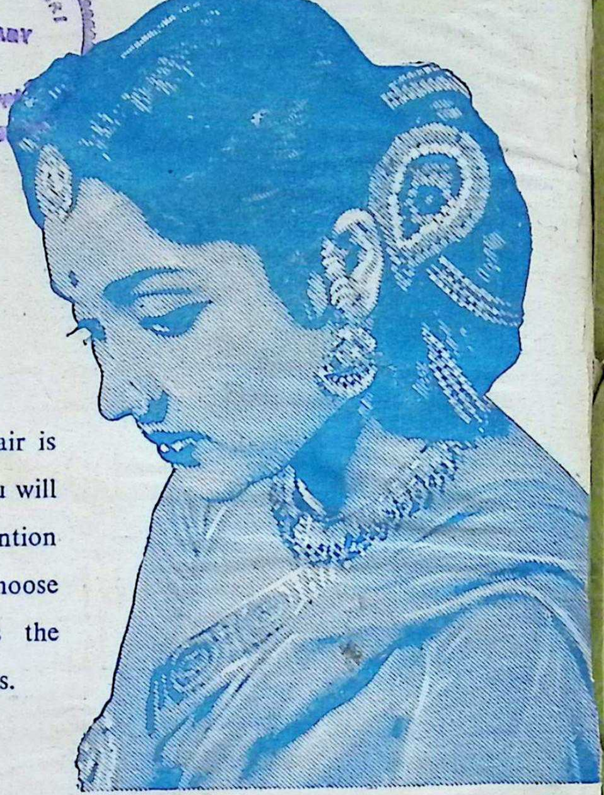

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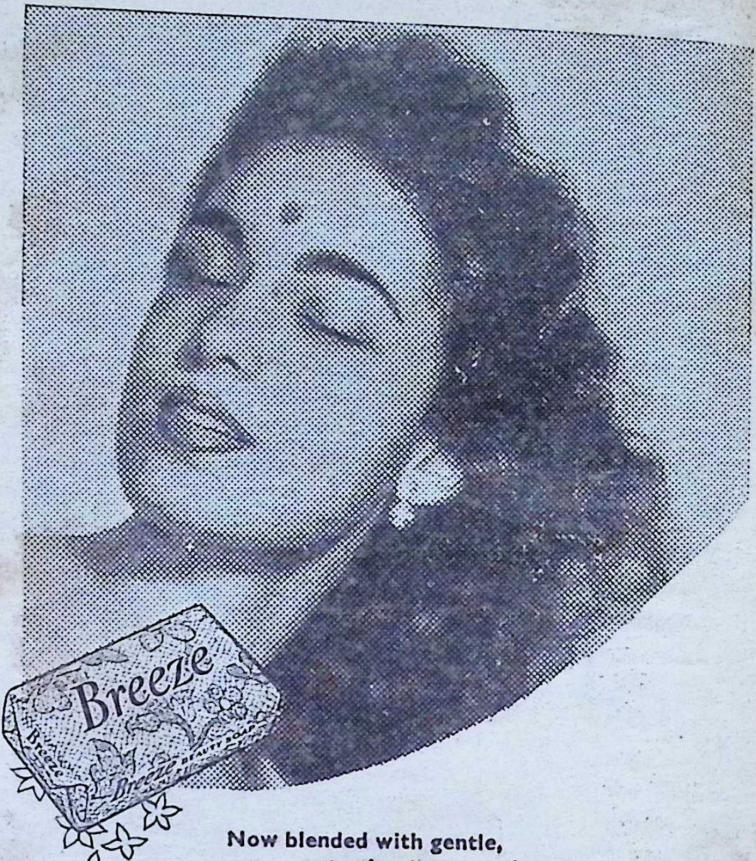

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI JUNE 12, 1960 No. 23

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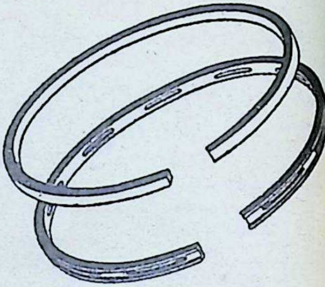

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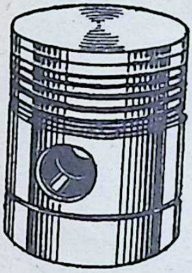

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VI
JUNE 12, 1960
No. 23

ASSOCIATE WITH THE BLESSED

जाड्यं धियो हरति सिञ्चति वाचि सत्यं
मानोन्नतिं दिशति पापमपाकरोति
चेतः प्रसादयति दिक्षु तनोति कीर्तिम्
सत्सङ्गतिः कथय किं न करोति पुंसाम् ।।

अशेषसम्पत्समवाप्तिहेतवस्
समुत्थितापत्कुलधूमकेतवः ।
अपारसंसारसमुद्रसेतवः
पुनन्तु मां ब्राह्मणपादपांसवः ।।

Contact with the blessed removes the dullness of one's intellect, cleanses him of his sins, makes him speak the truth, enhances his respect, purifies his mind, and spreads his fame. Tell me if there is anything that it cannot do for men.

The dust of the feet of the holy destroys all adversities, brings all riches, takes one across the ocean of *samsara*. May it purify me.

—Anon

अ मृ तं तु वि द्या

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 207

★ ART, BEHAVIOUR AND RELIGION
★ THEIR UNITY IN CULTURE

Bharatiya Vidya Bhav
Bombay.
JUNE 12, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HAVE written again and again about literature, culture and religion. However, the more I see of life, the more I am confirmed in my view that it is a mistake to consider them basically different or mutually exclusive. They are facets of the self-same urge, and it is a tragedy affecting the whole human race that we are taught to ignore this fact.

In this Letter, I want to tell you about culture as applied to an individual.

The word 'culture' is used in a very loose sort of way. A gentle voice, polite behaviour, a temper under control and a familiarity with the classics are considered marks of culture. But they constitute the veneer of culture, not the genuine article. Of late we have degraded whatever significance the word 'culture' possessed by labelling dancing, music and drama as 'cultural shows', most of them having little vestige of culture. There are even 'c ture tooth-picks!'

We can never appreciate what c ture signifies unless, to begin with, realise that culture is not civilisatic Civilisation is only the material equ ment of life. Culture is a way of on life dominated by certain values whi brings to his expression, behavio and personality, a characteristic ha mony.

To repeat my favourite illustratior Sri Ramachandra and Sita wore ba clothes and travelled in canoes. W dress in fine-spun silk and fly in j planes and may be we are more civ lised than they. But he would be bold man who would say that he a better son, a more loving husband a more noble friend or man of highe culture than Sri Ramachandra. I spite of the lapse of centuries, the bes amongst us have not caught up wit him.

The human race in these days is certainly more civilised than in the days of old. We could destroy cities like Hiroshima with their millions of innocent men, women and children in a few minutes. Our less civilised forbears in India, even in wars, had some grain of culture: while waging wars, they hesitated to destroy towns or kill women, children or a learned man, or demolish shrines or harm cattle. Knowledge without humility, smartness without sincerity, flaunting of expensive habits, or a taste for wasteful game of bridge, golf and waltz which are fashionable these days may be anything, but certainly not culture. Are we more cultured because our civilisation provides raucous music, vulgar strip-tease entertainments, easy divorces and increasing crimes and greater opportunities to indulge in smut and sensation?

* * *

Culture in a man depends upon his ability to invest human relationships with values which are absolute, that is, those which are valid *per se*, not those which serve as means to an end. When that is done, there is the resulting harmony which we call culture.

What I have referred to as absolute values, in their subsidiary aspects, assume the form of devotion, loyalty, kindliness, service, integrity, reverence, love of art and philosophy. Primarily they all arise from the basic values of Love, Beauty and Truth. But even these absolute values—Love, Beauty and Truth—are aspects of the same central value. Truth is beautiful; Beauty is not beautiful if it does not reflect the heart of truth; and Love is truth and beauty *par excellence*. This central value Plato calls Absolute Beauty.

The first step to appreciate and acquire culture is to be culture-conscious. This consciousness comes by developing a harmonious outlook on the different activities of life under the influence of one or more absolute values. When this culture-consciousness leads us to make attempts to express such values through the medium of words, behaviour or personality, life begins to develop a characteristic rhythm.

Beauty expressed through the medium of words is true literature; When the medium is sound, colour, or stone, art is born.

Great literature is the product of an urge to express beauty through words; that makes it so universally loved and inspiring. For instance, the appeal of the *Songs* of Sappho, Mira and Hafiz, *Ramayana* of Valmiki and *Iliad* of Homer, *Shakuntala* of Kalidas, *Hamlet* of Shakespeare and *Iphegenia* of Goethe rises above the barriers of time, race, religion and nationality, because they express beauty. They have the ineffable quality which gives to human experience a perfection of form which yields unfading joy to all men who have risen above animal needs, whatever the age or clime in which they happen to be.

Literature which does not body forth such absolute values is not literature in the real sense of the term. There is the literature of the 'progressive' variety which expresses ugliness through words; it is the literature of sordidness. There is again the

In India, the greater part of our literature is religious, because God with us is not a distant God; He belongs to our homes, as well as to our temples. We feel His nearness to us in all the human relationship of love and affection, and in our festivities. He is the chief guest whom we honour. In seasons of flowers and fruits, in the coming of the rain, in the fullness of the autumn, we see the hem of His mantle and hear His footsteps. We worship Him in all the true objects of our worship and love Him wherever our love is true. In the woman who is good we feel Him, in the man who is true we know Him in our children He is born again and again, the Eternal Child.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

literature which aims to subserve some distinct aim; it is the literature of propaganda. Neither of them has an absolute value as an end in itself.

To take an illustration: Literature of propaganda has for its end education, the advocacy of a theory, or the popularisation of an objective. It may be produced to earn money or to find favour with a ruler or to play up to some current slogans. In such literature, sense, sound and experience can never mingle in exquisite harmony through creative imagination.

In this respect, we have fallen on evil days. The printing press produces miles and miles of so-called literature every day. The cinema, the radio and the television cater to every conceivable human weakness. The political slogans and party propaganda make night and day hideous. Naturally, the urge in the literary artist to express his inner richness in words of beauty is stifled.

• • •

The urge to create absolute values through one's behaviour, through conduct, leads to the grace of behaviour. The urge is the same as in the case of literature or art.

Someone comes to meet you for the first time. His walk, his smile, his courtesy, his voice, impress you; they all express a harmony. Without knowing the visitor intimately, you feel not only happy to meet him but find yourself in his presence a glow of inspiring sunshine. Such a man is not merely a man of courtesy; he is expressing absolute values through personal behaviour. You may call it refinement, courtesy or politeness, but in fact, the behaviour is as artistic a creation as a poem.

Gandhiji's behaviour was a piece of perfect art. The grace of behaviour which characterised Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya was a thing of beauty. I will never forget an old lady of an aristocratic family whom I met in Hyderabad; her behaviour was characterised by ineffable dignity and refinement, which were expressed in the tone of her voice and the grace of every gesture. Among the older generation we found many whose harmonised behaviour reminded us of an exquisite poem. But that behaviour is going out of date, what with vulgarity in these days being raised into a fine art.

Like pseudo-literature, there is a pattern of behaviour which is as false as tinsel. Most men who play confidence tricks are noted for such behaviour. But a little perception would show that behind that behaviour there is no absolute value, no sincerity, no friendliness, no harmony of thought and word.

● ● ●

The urge to express oneself in terms of Truth, Beauty and Love is never exhausted. When it is intensively developed the urge to express absolute values can become all-comprehensive. Then from the different absolute values emerges one central value which inspires all one's thoughts, words and deeds.

When the urge is developed to that extent, there is no longer a dissipation of vital forces. The central value permeates the whole personality which becomes integrated. The mind, emptied of its base contents, is seized by it.

This intensely-developed urge falls within the domain of religion. Being a comprehensive urge, it presses into service both art and behaviour, but it transcends them all. That is why art and literature are harnessed to religious activities.

True religion, therefore, is the expression of the central value through the medium of the whole personality of a man. This central value is not truth, beauty or love; all the three are discovered to be no more than different aspects of an all-pervasive Consciousness. As I pointed out, Plato called this value Absolute Beauty. Gandhiji called it Truth. We, humble folk, call it God.

When a man realises this all-pervasive Consciousness, the state which he attains is called *mukti* or salvation, *kaivalya* or the absolute integration of the human personality, *samsidhi* or self-realisation, *parama shanti* or the peace eternal, *nirvana* or liberation. In defining this final goal, all religions—Hinduism and Buddhism, Christianity and Islam—are one.

However, as Swift said, we have just enough religion to make us hate, not enough to make us love, one another. Just as good manners in popular language are called culture, and propaganda literature, an organisation which claims to work under the influence of a group sentiment based on a yearning towards God is called religion. But none of these is of the genuine variety.

Whatever the urge behind religion, more often than not, it becomes a close corporation raising barriers between the faithful and the infidel. In the result, the urge to Absolute Beauty is overshadowed by ugliness associated with lust of power, greed, fear or hatred.

● ● ●

To summarise. In the ultimate analysis, behind art and literature, grace of behaviour and religion, there is a common urge to rise higher towards absolute values; to express a more harmonious co-ordination of powers under their influence; to integrate personality under the impelling guidance of a central value recognised as the supreme end of life.

Whenever an effort is made to realise this urge, whatever the medium, it brings culture to the man who makes it. To a man of creative imagination, it brings grace of behaviour or artistic and literary power. To a man of faith, humility and endeavour, it gives power and inspiration till he reac out to spiritual fulfilment.

All the three, therefore, can called "Culture", truly so called.

Yours sincerely,

Km Munshi

The idea of an objective God is not untrue—in fact, every idea of God, and hence every religion, is true, as each is but a different stage in the journey, the aim of which is the perfect conception of the Vedas. Hence too, we not only tolerate, but we Hindus accept every religion, praying in the mosque of the Mohammedans, worshipping before the fire of the Zoroastrians, and kneeling before the Cross of the Christians, knowing that all the religions, from the lowest fetichism to the highest absolutism, mean so many attempts of the human soul to grasp and realise the infinite, each determined by the conditions of its birth and association, and each of them marking a stage of progress. We gather all these flowers and bind them with the twine of love, making a wonderful bouquet of worship.

—Swami Vivekananda

Bhavan's Journal Competition No. 8

ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAYS

The 3-Act Play Competition recently conducted by the Journal attracted many earnest responses. The enthusiasm displayed by our readers and competitors was very heartening.

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1. Original plays in English, neatly typewritten on one side of the paper, not exceeding 10 pages of *Bhavan's Journal* in length, are invited from readers.
2. Themes should be on social problems of the day.
3. Treatment should be such as to bring out the soul of the present-day Indian society.
4. Technique, style, character-sketching, humour and plot-construction will all be considered in evaluation.
5. A cash prize of Rs. 250 will be paid to the first, Rs. 150/- to the second, and Rs. 100/- to the third in merit.
6. The prize-winning plays may be published in the *Bhavan's Journal*.
7. The panel of Judges will consist of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Dr. A. K. Das Gupta and Sri Prem Nath.
8. Entries should reach us on or before June 15, 1960.

—Editor

SAYINGS OF SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

Life is no more than a continual exercise of energy or conquest, by which external forces and organisms are brought into subjection and compelled into service or thrown off as harmful. Plants and animals in good health throw off the attacks of the parasites which incline to infest them.

★ ★ ★

Love is a disease if it impairs the freedom of the soul. Make it thy slave, and all the miracles of Nature shall lie in the palm of thy hand.

★ ★ ★

There is but One Purpose running through and underlying all changes and circumstances in the world; and that is Self-Realization or Renunciation.

★ ★ ★

Fate bows to the man who defies it.

★ ★ ★

The whole world must move with one who feels himself one with the whole world.

★ ★ ★

We can overcome enemies by causing them to come over to us through love.

★ ★ ★

Correct yourself first, all else will be corrected.

★ ★ ★

Put your all into all that you do.

★ ★ ★

The best way to spread Vedanta is to live it.

★ ★ ★

Slowly and resolutely—as a fly cleanses its legs of the honey in which it has been caught, so remove thou, if it only be for a time, every particle which sullies the brightness of thy mind.

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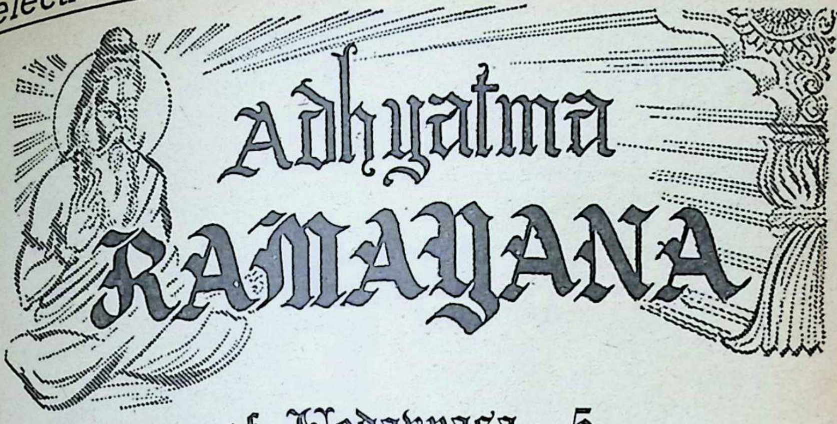

Adhyatma RAMAYANA

of Vedavyasa—5

As Kausalya looked on the effulgent form of Lord Vishnu, she adored Him as the Ineffable Spirit and wondered how the Lord who held the universe in His abdomen could reside so long in her little model of clay.

After unfolding the secret of His incarnation, the Lord resumed the child's form and began to cry.

SRI RAMA'S CHILDHOOD

अथ राजा दशरथः श्रुत्वा पुत्रोद्भवोत्सवम् ।
आनन्दार्णवमग्नोऽसावाययौ गुरुणासह ।।

Then, having heard the glad news of the birth of sons King Dasaratha became immersed in a sea of joy and went there with the preceptor.

रामं राजीवपत्राक्षं दृष्ट्वा हर्षाश्रुसंप्लुतः ।
गुरुणा जातकर्माणि कर्तव्यानि चकार सः ।।

There, on seeing Rama, the lotus-eyed, he shed tears of joy and performed the ceremonies of *Jata-Karma* etc. with the aid of his preceptor.

कैकेयी चाथ भरतमसूत कमलेक्षणा ।
सुमित्रायां यमौ जातौ पूर्णेन्दुसदृशाननौ ।।

Kaikeyi, the lotus-eyed, gave birth to Bharata. Twins having the face like the full moon, were born to Sumitra.

तदा ग्रामसहस्राणि ब्राह्मणेभ्यो मुदा ददौ ।
सुवर्णानि च रत्नानि वासांसि सुरभीः शुभाः ।।

Then the King joyfully gave away to brahmins thousands of villages, gold, clothes, jewels and milch cows of auspicious nature.

यस्मिन् रमन्ते मुनयो विद्ययाऽज्ञानविप्लवे ।
तं गुरुः प्राह रामेति रमणाद्राम इत्यपि ।।

Him, in Whom, the Munis find delight through the knowledge for the destruction of nescience, Him, the preceptor called Rama. Also because he gave happiness to all he was named as Rama.

भरणाद्भरतो नाम लक्ष्मणं लक्षणान्वितम् ।
शत्रुघ्नं शत्रुहन्तारमेवं गुरुरभाषत ।।

Bharata was named because of the protection of all; Lakshmana was so named on account of the possession of all auspicious qualities, and Satrughna was given that name because he was the killer of enemies.

लक्ष्मणो रामचन्द्रेण शत्रुघ्नो भरतेन च।
द्वन्द्वीभूय चरन्तौ तौ पायसांशानुसारतः॥
रामस्तु लक्ष्मणेनाथ विचरन्बाललीलया।
रमयामास पितरौ चेष्टितैर्मुग्धभाषितैः॥

Lakshmana went about in company of Ramachandra, and Satrughna that of Bharata, in accordance with the portion of the *Payasa* (given to their mother). Rama playing with Lakshmana and acting like a child made his parents happy.

भाले स्वर्णमयाश्वत्थपर्णमुक्ताफलप्रभम्।
कण्ठे रत्नमणिव्रातमध्यद्वीपिनखाञ्चितम्॥

His forehead was adorned with the golden *Aswattha* leaf set with pearls. On his neck he wore a necklet studded with rows of diamonds and having tiger's claws.

कर्णयोः स्वर्णसंपन्नरत्नार्जुनसटालुकम्।
शिञ्जानमणिमञ्जीरकटिसूत्राङ्गदैर्वृतम्॥

In his ears he wore earrings of the shape of the unripe fruit of the *Arjuna* tree made of gold and studded with gems. His feet wore decked anklets of silver set with jewels. His loins were graced with a belt and his arms with armlets.

स्मितवक्त्राल्पदशनमिन्द्रनीलमणिप्रभम्।
अङ्गणे रिङ्गमाणं तं तर्णकाननु सर्वतः॥

With a smile on his face with small teeth just coming out with radiance like Indramani, Rama was seen running about in the courtyard after the calves.

दृष्ट्वा दशरथो राजा कौसल्या मुमुदे तदा।
भोक्ष्यमाणो दशरथो राममेहीति चासकृत्॥
आह्वयत्यतिहर्षेण प्रेम्णा नायाति लीलया
आनयति च कौसल्यामाह सा सस्मिता सुतम्
धावत्यपि न शक्नोति स्प्रष्टुं योगिमनोगतिम्
प्रहसन् स्वयमायाति कर्दमाङ्कितपाणिना

Seeing him thus playing, King D saratha and Kausalya became ve happy. When taking his food Das ratha often calls him saying "com Rama" with joy and love, but Ram does not playfully come to his fathe He then tells Kausalya to bring hi with a smile. She runs after him b off he runs and cannot be caught, a he is to be caught by the Yogi thought. Smiling, he comes up him self with his hands full of mud.

किञ्चिद्गृहीत्वा कवलं पुनरेव पलायते।
कौसल्या जननी तस्य मासि मासि प्रकुर्वती।

Then, taking a little morsel of foo again he runs away. Every month hi mother Kausalya performs auspiciou rites.

वायनानि विचित्राणि समलङ्कृत्य राघवम्
अपूपान् मोदकान् कृत्वा कर्णशष्कुलिकास्तथा।
कर्णपूरांश्च विविधान् वर्षवृद्धौ च वायनम्।

Having decked Raghava with jewel she celebrates the rites by preparin and distributing sweets and dishes o diverse kinds like *Apupas, Modaks, Karan, Shaskulika* and *Karna Pura.* On the completion of the year she celebrates the same rites with greater pomp.

गृहकृत्यं तया त्यक्तं तस्य चापल्यकारणात्।
एकदा रघुनाथोऽसौ गतो मातरमन्तिके॥
भोजनं देहि मे मातर्न श्रुतं कार्यसक्तया।
ततः क्रोधेन भाण्डानि लगुडेनाहनत्तदा।

She gave up her household work on account of Rama's childish freaks. Once Rama went to his mother and said "Mother, give me food to eat." But she was engrossed in other house-hold work and did not hear what Rama was saying.

शिक्यस्थं पातयामास गव्यं च नवनीतकम् ।
लक्ष्मणाय ददौ रामो भरताय यथाक्रमम् ।।
शत्रुघ्नाय ददौ पश्चाद्दधि दुग्धं तथैव च ।
सूदेन कथिते मात्रे हास्यं कृत्वा प्रधावति ।।

Then in anger, he broke the vessels containing milk, curds and butter with a stick and threw down the whole of it. He then gave the milk and curds to Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrughna and when the mother was informed of it by the cook she laughingly ran to catch him.

आगतां तां विलोक्याथ ततः सर्वैः पलायितम् ।
कौसल्या धावमानापि प्रस्खलन्ती पदे पदे ।।
रघुनाथं करे धृत्वा किञ्चिन्नोवाच भामिनी ।
बालभावं समाश्रित्य मन्दं मन्दं रुरोद ह ।।

But on seeing her coming, Rama and his companions, all ran off. Running after Rama with faltering steps she caught him and taking by the hand led him away without saying anything. Acting like a child Rama began to sob.

ते सर्वे लालिता मात्रा गाढमालिङ्ग्य यत्नतः ।
एवमानन्दसन्दोहजगदानन्दकारकः ।।
मायाबालवपुर्धृत्वा रमयामास दम्पती ।

Then the mother fondled the children and pressed them to her breast. In this way he, who is the source of happiness to all, who is the nature of the bliss, having assumed a childlike form through Maya, made the husband and the wife (Dasaratha and Kausalya) happy.

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RISHNAVATARA

HE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

35

KUVALAYAPIDA : THE IRASCIBLE ELEPHANT

THE Yadava leaders, young and old, were very much perturbed at the happenings of the last two days. The disappearance of the old Bahuka Andhaka, held in the highest respect by the Yadava tribes; the reported orders of Kamsa that they had been placed at the mercy of the Magadhan Prince; the arrival of Devaki's sons in Mathura under a mandate from Kamsa; the miraculous recovery of Trivakra; the breaking of the Sacred Bow—all were calculated to create a sense of crisis. They knew that they were marked men and Devaki's sons were doomed unless there was some miraculous intervention. And so they came—these leaders —in the dead of night to Vasudeva's palace.

There were low-voiced whispers and discussions, full of hesitations, doubts and fears. Some suggested an exodus; some suggested a fight to the finish. Akrura's advice was sought, but he was a man of faith and had no plan. The prophecy was going to be fulfilled as Devaki's eighth son had come to save them, he said.

One young Yadava leader raised his voice respectfully: 'Venerable Sir, are you so sure of Narada's prophecy being fulfilled?'

'Yes, I have met Devaki's son. I know he is the saviour,' replied Akrura.

'Suppose he is not?' asked a doubter.

'Then we must assume that the Lord has decided to destroy us for our cowardice. But I know that He will not,' said Akrura with deep sincerity.

'I wish we had your faith.'

'What more do you want to have your faith restored? He has come. He has made Trivakra a healthy woman. He has brought Rukmi low. He has shattered the anointed Bow,' said Akrura.

While Akrura was speaking, two persons entered the room. In the dim light of a single oil lamp which fitfully wavered, the leaders at first could not recognise them.

There was a hush and the voice of Gargacharya was heard. 'The noble daughter of Prince Devaka wants to tell you, Sirs, of her solemn resolve.'

The assembly looked up in awe. Devaki's tragic fate and her saintly character had enveloped her with the halo of divinity, and her presence in their midst moved the hearts of all the Yadava chiefs.

Devaki stood under the oil lamp, her pale, shrunken face lit up by an aura of martyrdom. Her large, sad eyes were fixed on the leaders. She made an effort to speak, but for a moment could not. Then she clasped her throat in a sense of helplessness and spoke in a low voice: 'Venerables, please forgive me for coming to speak to you.' She stopped. Every one strained his attention to catch her words. 'I have decided—decided'—and her voice quivered with emotion—'if my boys are killed, I will enter fire.'

The words had a stunning effect as if a violent earthquake had opened the earth below the Yadava chiefs.

Akrura was the only person who had the presence of mind to speak in a self-composed voice. 'Devaka's noble daughter, we shall all die before your sons are harmed. I pledge my solemn word.'

Devaki withdrew as quietly as she had entered. The decision was taken. The assembly dispersed, grim and determined.

●●●

No less grim and determined was Kamsa, as he paced up and down the terrace of his palace. He had been weak so far; he had dealt with the Yadavas not firmly enough. He should have massacred them before he went to the wars, anyway soon after he returned at the head of a victorious army. He should have then sent someone or the other to dispose of Vasudeva's sons in Vrindavan.

All this was true. But it was never too late to take firm action. Tonight it would have been possible to dispose of the Yadava leaders, but there were too many royal guests and visitors in the city to permit of a general massacre of his clan. It was also not possible to deal with Vasudeva's sons tonight. They were in the villagers' camp, and streams of people, hearing of the miracles wrought by Nanda's son, were flowing to the camp to have *darshan*. Somehow the impression had been created in the popular mind that Krishna was a god. Any attempt to him, therefore, would lead perhaps a general uprising and necessitate large scale fighting in which the Mag dhan warriors—the only complete reliable body of men—might be ov whelmed.

However, Kamsa had thought way out of this difficulty. Angarak was a trusted officer of high rank a would see that Kuvalayapida, the iras cible elephant, did not miss his victim It was a great idea of his; it woul dispose of Krishna without anyon blaming him for the mishap. Yes before the crowds collected, a fe *ghatikas* after sunrise, Angaraka would have done his job and the faith of the crowds in their saviour would have been shattered. He would then come down to the royal gallery and the wrestling matches would be held to the delight of the concourse who would by then have lost their faith in Narada's prophecy.

Hope rose high in Kamsa's heart as he went to sleep. His dreams were happy; in them he saw his arch-enemy crushed under the feet of Kuvalayapida. He could almost hear the crash of Krishna's bones as the mighty elephant pressed his heavy foot on his body.

Kamsa got up with the dawn and had his ablutions with the aid of his trusted men. Trivakra was there too with her silver box of scents and unguents. Kamsa rubbed his eyes. Was this Trivakra, who had appeared before him day after day for years, hunchbacked, deformed, knee-locked and whom he delighted to chafe mercilessly for her deformity? This woman with a charming smile on her lips was straight and graceful and this miracle had been performed by Devaki's son.

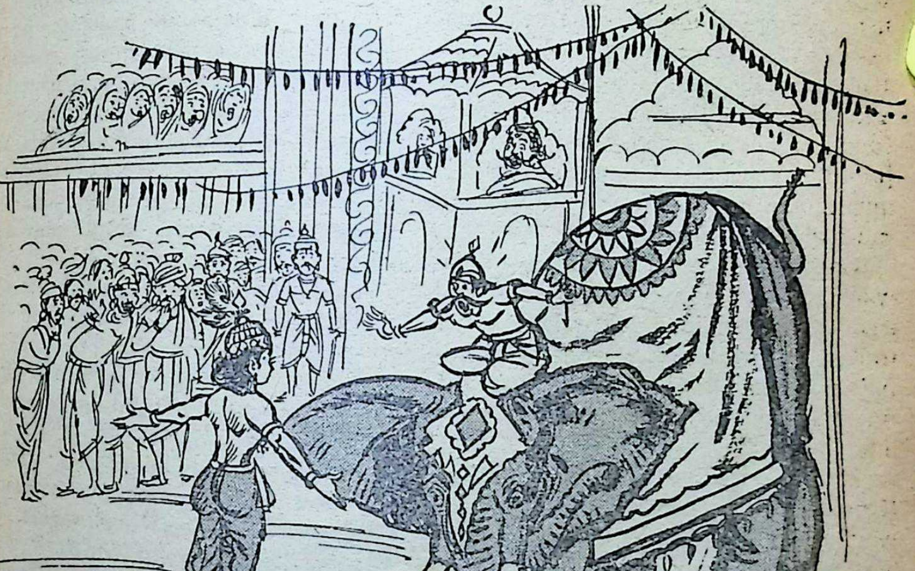
'Trivakra, what is the matter with you?' asked Kamsa.

'Lord, I have been cured. I am all right now,' she said as she laughed joyously, looking proudly at her body, and offered her box for Kamsa's use.

Doubt re-entered Kamsa's mind: Was the prophecy of Narada going to be fulfilled? And he lost the courage to ask Trivakra as to who had worked the miracle.

Kamsa took the scents and unguents, applied them on his body hurriedly, and dismissed the servants. He was now full of impatience and wanted to see Krishna crushed to death under Kuvalayapida's foot. So, even as the people began streaming into the court, he put on his diadem and ornaments, girded his sword and went and stood by the window to take a look at the main gate where Kuvalayapida was to be led.

The moments passed tardily and Kamsa had to summon all his patience to stand and look through the window. He saw the people pouring in. The Brahmans, the Kshatriyas, the Vaishyas and the Shudras came into the court and took their places in their respective enclosures. Prince Vritrighna's men were posted at strategic points around the main enclosure, which was slowly being filled by the Yadava chiefs. The enclosures reserved for women were crowded too—women in



multi-coloured clothes, all straining their eyes to see Nanda's sons.

Then the conches sounded. The royal athletes entered the arena, slapping their biceps and their thighs; they went round the edge of the arena, inviting those wanting to participate in the wrestling matches to come forward.

Kamsa was proud of his athletes, whose leaders, Chanur and Musthika, moved about in a jubilant mood suited to the occasion—the former a man-mountain with a huge belly and a jovial face, the latter tall and muscular, with almost an ugly and sinister look.

At last, Kuvalayapida entered the courtyard, Angaraka riding it in the gold-embroidered dress in which, as the Master of the Elephants, it was his privilege to appear on formal occasions. It was a mighty elephant, this Kuvalayapida with his mighty tusks and large flapping ears. Magnificently caparisoned in gold, the elephant proudly came to the place near his quarters, raised his trunk in salute and snorted cheerfully.

Kamsa was surprised. Kuvalayapida, who always moved with forceful strides, moved in a leisurely manner today. His eyes, always angry and impatient, looked wily. What was the meaning of this change? Or was it imagination?

No, it was not his imagination. Kuvalayapida was lumbering along, waving his trunk in a playful mood as he had never seen him do before. The mighty beast eyed the crowds in a friendly way, something unexpected of him.

Kuvalayapida then ambled across the wide court as if he was in a jolly mood, most people who knew his vicious habits, looking on in surprise. Then Angaraka halted him near the main entrance, when he began to throw his weight on one leg or the other as if he was trying to dance.

As Kamsa watched the coming crowds, he saw a strange spectacle. He saw a rush of people; a large crowd of villagers and citizens, armed and unarmed, advancing in the wake of two young men; men and women rushing forward to touch the feet of the young men, take the dust off them and to apply it over their eyes.

There was no mistaking these two young men. He had heard their description. One was dark blue in colour, dressed in yellow clothes. The other was fair and stalwart, dressed in blue. The dark blue young man was handsome beyond words, almost maidenly in shape. As Kamsa saw Devaki's eighth son, his wrath rose, wave on wave, as of a surging flood. This was his enemy who, as the prophecy had declared, was to destroy him, but whom Kuvalayapida would now destroy.

The young men came near the elephant. Now was the moment of moments, Kamsa thought. The elephant would now rush at the boys, pick them up and break their bones under his feet.

But Kamsa rubbed his eyes; strange things were happening. As the young men came near Kuvalayapida, he swayed his trunk to bar their way, when Krishna said something to him. And the elephant raised his trunk and snorted—not angrily as was his wont—but in an amiable way.

Krishna stepped aside to pass him by. The elephant again playfully waved his trunk that way too. Krishna moved to the other side. That way also his movement was barred by the swaying of the trunk. Some people in the crowd were frightened. Some men with lances came forward to protect Krishna and shouted to frighten the elephant. Krishna, with a laugh, waved the panicky people aside and fearlessly approached the elephant and spoke to him in a gentle and friendly voice. He knew how to enter into the hearts of animals as well as the hearts of men and women. Kuvalayapida looked at Krishna as if he was his long-lost friend, rolled his body in a funny way and indulged in grotesque antics at which people laughed.

Kamsa did not believe his eyes. The angry elephant was behaving in an extraordinary way. He had a jolly glint in his eyes and—horror of all horrors —he extended his trunk towards Krishna for soliciting a friendly pat.

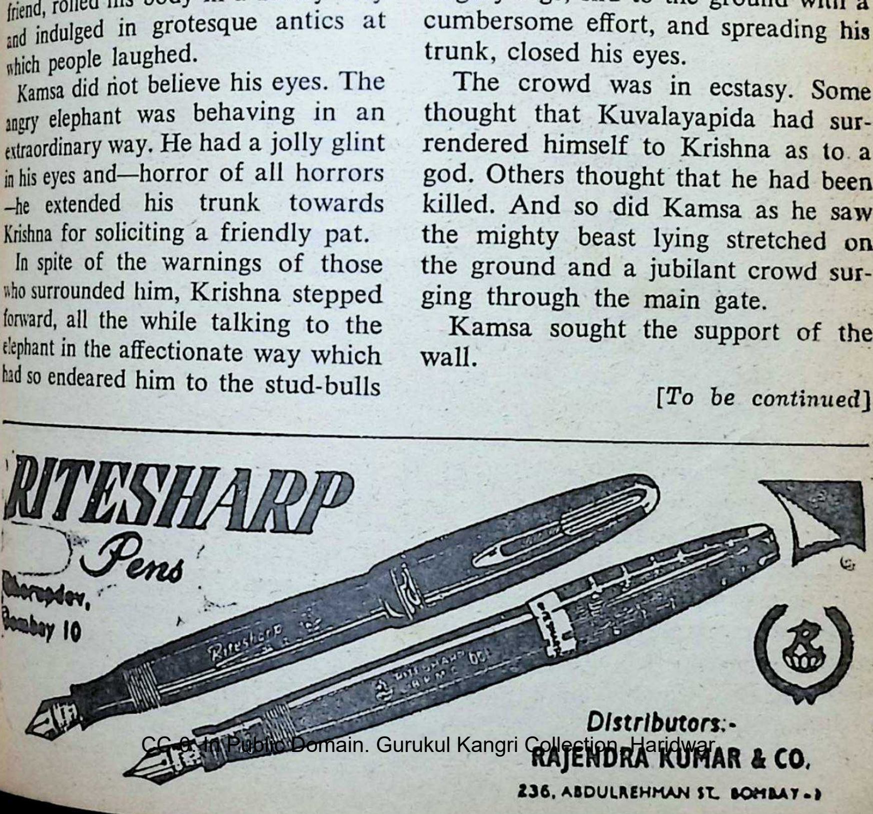
In spite of the warnings of those who surrounded him, Krishna stepped forward, all the while talking to the elephant in the affectionate way which had so endeared him to the stud-bulls of Vrindavan. The elephant extended his trunk and lifted Krishna on it. People began to run away. There were shrieks of fright. Some women fainted. Slowly the elephant raised Krishna, enveloping him in the trunk ever so gently, and then lowered him, depositing him on the ground again.

The crowd was wild with joy. There were shouts of 'Victory, Victory'. Krishna continued to rub the trunk ever so fondly. The elephant, who had continued to look at Krishna in a friendly, indulgent way, soon began to wink as if he was overcome by sleep. Then he began to roll himself on one leg and then on the other, bent his mighty legs, slid to the ground with a cumbersome effort, and spreading his trunk, closed his eyes.

The crowd was in ecstasy. Some thought that Kuvalayapida had surrendered himself to Krishna as to a god. Others thought that he had been killed. And so did Kamsa as he saw the mighty beast lying stretched on the ground and a jubilant crowd surging through the main gate.

Kamsa sought the support of the wall.

[To be continued]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SPIRITUAL

IS THE MEANING

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

WE are living in an age of world communications, world trade, and world wars. There is a meeting of cultures and sacred traditions and we are all interested in preserving the characteristic qualities of the different traditions and not letting them merge in a grey monotony.

Today humanity will be greatly enriched if the followers of different religions achieve justness in dealing with points of view which are not theirs and learn from one another. Spiritual fellowship is the meaning of history.

Even religions die out and lose all significance if they are not understood and conceived anew by each generation in the light of the new intellectual forces. Our modern civilization is still in the making. Its social ethics has not developed in response to the needs of the modern industrial society. The world today needs reasonableness and not fervour, and understanding that the human predicament and the human quest are the same in all religions.

Many educated people find traditional forms of religion too narrow and are searching for a religion at once more rational and more tolerant to give them some anchor in a fluctuating world. Some have adopted scientific humanism; others have embraced political ideologies; some others profess psychoanalysis. Still there are many lost souls who need a religion that is suited to the spirit of the age.

The points on which religions agree are more numerous and important than those on which they differ. The differences are no doubt important but we should not forget to stress the points of agreement.

Man is not exhausted by body and mind. In the complex of human personality there is an element which uses both and yet is neither. The waxing years and the waning strength are quite powerless to dim the brightness of spirit. The spirit is not an object in the world but a subject, the active source of what a man is and does. It is difficult to be aware of it as an object. As soon as we are aware of anything, we make it into an object of thought. In order to grasp ourselves as subjects we have to look back over our own shoulder and catch ourselves in a split second before the beginnings of awareness develop into logical thought. Thus we know ourselves in our reality. Thus awareness is fundamental because it reveals the real self as it is.

> The need of the moment is not one religion, but mutual respect and tolerance of the devotees of the different religions. We want to reach not the dead level, but unity in diversity.
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi.

FELLOWSHIP

OF HISTORY

The awareness of the Supreme, the communion with the Absolute defies linguistic description or logical analysis. Each religious doctrine is an approximate statement, a symbolic description of the Absolute Reality. The most illuminating account will fall infinitely short of expressing the Reality in its plenitude. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."[1]

So far as it goes, every doctrine is an expression of the absolute truth; of unique value, standing by itself, differing from others in its degree of illumination. It is an interim provisional report which we have to use to gain the end of awareness of the supreme. The different religious views are but the dialects of the same language of the spirit. The religious experience they all aim at transcends the differences of worlds. The documents and the versions may change but the truth remains for ever, unique and indisputable. This truth, these values of spirit have their roots in the most profound depths of the human soul.

Those who have felt the Divine in them have conviction but are free from dogmatism. This is not an Oriental fantasy. It has wide support in the mystic thought of the West.

The seers know that it is wrong to whittle down the sense of mystery, of infinitude into finite and limited concepts. Socrates observes, "To find the Father and maker of all is hard and having found him, it is impossible to utter him". Plato, long ago, declared that knowledge of the Divine cannot be communicated. His famous answer to Dionysius who asked for a short statement of Plato's philosophy sets out the situation in unforgettable words: "There is no written work of my own on my philosophy, and there never will be. For this philosophy cannot possibly be put into words as other sciences can. The sole way of acquiring it is by strenuous intellectual communion and intimate personal intercourse, which kindle it in the soul instantaneously like a light caught from a leaping flame; and once alight, it feeds its own flame thence forward". The knowledge of God is an experience.

About the Mystery Religions, Aristotle said: "The initiated do not learn anything so much as feel certain emotions and are put in a certain frame of mind". The important word we come across in the Christian

> There are innumerable paths leading to God. Firmly follow one path with all your strength. But you should not feel that your path is the only right one and that other paths are wrong.
>
> —Sri Ramakrishna.

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[1] *Deutero-Isaiah,* LV, 8.9.

gospels is 'behold'. "Behold I make all things new". The end of man is a creative experience which is an immense enlargement and enrichment of life. Symmachus in his controversy with St. Ambrose observes: "The heart of so great a mystery cannot even be reached by following one road only". Whitehead says: "Mysticism leads us to try to create out of the mystical experience something that will save it, or at least save the memory of it. Words do not convey it except feebly; we are aware of having been in communication with infinitude and we know that no finite forms we can give can convey it.".[2] Whitehead observes: "There are no whole truths; all truths are half truths. It is trying to treat them as whole truths plays the devil".[3] "The idea that religion contains a literal, not a symbolical representation of truth and life is simply an impossible idea", according to Santayana.

Those who have this experience, whatever religion they may adopt, belong to a single spiritual fraternity. These are the saints, who live their life in God and form a spiritual nobility. They have divested themselves of everything and yet lack nothing. They face the chances of the world with equanimity and feel no void.

Tulasidas refers to this spirit in Rama in these words:

"May that splendour of the lotus-like face of Sri Rama which did not glisten with joy at the prospect of his coronation and which likewise did not fade at the sorrow of forest resi-

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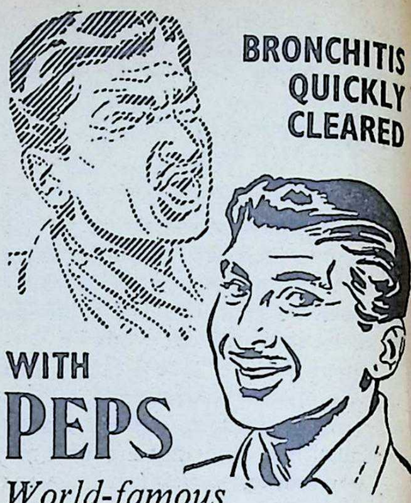
2 & 3. *Dialogues of A. N. Whitehead.*



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dence be forever the giver of sweet benediction to me."

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[Courtesy: *A Seminar on Saints.* Published by Area-Secretary, Union for the Study of the Great Religions, India.]

Charity, enjoyment and destruction are the three courses by which wealth passes away. He who neither gives nor enjoys has the third course.

—Bhartrihari.

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Modern Influence on Indian Dancing

Mohan Khokar

INDIAN dance is an art which is at once very old as well as very young. Old because its roots can be traced to at least 2000 years, which is about the time the *Natya Shastra* was written, this being the earliest text we have on the cognate arts of Indian dance and drama. Young because it is only during the last three decades or so that the art of Indian dance has awakened, after a prolonged hibernation as it were, and started coming into its own.

This revival began rather abruptly, but it has moved apace and has now achieved what by any yardstick are imposing dimensions. It has helped the resuscitation and the rehabilitation of the art of Indian dance as a whole—an art which, even at the beginning of this century, it must be remembered, was in a very much moribund if not an altogether defunct state. Thanks to this revival, the several forms of Indian dance, which were sinking into oblivion due to the social prudery that characterised the last few centuries, have re-emerged, unscathed and triumphant, and taken their rightful place in the scheme of Indian art and its tradition.

Indian dance, then, is an age-old art. But the shape in which we see it at present has to some extent been conditioned by the times. Actually, Indian dance is not one composite art but an art which has many forms, and these diverse forms have imbibed various influences and adjusted themselves in different ways in the salutary artistic climate now prevailing.

Let us take the classical dances first. Classical dances are those which have their technique based on ancient texts on the dance. There are four principal classical dances in India, namely, Bharata Natyam, Kathakali, Kathak and Manipuri. But apart from these, there are about a dozen other forms which are not so well known, not because they have a poorer technique or repertory but because they have mostly remained confined to the regions to which they belong and have had little opportunity to make themselves known to the country at large.

Bharata Natyam is generally accepted as representing the oldest among India's classical dance traditions. But the form in which it has come to us in our time was given to it by the four famous brothers who lived during the last century and who worked as musicians and choreographers in the court of Serfoji II of Tanjore. Since coming into our hands, this art has undergone some changes. The spiritual content of this dance, for instance, has been generally lost sight of, and the tendency all along has been to make this art more and more a vehicle for projecting mundane thoughts and sentiments.

The technique of Bharata Natyam has to some extent been simplified, even vitiated, and this has been done by unscrupulous teachers to make the work easier, for themselves as well as for their pupils. Some items in the traditional repertoire, such as the 'Kavitvam' and 'Vrittam', are very rarely, if ever, performed now, and others like the Varnam have been much abbreviated, to suit the convenience of both performers and audiences. Endeavouring, presumably, to be original, some exponents have taken the liberty to introduce new poses. These poses have been borrowed from South Indian bronzes and stone carvings, and in so far as this is true, there is no harm, but what is deplorable is that some performers, in their enthusiasm, have taken and incorporated poses and attitudes from the dances of certain Eastern countries, such as Cambodia and Siam. In recent years, many new songs have come to be used for Abhinaya in Bharata Natyam; besides, at present songs in North Indian languages, such as Hindi and Gujarati, are also used. The costume of Bharata Natyam has also been changed, and the revised version is certainly much more elegant and becoming than the traditional mode which was used by the Devadasis.

Kathakali, too, has suffered some changes. Many dancers have done away with the conventional and highly stylised Kathakali make-up and also altered and simplified the cumbersome Kathakali costume. But in doing so, it must be admitted, they have also forsaken the quaint character and the other-worldliness which, after all, are what make Kathakali what it is. Again, the facial expressions of Kathakali, which are all right when the dancer is made up and attired in the traditional manner, appear quite exaggerated when the dancer presents himself, as he often does now, in ordinary stage make-up and in an improvised costume. Then, excerpts from Kathakali plays are now commonly presented in the form of solo

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dance pieces, and this is a departure from the original tradition of staging only full-length dance-dramas. Kathakali has been taken from the improvised village platform and carried to the modern theatre, but in doing so the orientation does not seem to have been properly effected.

In Kathak, the division of the art into two Schools, the Lucknow and the Jaipur, is speedily becoming a thing of the past, for exponents of both traditions have in recent years been freely using elements borrowed from each other's technique. In presentation, the tendency in recent years has been to give undue importance to dazzle and speed, which is often done at the cost of chasteness of technique. The delicate nuances of Bhava are still seen in Kathak, but unlike former times when a Kathak dancer had perforce to be an accomplished musician as well, at present it is quite common to see a Kathak dancer perform Bhava for songs which are sung by someone else. The Moghul influence on Kathak costume and presentation is also steadily being done away with, and this not unoften makes the dance appear incongruous. In the case of Manipuri, it can be said that it has not been much influenced by external forces and it continues to be practically the same dance which it was a century ago.

In the case of the other classical dances of India, one major development of our time has been that some of these dances have been carried from the temple to the stage, and this is something which would have appeared impossible even a decade ago, such was the aura of sanctity attached to these dances. Today one can see the Kuravanji and the Bhagavata Mela Nataka on the stage; yet only a few years ago, so orthodox were the regulations connected with the staging of these dance plays that performances were allowed only in certain temples and only at specified times of the year.

Today one can see some, if not all, of these dance plays on the stage, but the stage presentations invariably constitute edited, revised and polished versions of the originals, and this in

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a way amounts to tampering, which is perhaps questionable. Dances like the Kuchipudi and Orissi have also been brought out of temple precincts and they are now presented on the professional stage. Some classical dances, such as the Kudiyattam and Pathakam, have unfortunately been lost, as not enough could be done in time to save them. Some other dances, story, there is choreography, there is such as the Mohini Attam, have survived, but fragmentarily.

Folk dances and tribal dances have been given a new lease of life. Perhaps the greatest fillip these dances have received in our time has been from the Folk Dance Festivals which has since some years become an important feature of the Republic Day celebrations in Delhi. But these Festivals have also promoted the competitive spirit, and this has often prompted visiting teams to bring items which are purposely made stage-worthy. For instance, the Dummy Horse Dance and the Kummi have been presented with Bharata Natyam steps, and ritual dances such as the Karagam, Kavadi and Therayattam have appeared as group compositions.

Perhaps the most important development that has taken place in the field of Indian dance, since the ushering in of the revival, is the emergence of the art of ballet. Ballet, it must be pointed out, is an art which is new to India, for though we have had dances and dance-dramas and operas of sorts in the past, we have no tradition of ballet. In ballet there is a decor and music, but the music is purely orchestral, and songs are not allowed.

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Ballet in India owes its inspiration to the West, where this art has been highly perfected. In fact the first attempts to make Indian ballets were by Western ballet artistes, and these took place about 35 years ago. In these ballets, as in the early ballets composed and presented by Indian dancers, the choreography was creative and imaginative and no particular style of Indian dance was used. But since then scores of ballets have been created and presented in India, and they have used different techniques of Indian dance. Some have been composed exclusively in Kathakali, some in Bharata Natyam or Kathak or Manipuri or Orissi, but there are also ballets which have used a mixture of two or more of these traditional modes of dance. Besides, elements of folk dance and tribal dance have also been used in ballets, and recently attempts have also been made to incorporate steps and movements of Western dance in Indian ballet.

Ballet as an art has immense scope in India, for this is a country which is exceptionally rich in mythology and story. However, while there is every need for encouraging ballets which are creative as well as ballets which are based on any traditional mode of dance, it is perhaps equally necessary to decry and discourage ballets which involve adulteration or hybridisation of dance techniques.

The cinema, which is a product of the modern age, has also influenced Indian dance. In the early days of the film in India dancing was occasionally used to provide diversion, but at present dancing has become one of the essential ingredients for ensuring the success of a film. However, it is seldom that one sees pure and good dance in an Indian film, for what is generally presented as dance appears to be something which is designed primarily to appeal to the senses. For a long time the decadent 'Nautch' made its influence felt in the films, but in recent years dancing in Indian films has tended more and more to ape the rhythms and dances of the West. By themselves, film dances may not be harmful, but the tragedy is that it is these dances that are generally imitated by amateur performers who thereby set a standard which has far-reaching effects.

Indian dance, on the whole, has succeeded in keeping pace with the times. Today, it is common to see women perform dances which were intended for men alone, and the obverse is equally true. It is also quite normal at present to see a single dancer present items in four or more dance techniques, often during the course of a single concert. In the last few years several new items of dance have been created, and efforts have also been made to evolve newer forms of dance technique. Indian dance today is an art which is very much alive, which is growing and developing and seeking newer forms of expression, which, in a way, is how it should be, for it also represents the spirit of the new, awakened, ambitious India.

[*Courtesy*: A.I.R.
Ahmedabad/Baroda]

RESURGENCE OF INDIA

Aurobindo

THERE is no question so vital to the future of this nation as the spirit in which we are to set about the regeneration of our national life. Either India is rising again to fulfil the function for which her past national life and development seem to have prepared her, a leader of thought and faith, a defender of spiritual truth and experience destined to correct the conclusions of materialistic Science by the higher Science of which she has the secret and in that power to influence the world's civilisation, or she is rising as a faithful pupil of Europe, a follower of methods and ideas borrowed from the West, a copyist of English politics and society. In the one case her aspiration must be great, her faith unshakeable, her efforts and sacrifices such as to command the admiration of the world, in the other no such greatness of soul is needed or possible, a cautious, slow and gradual progress involving no extraordinary effort and no unusual sacrifices is sufficient for an end so small. These are the two ideals before us and an ideal is not mere breath, it is a thing compelling which determines the spirit of our action and often fixes the method.

No policy can be successful which does not take into view the end to be attained and the amount and nature of the effort needed to effect it. The leader of industry who enters on a commercial enterprise, first looks at the magnitude of his field and intended output and equips himself with capital and plant accordingly, and even if he cannot commence at once on the scale of his ideal he holds it in view himself, puts it before the public in issuing his prospectus and estimating the capital necessary, and all the practical steps he takes are conceived in the light of his original aspiration and ordered towards its achievement. So it is with the political ventures of a nation. To place before himself a great object and then to shrink in the name of expediency from the expenditure and sacrifice called for in its pursuit is not prudence but ineptitude. If you will be prudent, be prudent from the beginning. Fix your object low and creep towards it. If you fix your object in the skies, it will not do to crawl on the ground and because your eyes are sometimes lifted towards the ideal imagine you are progressing, while you murmur to those behind, "Yes, yes, our ideal is in the skies because that is the place for ideals, but we are on the ground and the ground is our proper place of motion. Let us creep, let us creep." Such inconsistency will only dishearten the nation, unnerve its strength and confuse its intelligence. You must either bring down your ideal to the ground or find wings or aeroplane to lift you to the skies. There is no middle course.

We believe that this nation is one which has developed itself in the past on spiritual lines under the inspiration of a destiny which is now coming to fulfilment. The peculiar seclusion in which it was able to develop its individual temperament, knowledge and ideas—the manner in which the streams of the world poured in upon and were absorbed by the calm ocean of Indian spiritual life, recalling the great image in the *Gita,* even as the waters flow into the great tranquil and immeasurable ocean, and the ocean is not perturbed—the persistence with which peculiar and original forms of society, religion and philosophical thought were protected from disintegration up till the destined moment—the deferring of that disintegration until the whole world outside had arrived at the point when the great Indian ideal which these forms enshrined could embrace all that is yet needed for its perfect self-expression, and be itself embraced by an age starved by materialism and yearning for a higher knowledge—the sudden return of India upon itself at a time when all that was peculiarly Indian seemed to wear upon it the irrevocable death-sentence passed on all things that in the human evolution are no longer needed—the miraculous uprising and transformation of weakness into strength brought about by that return—all this seems to us to be not fortuitous and accidental but inevitable and preordained in the decrees of an over-ruling Providence.

The rationalist looks on such beliefs and aspirations as mysticism and jargon. When confronted with the truths of Hinduism, the experience of deep thinkers and the choice spirits of the race through thousands of years, he shouts "Mysticism, mysticism!" and thinks he has conquered. To him there is order, development, progress, evolution, enlightenment in the history of Europe, but the past of India is an unsightly mass of superstitions and ignorance best torn out of the book of human life. These thousands of years of our thought and aspiration are a period of the least importance to us and the true history of our progress only begins with the advent of European education! The rest is a confused nightmare or a mere barren lapse of time preparing nothing and leading to nothing!

There is plenty of weakness still lingering in the land and we cannot allow it to take shelter under the cry of expediency and rationality and seek to kill the faith and force that has been born in the hearts of the young.

The gospel of Nationalism has not yet been fully preached; its most inspiring tenets have yet to be established not only by the eloquence of the orator and the inspiration of the prophet but by the arguments of the logician, the appeal to experience of the statesman and the harmonising generalisations of the scientist.

[Condensed from *Karmayogin* of July 3, 1909. *Courtesy:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.]

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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA was one of the most remarkable personalities that heralded the birth of New India. He was born in the village of Muraliwala, in the Punjab, in 1873; and died near Tehri Garhwal (Himalayas) in 1906, accidentally, while he was bathing in the Ganga. He was then only thirty-three years of age!

'We live in deeds, not days;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not on figures on a dial;
He lives most who thinks most,
feels the noblest, acts the best.'

"Then work, work; work with all your heart, with all your might, remembering that *work is worship*, and remembering also that *work is life*. Genuine work will be found to be its own reward. Work is the normal state of man."

These words were uttered by Tirtha Rama Gosain, M.A (the future Swami Rama Tirtha), in the course of a lecture on "How to Excel in Mathematics" in 1898, when he was Professor of Mathematics at Forman Christian College, Lahore. Only two years later, he retired into the Himalayas, became a sanyasi, went to Japan and America, returned to India in 1904, and got accidentally drowned, in 1906, as stated above.

Prof. S. R. Sharma

'One crowded hour of glory is worth an age without a name!' Mahatma Gandhi declared: "Swami Rama's teachings have got to be propagated. *He was one of the greatest souls not*

Pageant of Great Lives—4

only of India but of the whole world. I adore his ideals."

We get a glimpse of Swami Rama's greatness, genius and ideals even from a brief perusal of his life-sketch and writings or speeches. A few moments spent in the sunlight will suffice to acquaint us with the source of its effulgence.

Tirtha Rama Gosain's career, from his infancy to his blossoming forth into a Prophet of New India, is very inspiring.

At school he surprised his Persian teacher by his recitations from the *Gulistan* and *Bostan*. Later he gained mastery of Sanskrit, Mathematics and English literature.

The Mathematics Paper at the B.A. examination was found very difficult by most candidates, and there were complaints about it in the public press. Nine out of thirteen questions were expected to be attempted. But Tirtha Rama solved all the thirteen and requested the examiner to assess any nine out of those he had answered! He secured 98 percent marks. It is little wonder, therefore, that he became Professor of Mathematics in his own college immediately after graduating M.A.

He was born in an obscure village, his mother died soon after his birth, and his father was a poor priest. With all these handicaps, he won scholarship after scholarship, at school and college, and spent most of the money in buying books. He also helped poorer students from his savings. His dress and food were of the simplest. Often he would go without meal to purchase oil for his lamp. Consequently his physique became very poor, in spite of his regular habits and exercise. But, later, he more than made up for this through self-discipline. His recovery was so miraculous that, for sheer fun, he could go on a 40-mile hike on the Himalayas without tiring; he also outstripped American soldiers in a long sprint while he was in U.S.A.

Luckily for us, over 1,000 of the letters he wrote to his spiritual mentor, Bhagat Dhannaji, are still available. They are in Urdu and have been published in book form. We see Tirtha Rama's student life in them as in a mirror. He used to get up before sunrise at 5 a.m. and go to bed some time after 10.30 p.m. Not a moment between these hours was wasted. He read, thought, took exercise in order to build up his future. Even while he walked to and fro he would look into a book. If a mathematical problem was only half-solved when he went to bed, his brain continued to work in sleep; at midnight he would suddenly wake up and write out the full solution.

One of his chums once declared in joke: "Though I appear to be an idler, I am really working at least eight hours a day. I can prove this mathematically." Asked for an explanation, he said: "Tirtha Rama and I live together in the same room; he works all the time, and I claim half of it as my share by right!"

Rama devised ingenious forms of physical exercise. He would lift up his *charpai* by its two legs 160 times: that was his weight-lifting, dumb-bells, chest-expander and all!

In one of his revealing letters he writes: "It is my experience that it is only when our stomach is in a healthy condition that we feel cheerful and buoyant, concentrated and keen in intellect and memory, and can offer our prayers to Him with a pure heart. I, for one, partake of food very sparingly and, what I do eat I make it a point to digest thoroughly."

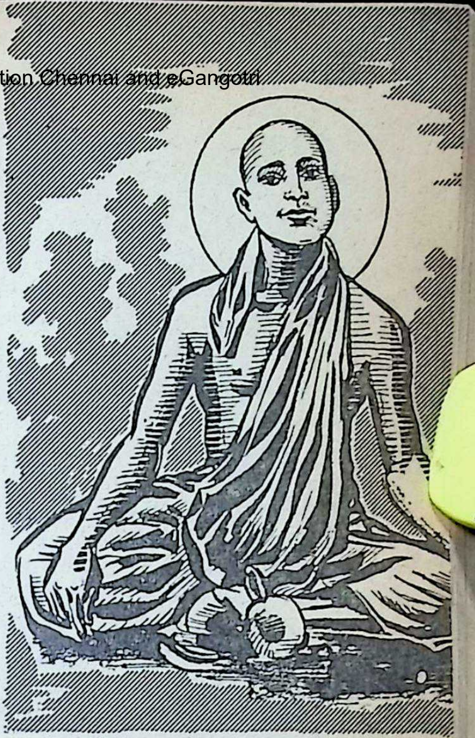
His note-books show that he was, on the other hand, a voracious reader of books. But he thoroughly digested whatever he read, even as he digested whatever he ate. His lectures showed that he was as familiar with literature as he was with science; as much at home with Western philosophy as he was with Eastern. He distributed these "riches" in a lavish manner.

Lala Har Dayal, who was in America when Swami Rama visited, described him as "the greatest Hindu who ever came to America, a great saint and sage, whose life mirrored the highest principles of Hindu spirituality as his soul reflected the love of the 'universal spirit' whom he tried to realise."

From Japan, Puran Singh reported that the Japanese felt that he was a "human Fujiama" (volcano): a living image of Goutama Buddha.

Two of Swami Rama's lectures delivered in Tokyo and San Francisco, respectively, may be cited here as samples: (1) on "The Secret of Success;" (2) "An Appeal to Americans on behalf of India." His language was always simple, direct and forceful, full of illustrative stories and anecdotes. He set my soul on fire when I first read his writings, before I matriculated. They still inspire me even now.

According to Swami Rama, the Secret of Success lies in (i) work, (ii) self-reliance, (iii) self-forgetfulness, (iv) universal love, (v) cheerfulness, and (vi) fearlessness. Summing up, he declared: "If anybody asks me to give my philosophy in one word, I would say: "SELF-RELIANCE." He added: "The religion that Rama brings to Japan is virtually the same as was brought centuries ago by Buddha's followers...It requires to be blazoned forth in the light of Western science and philosophy."



In his appeal to the Americans, he said: "For the sake of the whole world, Rama asks you to take up the cause of India. In the name of Truth and Justice, Rama asks you to take up in right earnest the cause of India."

His manner of address was unique and captivating. He started with "Myself in the form of Ladies and Gentlemen" and later referred to himself in the third person as "Rama."

He prophesied the future of India in these terms: "Whether working through many souls or alone, Rama seriously promises to infuse true life, and dispel darkness and weakness from India, within ten years; and, *within the first half of the twentieth century, India will be restored to more than her original glory*." Are we not witnesses to the literal fulfilment of this prophecy of about 60 years ago!

Swami Rama was not a mere poetical visionary. He was bursting with constructive and creative ideas. Whether he was in the Land of the Rising Sun or the Land of the Setting Sun, or roaming about on the Himalayas, his thoughts were always centred round Mother India: his *"Ishta Devata."*

"A person can never realise his unity with God—the All," he said, "except when unity with the whole nation throbs in every fibre of his frame. Let every son of India stand for the service of the whole, seeing that the whole of India is embodied in every son. One's personal and local Dharma must never be placed above the National Dharma...A country is strengthened, not by great men with small views, but by small men with great views."

By "great views" he meant: "a spirit of appreciation and not criticism, the sentiment of fraternity, the instinct of synthesis, co-ordination of functions, and the aristocracy of labour."

Longitudinally (i.e. in time), he said, you may belong to the hereditary line of Himalayan sages; but latitudinally (i.e., in space), you cannot deny your relation of co-existence with the European and American matter-of-fact wielders of Art and Science. "Waste no time in thinking what India has been; call up all your energy, which is infinite, and feel, feel, what India shall be."

In specific terms, he said that to neglect the education of women, children, and the labouring classes, was like cutting down the branches that are supporting us, "nay, it is like striking a death-blow at the very root of the tree of nationality."

Referring to the prevailing communal disharmony, he declared: "These parasitical ideas cannot be got rid of except by purifying the distilling process of liberal education, sane knowledge, experimental investigation, or a systematic study of scientific thought."

In order to give effect to these ideas, he thought of founding a "Life Institution," which, unfortunately, he did not live to see. Therein Ancient Indian and Modern European knowledge was to be taught with practical work in laboratories. The students and teachers were to live together. Individual study was to be encouraged; and its results were to be co-ordinated and synthesised under the guidance of the teachers. In due time, this liberal education was to be combined with the Industrial Arts.

He had observed that, in America, great universities like Yale and Harvard were private foundations. "It is a pity," he said, "that the people of India look up to the Government models to educate themselves, and do not look to their own needs."

He realised the urgent need to educate the illiterate masses, in plain simple Hindi: "Be natural, write as you think," he said, "imitate no one. Wait not for Public School systems. The sacred trust falls on your shoulders. If India is to live, see to it that no woman or poor man is left unlettered in your Province. Blot out this stain of ignorance from the face of the country."

"Are you ashamed," he asked, "or afraid of teaching the sweeper woman in your neighbourhood? Then fie on your manners and morals!"

To acquire agricultural arts and industries, as in more advanced countries, he thought, was "a more direct and more imperative need."

He drew his inspiration and optimism about the future of India from Nature. The sun that rises in the East, moves on to the West; but begins another day in the East. "If the laws of Nature are to be trusted, the Sun of Wealth and Wisdom must complete his Revolution and shine once more on India with redoubled splendour."

According to him, the principle of progress demands "differentiation of form and function, but integration of spirit and feeling." A plant assimilates air, water, manure and earth, he pointed out. "Similarly should you, by absorbing and digesting the outside materials, develop and flourish—with the original life of the *Shrutis* still beating in your breath and bosom."

The ideals of National Education could hardly be better expressed than in these words of Swami Rama Tirtha: "The object of true education should be to enable us to utilise the resources of the country. Proper education should enable the people to make the land more fertile, the mines more productive, the trade more flourishing, the bodies more active, the minds more original, the hearts more pure, the industries more varied, and the nation more united."

His conception of patriotism was unique and stimulating: "Do you wish to be a patriot?" he asked. "Then tune yourself in love with your country and the people. Feel your unity with them. Let not even the shadow of your present personality be the thin glass-partition between you and your people. Be a genuine spiritual soldier laying down your personal life in the interests of the land. Abnegating the little ego, and having thus become the whole of the country, feel anything, and the country will feel with you. March, and your country will follow. Feel health, your people will be healthy. Your strength will begin to pulsate in your nerves."

He completely identified himself with India: "Let me feel I am India, —the whole of India. The land of India is my own body. The Comorin is my feet, the Himalayas my head. From my hair flows the Ganges, from my head come the Brahmaputra and the Indus. The Vindhyachals are girt round my loins. The Coromandel is my right and the Malabar my left leg. I am the whole of India, and its East and West are my arms; and I spread them out to embrace Humanity. I am universal in my love. Ah! such is the posture of my body. It is standing and gazing at infinite space; but my inner spirit is the Soul of all. When I walk, I feel it is India walking. When I breathe, I feel it is India breathing. When I speak, it is India speaking. I am India... This is the highest realization of patriotism, and this is Practical Vedanta."

We are not to suppose from this that Swami Rama advocated what Rabindranath Tagore called "idolatry of geography". No. He also declared: "Rama is just as much an American as an Indian. The wide world is my home and to do good my religion. To Rama, Christ is just as near and dear to the heart as Krishna ; to Rama, Buddha is just as much his as Sankara. Rama belongs not to this sect or that. Rama is yours, Truth is yours."

His concept went deeper. "We want martyrs in the name of Truth," he declared, "real workers, sacrificing men, who will be willing and ready to lie down with the Pariahs upon the floor, and who are content to share with them the tough and hard crusts or half-cooked bread, or even to starve with them. People of that type we want, who can forego their sensuous comforts and love to renounce selfish pleasures...

"Call this not a thankless task. There is enough reward for it. Personal experience shows that, if we try to raise another man, the other man may or may not be elevated, but we are surely uplifted.

"God comes to you hungry in the body of Indians, feed Him ; God comes to you naked in the body of Hindus, clothe Him ; God comes to you needy and troubled, in the shape of those people, attend to Him. Those people are benighted and suffering that you might bless yourselves through the exercise of charity and love... Avail yourselves of the opportunity ; gladly, cheerfully, lend them a helping hand."

Swami Vivekananda said: "He indeed is a *Mahatma* whose heart bleeds for the poor and suffering." Mahatma Gandhi, verily, had this in mind when he said of Swami Rama: "I adore his ideals."

Swami Rama was practical even in his most idealistic moods. "He who walks a furlong without sympathy," he declared, "walks to his own funeral, drest in his shroud." Writing to the journal *Practical Wisdom* (Mathura) he stated: "Wisdom and learning are not identical. They are not on speaking terms. Learning looks backward to the past. Wisdom looks forward to the future. Wisdom has been defined as knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue is doing it. Wisdom without virtue is a weariness of the flesh. But as volition passes into action, and science into art, knowledge into power, so does wisdom into virtue. And where thought does not go over into action, and precept into practice, there results mental dyspepsia or spiritual constipation."

Quoting a witty American writer, he continues:

'I have thought and thought on
men and things,
As my uncle used to say,
If the folks don't work as they
pray, by links,
Why, there ain't no use to pray.
If you want something and just
dead set,
A pleading for it with both eyes
wet,
And tears won't bring it; why, you
try and sweat,
As my uncle used to say.'

The true gauge of success being spiritual growth, and not outward gain or loss, he said, "defeat is as glorious as victory. All great work is done impersonally—in spite of the prudent little self, and not by it.

"The Sun simply shines in his native glory, as a disinterested witness—Light (*Sakshi*)—and lo! the rivers are unlocked from their snowy cradles, the breezes begin to dance with glee, all Nature is in activity, animals wake up, plants grow on, violets and roses blossom, and even the sparkling flowers of men, women and children's eyes open up at the mere presence of the Sun's glorious majesty: you have simply to shine as the Soul of All, as the Source of Light, as the Spring of Delight, O, Blessed One,—and energy, life and activity will naturally begin to radiate from you. The flower blooms, and lo! fragrance begins to emanate of itself."

"The name of Swami Rama is one that I have learnt to honour," wrote Rev. C.F. Andrews, "through long residence in the Punjab... Again and again I have seen faces light up at the mention of his name. Educated men and women in North India have told me how much they owed to him... Such a saintly personality should be an inspiration both to those of the older generation who knew and loved him, and also to the younger student life of India, which has grown up since he passed away."*

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* Foreword to *In Woods of God-Realization*—the complete works of Swami Rama Tirtha.

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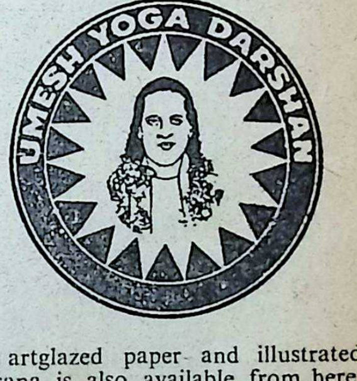

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....the Hindu concept of *dharma* brings to the forefront their social conscience. For the average man, no way is left open except the *dharmic* life in society ....

The Hindu Concept of Dharma

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

THE supreme spiritual ideal of the Hindus is *moksha,* a state of existence where all doubts and disbeliefs are dispelled and emotional tensions and strife overcome for all time.

Exclusive and over-emphasis of this unique purpose of philosophy in India has tended to overshadow the contribution of Indian thought in respect of the moral and logical ideals. The attainment of *moksha* is not achieved in a vacuum, nor is it pursued in a random and uncharted way. It is sought in the social life of man by adopting primarily an ethical way of life, which is indispensable to it. There is no road to *moksha* bypassing the moral ideal. The Upanishad declares, "One who has not desisted from bad conduct, whose senses are not under control, whose mind is not concentrated, whose mind is not free from anxiety, cannot attain *moksha* through knowledge".

The Hindu moral ideal is described by the word *dharma,* a word of very rich significance, which is on the lips of all Hindus.

The four fundamental aspirations or values of the Indian thought are *artha* (possessions), *kama* (passions), *dharma* (moral good) and *moksha.* Even those systems that do not accept the concept of *moksha* elect *dharma* as the highest ideal. "If *moksha* is the pursuit of the Kingdom of God, *dharma* is the pursuit of the Kingdom of God on earth."

The extensive literature on the conception of the moral ideal goes by the name of *Dharmasastras*. The supreme source of *dharma* are Vedas. Manu declares that the sources of *dharma* are: (1) the Vedas i.e. *Sruti* (2) *Smriti* i.e. the moral codes (3) the conduct of virtuous men, and (4) individual conscience.

The supreme authority of the Vedas as the source of *dharma* has to be carefully examined. The Vedas do not deal in detail with many of the topics which pertain to social life as the moral codes do. The recognition of the Vedic authority is almost a habit with all writers. It is only the Smritis or moral codes that deal with the various religious practices: *Samskaras,* the four *asramas* and the four *varnas,* the rules of administration, civil laws, law of debts, sureties, civil and criminal procedure, etc.

We get only vague references to one or two of the above details in the Vedas. Manu himself, only in one place, quotes a Vedic passage in support of his position. So far as the detailed rules are concerned, the Vedas are not the main sources of our study of *dharma*.

Besides the Vedas, our veteran authority on *Dharmasastras*, Mahamahopadhyaya Kane, has listed in his *History of Dharmasastras* more than five thousand writers to have composed works, commentaries and digests on *Dharmasastras*. The whole activity is supposed to have taken place from 500 B.C. to 800 A.D.

In the historical development of the Hindu moral ideal, the Nibandhas or the digests of Hindu Law have played a great part in fixing the moral ideal of the age. These digest-writers belonged to the people and knew their changed views. They gradually modified, extended the moral laws and brought them in line with the enlightened social conscience of the age.

The writers of the digests can be described (to borrow a phrase from Arnold Toynbee) as "the creative minority of the age" who prohibit certain practices, though they were permitted in earlier times *e.g.* the levirate, i.e. Niyoga system, the eight types of marriages and the ten varieties of sons etc.

These digest-writers belonged to the people, understood their usages, needs and sentiments and managed to get sanction for them.

Thus the changed practices of the moral codes became Law.

Unlike orthodox fanatical Pundits, the digests have shown a living appreciation of the needs of the age, and not a mere mechanical adherence to scripture in the determination of the moral ideal.

There has been a growth in the formulation of the moral laws from time to time.

In all these the fundamental moral concept *dharma* is central to Hindu ethical and religious thought. *Dharma* is declared as that which sustains, upholds and nourishes society. It is not merely a set of scriptures or beliefs having no connection with the daily life or humanity, but it is organic to the health and beneficent life of man.

Society falls to the ground when *dharma's* hold is lost. It is like the comprehensive platonic concept of Justice. It is the pursuit of *dharma* that gives us welfare and liberation. It is by treading the path of *dharma* that one can live well and also realise the spiritual ideal.

Dharma is the test we apply to men and civilisations to judge their worth. It is the measuring rod and also the check to our unbridled pursuit of passions and wealth. It is the moral law that leads man to his final emancipation. It alone enables him to enjoy the fruits of life. On earth it regulates his life. *Dharma* is what man ought to do .

Towards the conclusion of the great epic, *Mahabharata*, Vyasa exclaims, "With uplifted arms I cry out; alas, none listens: through *dharma* one can gain material welfare and realise his desires as well; why then is not *dharma* resorted to?"

The Hindu mind has not been unaware of the different moral problems that assail us in the history of ethical thought. Thanks to the researches of Prof. P.V. Kane, no longer do we hold the view that everything in Hindu social life is fixed for ever by the sacred texts and that no change is possible or desirable in the social structure. Social practices and institutions handed down to us are not divinely ordained. All change is not irreligious or perversion.

The concept *dharma* is not a static compound of rules set down for all ages for any and every defined and undefined eventualities. It has undergone change, in response to the needs of the times and the social conscience of the age.

There is *parivartana* i.e. change for *dharma*. Professor D. S. Sarma describes *dharma* as partaking of two natures: "It is half divine and half human". Being divine it demands our obedience to its call, being human it is subject to change with the progress in the knowledge of men. *"Dharma,"* in the words of Radhakrishnan, "is just like an elastic tissue which clothes our growing body. If it is too tight it will give way, and we shall have lawlessness, anarchy and revolution. If it is too loose it will trip us and impede our movements." The nature of the individual's *dharma* varies with his position, vocation and stage in life. All are not pressed into a single procrustean bed. In short, *dharma* is the law of one's own being.

The Hindu mind has not lost sight of its complexity or variety. There have been occasions when men experience conflicts in respect of their moral duty. On such occasions primacy is given to the enlightened conscience of the moral man.

On some occasions the power of human reasoning is not able to conclusively favour any one path of duty. "The divine sages are of divided opinion; no one sage's opinion is accepted as authoritative at such a time; it looks that the moral good, i.e. *dharma* is hidden in the caves." It is on such perplexing occasions that the individual conscience is declared to be the guide.

Our national poet Kalidasa declares, "When a good man is unable to make a decisive choice, he is to follow the voice of his conscience." If he is not so cultivated to do so, he is asked to take the lead of the enlightened good men of the age (Mahajana). The satisfaction of the conscience, the adherence to well-established practices and the lead of the good men are accepted as guides for knowing *dharma*.

A few facts emerge clearly from the study of our *Dharmasastras*. The concept of *dharma* in Indian thought is not a static compound of clearly defined prescriptions, never to be changed. It is a growing moral ideal, in response to the age, and the enlightened social conscience of men. It is not the mere dictate from an external moral authority.

Though the moral ideal is absolute, it is relative to the needs, position, occupations and other needs of men. There is the *sadharana dharma*, common to all, which distinguishes men from animals. Then we have the *varna dharmas* and the *asrama dharmas*. These institutions secure co-ordination in the social activities of men, they are not a camouflage for the domination of one sect over others. They developed the individuality of each man according to his own nature.

The concept of *svadharma* is one of

the splendid ethical concepts the *Gita* has given to us. It points out that when each individual takes to the work that is in accordance with his nature (mind, not his birth), the duty is easy, graceful, spontaneous and efficient and it also becomes delight to the doer.

As for the Hindu social institutions we find that there has been change from time to time. But no moral or social institution can function well without personal morality behind it. F. H. Bradley's words are true for all times. He writes, "Moral institutions are carcasses without personal morality, and personal morality apart from moral institutions is an unreality, a soul without a body."

The Hindu mind has not been unalive to the changes necessary in the moral ideals. It has discussed them in their digests (*nibandhas*) and has sanctified many innovations. This aspect gives an answer to the facile criticism that there is no Hindu ethics. The ethical ideals are reached after intellectual discussion and the demands of the times. They have changed in many details.

The Hindu concept of *dharma* brings to the forefront their social conscience. For the average man, no way is left open except the *dharmic* life in society. He can grow best only by living in society. The Hindu mind did not neglect society. The huge literature in India about the arts and crafts, drama, dance, music and literature, point to the enlightened admiration of the life in society. They integrated them all into the spiritual outlook. Theirs was never a world-negating ideal. Full, free life to them meant not neglect of the pleasures, but a careful cultivation of them and a controlled indulgence in them.

We should not forget the fact that India invented the chess, and is the home of fiction and fables. They did have a full life; else how could they have made such great contributions in the fields of art, literature, painting and sculpture? They were not merely worldly, nor purely other-worldly. They lived an ideal life, dedicating themselves to the institutional life of the society.

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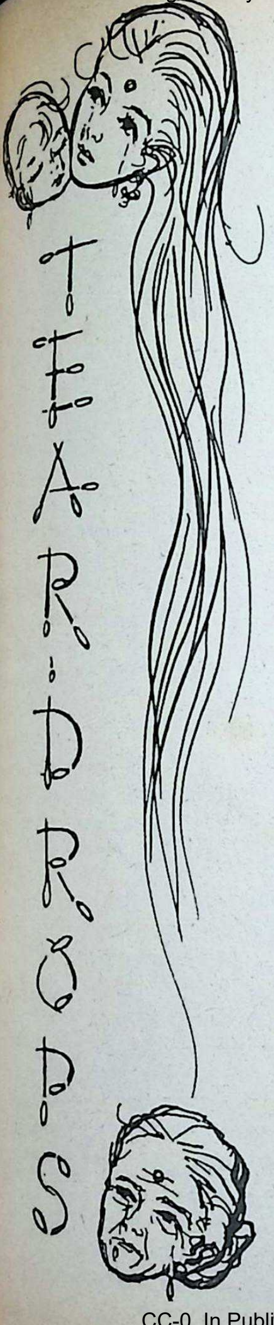
—R. K. DALAL

TEAR DROPS



LIFE fluctuates between joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, hope and despair. A tear drop has moved hearts, when a spoken word is found empty, impotent and powerless. It has raised ecstasy to new heights or it has sunk your hopes in deepest despondencies. A tear drop is a precious possession of memory. The more you write, the more you feel that more has yet to be written.

On a baby's cheeks, a tear is a flow of innocent love. On a maiden's cheek, a tear is a flow of the heart's unsung melody. On a mother's cheek, it flows in deep sympathy of the loved ones. On an old wrinkled face, a tear drop flows as a memory of the bygone days.

> "Give me the eyes that tears can blind,
> And lips that seldom sneer."

And those are your eyes, ever ready to fill with tears of sympathy for the unfortunate, and lips which will remain silent if they cannot smile, but will never sneer or hurt.

I have seen the tear stains on a baby's cheeks. It wept for something. It wanted to see his mother's face, a mother's kiss to warm him, a mother's breast to feed him and his mother's warm clasp for company. But sleep soon overpowered him and he lapsed into the unconscious. The tears he shed slipped but left a stain, a stain which welled an overflowing love in the mother's heart and milk in her breasts. "Ah! My baby, my precious possession in life," she utters at the sight of the sleeping bud of beauty. What cherry blossom cheeks, what large eye-lashes, what a tiny exquisite nose and ah! what delicate lips. His skin is like petals and the body like soft cotton. And over all a spark of the divine in it to make it laugh and weep, and break into smiles and tears, a bundle of joy. The baby becomes the jewel of the mother's heart, so precious, so bright and so dear. Nothing in heaven or on earth can compare to its exquisite joy or blessing. If I saw divinity in life, infinity in eyes and rare artistry in human form, it was the sight of a bonny baby, the cherubic angel of God, the unfolding petal of a celestial flower, before the world sullied its innocence by its sophistication, wisdom and knowledge. A baby's tear drop is precious beyond the dream of avarice or inspiration of a poetic theme.

A maiden's tear drop is melodious like an unsung melody. A tear that wells at the sight of a beloved and the blush that overspreads the pale cheeks, bear witness to the glow within. The radiant love of a maidenhood, who can describe, but a poet thus—

> "Prem chhipaya na chhipai ja ghat
> pargat hoy
> Jo pai mukh bolai nahi nain det
> hai roy."

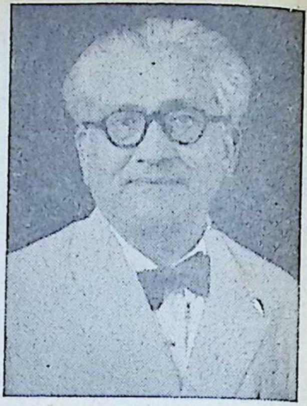
"Love can't be hidden, once it wells in the heart. If the heart speaketh not, the eyes proclaim it by their tear drops."

When the tears flow from an eye of a maiden, they not only speak to the heart of the beloved, but they serenade an unspoken welcome to the throne within.

A Radha or a Gopi knows what bliss it is to hold and imprison the Lord within her eyes. She refused to apply collyrium to her eyes and why—

> "Mesh na anju Ram!
> Lesh Jagya nahi haay! Sakhiri,
> nayan bharayo Shyam
> Ek dar hu rekh na anju bhale hase
> vrajvam
> Rakhe nayanthi neer vahe to sang
> vahe Ghanshyam."

"Sakhi, how shall I apply the collyrium? You know my eye is filled with the image of Ghanshyam. There is no room even for tears. I am afraid. If I apply collyrium the eyes might fill with tears and what shall happen if the image of Ghanshyam in myself blurs and flows out with it? What shall my eyes gaze on then! a blank, a vacuity, a void!"



Another poem speaks of the athirst of the eyes in these beautiful lines:

> "Jaha lakh lakh jug manmanme
> Nahi pyas miti hamare tanki
> Base naina bich sada naina
> Nahi bhukh gai in nainanki."

"Ages have passed, yet the thirst of my soul is still unquenched. The Lord resideth in my eyes and the hunger of gazing away at His face for ages still to come is yet not appeased."

The tear drop on a maiden's rosy cheek is a melody sung in the silent notes of the infinite.

A tear drop in a mother's eye is a tear from the heart of Godliness. Mother! The precious gift of the Lord. Who does not love a mother's face? A face that brings peace and tranquillity to the soul, a face that reminds you of divinity expressed in human embodiment, a face that recalls to you the extreme sacrifice, the surrender and the selfless service for her children. Whatever the child is or be, or may become, to her it is her child, the flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood. In her child, she sees the realisation of her dreams, the manifestation of her unexpressed desire. The child grows, becomes an adult and then a man. But to his mother, he is still a child sprawling at her feet. She pours on him the same unstinted love, the same longing as she did when he was merely a stripling of a lad. When the child neglects his mother, forgets her love and forsakes his duty for the joy of the flesh of a wife, the mother's eyes fill with sorrow, a subdued sorrow, since even her child is denied to her. Even then her heart is never accusing, but full of love and forgiveness. Often she recollects in the silence of the night the childhood joy of her little one, and even in the darkness her face is lit with the radiancy of her memory of the bygone days.

The seasons change. Spring grows into summer, summer into monsoon and monsoon into winter. Age has all these seasons. When the spring of life is gone, the summer sets in and its rays bear down on age and makes the freshness wilt. And as the age advances into years and experience, the bitter sweets of life bring tears of the monsoon rains. And when the lightning has flashed and thunder has pealed and gone, the winter sets in with a frost. The white hair, the flowing beard, the wrinkled face and the tottering limbs wait for the Inevitable Call of Death. Past regrets are beyond recall. The future is barren of hopes. The present alone lives. Every day is a day spent in the expectation of the call of Death. Friends depart or fall by the road or die. Relationship becomes cold and distant. Love dries up. Eyesight fails and memory jogs along. The only thing that survives is the blurred vision of the Lord in the midst of human wreckage. Take me, O Lord, to Thy bosom. I am weary of limb and flesh. My spirit has flagged and I want to be at Thy Lotus Feet forever and ever and forget that I was born, that I was ever torn from Thy divine fire, a spark enclosed in human flesh, foibles and frailties. I was dust when I was born ; take me, O Lord, as dust. Dust I was. Dust I remain and Dust let me be. A tear drop gathers in the old aged eye, in resignation. There is silence and then an eternal sleep.

A mere tear drop but what a universe of love and longing and divinity are hidden within its glistening colours, its translucent form and pearl-like beauty! If God created love, He created its eloquence, its radiance, its divinity manifested through unshed Tear Drops

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Yamadharmaraj: What is more blighted than withered straw?
Yudhishthira: A sorrow-stricken heart.

—Mahabharata

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

793

Sri Chakravarti P. N. Venugopal, Anantpur (A.P.).

Q: *Stressing about "Unified Discipline" you wrote in* Bhavan's Journal *dated 19th October 1958: "When knowledge is fragmented and isolated disciplines are emphasised, the totality of human relations is disturbed and human beings pay the price in blood, in tears, in regimented slavery or in complete loss of truth, beauty and love..." I´am actually coming across the said atmosphere since the idea of decentralisation emerged in Andhra Pradesh. Will you please give any of your experiences in this field?*

A: I feel the truth of what I had said every day as I see how India is drifting towards greed and ugliness. It is, therefore, necessary to spiritualise all affairs of life.

794

Sri K. S. Murthy, Belgaum.

Q: *Why do saints and Sannyasis leave their beards on their cheeks so long? Why do they mat and twist their hairs on their heads?*

A: They don't care to shave as they have outgrown the lure of personal beauty.

795

Sri Charan Jit Bagai, Sheran Wala Gate, Patiala.

Q: *We have heard that Lord Parashurama killed his mother Renuka, while in your book* Bhagawan Parashurama, *page* 408, *Renuka is not killed but united with her lord, Jamadagni. Will you please account for this difference?*

A: Even according to our tradition, after Renuka was killed, Jamadagni revived her. I have tried to shape the tradition in a way suited to a modern work.

796

Sri P. Suryanarayana, Saamshabad.

Q: *Does the present educational system of our country require any drastic changes? If so, what should be the changes?*

A: The present educational system requires to be overhauled. I have often spoken and written about it. How can I compress all that in one answer? In short, education, to be genuine, should lead us towards *Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram* —Truth, Love and Beauty.

797

Sri K. Nagappa Gowda, Tiruchy.

Q: *"There is no God, if there is, I am the God," an atheist said once.*

Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs

ONCE UPON A TIME... a king had a daughter who was so fair that she was called Snow-white.

The queen died and the king soon married another wife who was so proud that she went to a magic mirror and said, "Tell me, who is the fairest in the land?"

"Little Snow-white" said the mirror.

The angry queen called her servant and asked him to kill Snow-white. But he took her to a forest and left her there.

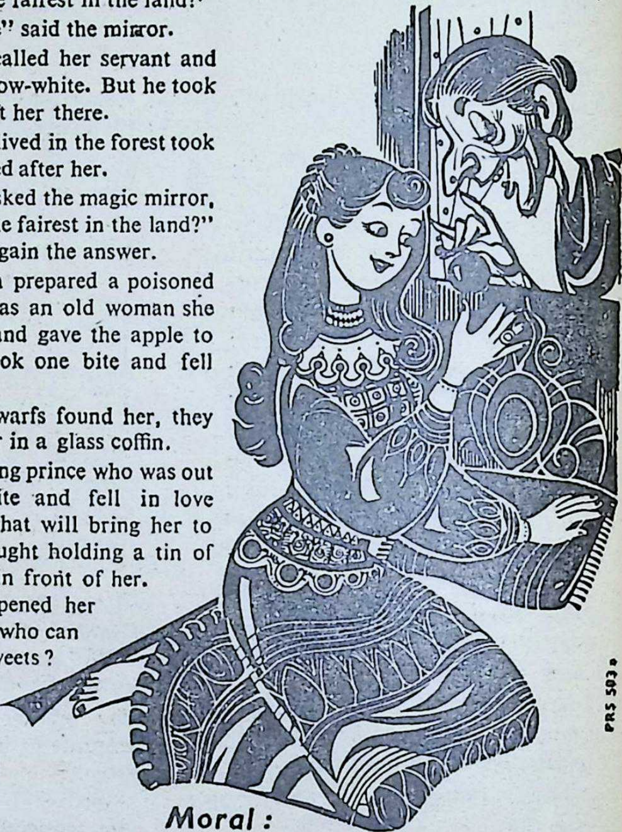
Seven dwarfs who lived in the forest took pity on her and looked after her.

Again the queen asked the magic mirror, "Tell me, who is the fairest in the land?" "Snow-white" was again the answer.

The enraged queen prepared a poisoned apple and disguised as an old woman she went into the forest and gave the apple to Snow-white, who took one bite and fell down dead.

Later, when the dwarfs found her, they lifted her and laid her in a glass coffin.

After a time, a young prince who was out riding saw Snow-white and fell in love with her. "I know what will bring her to life," the prince thought holding a tin of PARRY'S Sweets in front of her. Snow-white slowly opened her eyes and got up. For who can resist PARRY'S Sweets?



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Moral :
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If people believe it, what will be the future?

A: The earth will be a hell full of egotists tearing each other to pieces.

798

Sri V. A. Rajput, Ahmedabad.

Q: Gayatri Mantra *is considered to be the most powerful, the most sacred and the best* mantra. *Is it true? Please tell us something about it.*

A: *Gayatri Mantra.* the *Mantra Drishta* Rishi of which is Vishvamitra, is a prayer to God Sun to stimulate our intelligence. It sums up the truth that the sun is the source not only of our life, but of our intellect, conscience and spiritual inspiration. It is most sacred, for it reminds of the destiny of man as an instrument of the Spirit which pervades the Universe. It also teaches us to be humble, inasmuch as it teaches that human intelligence is only the expression of cosmic energy.

I have got a theory why *Gayatri Mantra* was singled out as the best of Vedic Mantras. Rishi Vishvamitra, as Vedic evidence shows, stood for absorbing all peoples, whatever their racial descent, into the Aryan fold, and this *mantra* became the magic chant which made every person who chanted it to develop Aryan qualities, whatever his race or colour.

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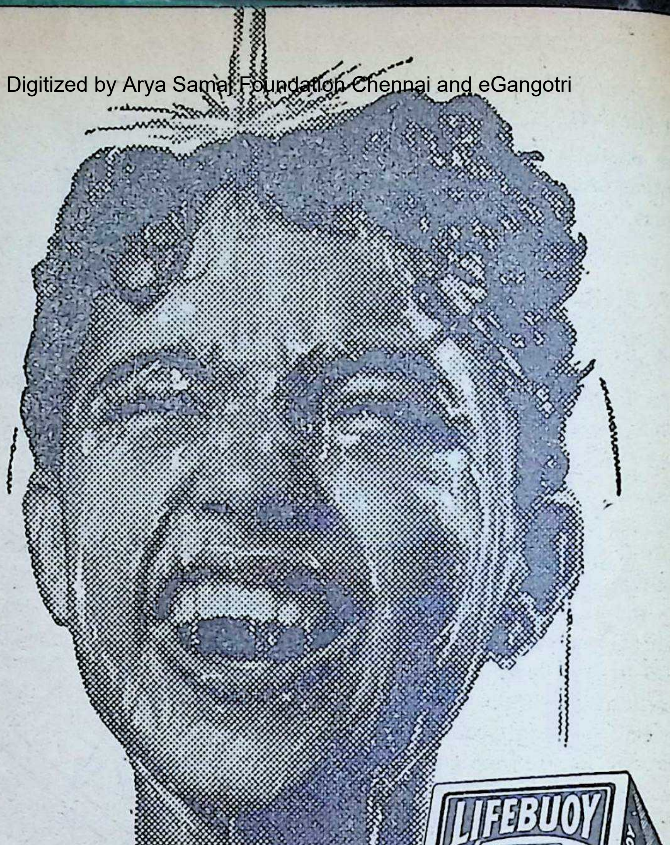
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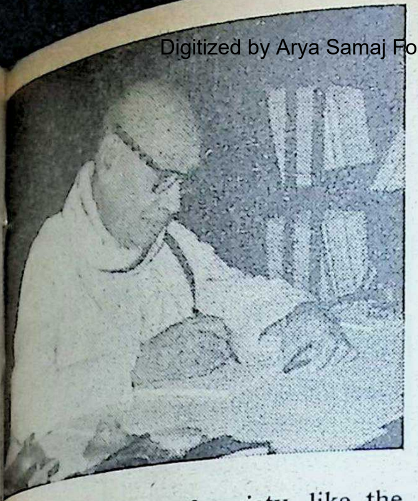

PATTOM THANU PILLAI

A LEADER of society, like the artist, is born and not made. Vicissitudes to him are like the waves of the sea on which he floats never to be submerged. The examples of Churchill and De Gaulle will amply bear this out.

Pattom Thanu Pillai, the Kerala Chief Minister, belongs to this august category. He has been bobbing at the helm of affairs in the southernmost State of our country both before and after Independence and he will be a rash man who denies that he will be pushed under, as long as he is in full possession of his faculties.

What is it that makes Pattom the almost inevitable choice for leadership among the democratic forces of Kerala? His patent and burning patriotism, honesty and experience in the political field. Pattom is one of those who have given the lie direct to Lord Acton's dictum that power corrupts. But there is a commonplace criticism that he always tries to attract the limelight on himself. But why should he not when he knows how to do his job far better than others who indulge in that sort of cheep jibe?

Speaking of limelights, Pattom started drawing it on himself as early as the days of the Sree Moolam Assembly of pre-Independence Travancore. It takes a lot to stand up to a strong, talented and able Dewan like Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and challenge his rule in the name of the people, and that he actually did as a Congressman demanding responsible government. And to have represented the same constituency from 1927 except for the short break caused by the then government's disqualification of his membership, speaks a great deal about this man's stamina and popularity. The part played by him in the recent Communist ouster along with veteran Mannath Padmanabhan is current history. Little wonder therefore that the democratic forces have rallied themselves under his leadership in the latest Alliance.

Born in 1885 of a middle class family, Pattom graduated from the Maharaja's College in Trivandrum and started life as a clerk in the Agricultural Department. Owing to some differences of opinion with the authorities, he resigned that job to become a teacher. Taking his law degree in 1914 from the Law College, Trivandrum, he set up practice during the 'twenties and made his mark as an eminent lawyer. At the same time he took active interest in public affairs too. As a member of the Legislative Assembly, he often put forward the democratic case powerfully. As already indicated, he was the top leader of the State Congress. This paved the way for his being chosen to lead the first full-fledged Congress Government of Kerala in the post-Independent India. Becoming its Chief Minister in 1949, he stayed in office for about seven months. Finding that the members of his Party were not playing a fair game with him, Pattom resigned the Chief Ministership as also the membership of the Congress and joined the Praja Socialist Party. In 1954 again, he became the Chief Minister of the combined Travancore-Cochin State which post he held until February 1955. After the Communist ouster he has been again put at the helm of affairs of the State which is only a measure of the confidence of the people of the State in his leadership.

The doyen of parliamentarians in the Kerala State, Sri Thanu Pillai is known for the thoroughness with which he tackles his administrative problems and his promptness in the execution of plans. His administrative efficiency has not been questioned even by his severest critics. With the wealth of experience at his back, he can tackle any parliamentary problem and is sure to bring the State to a steady and stable position which it has lacked during the past years.

Normally an affable person, Pattom is sometimes known for his brutal frankness and short temper and scant regard for even well-meant criticisms. That must naturally be due to the fact of his high sense of responsibility and because he cannot suffer fools or mediocrity. This is the reason why he has not always been able to carry his colleagues with him through thick and thin. But of late, he has shown remarkable restraint, and sceptics who wondered how long the Tripartite Alliance would hold together under Pattom's leadership have begun to revise their views.

He is the Chairman of the State Committee of the Praja Socialist Party and the leader of the P.S.P. bloc in the Assembly. His position in the Party seems to be challenged by the Malabar faction of the P.S.P.

At 74, Sri Pillai's mental and bodily vigour is the envy of leaders much younger than himself.

The crying need of Kerala at present is a strong, efficient and impartial administration. As long as the Congress and the Muslim League legislators supply the stability, the people of the State can count on Sri Pillai to give the administration the stamp of efficiency and impartiality.

Sri Pillai's married life has been one of uninterrupted peace and happiness.

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PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

◆

In his attic at Bhoiwada, Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Radharaman flew into a rage and felt miserable when he learned that Sheela had been to Gandhiji in Bardoli and offered herself as a freedom-fighter. When his anger subsided he wired to her to return But it was a new Sheela who came back, for she liked a secluded life and kept herself aloof from him. Finally, Radharaman's entreaties made her relent and come to a compromise.

Uday settled down to plan his future as he felt somewhat relaxed in mind over Rajba's marriage because Samar Sinh had disappeared. The discouraging attitude of his Senior, Radharaman, did not stand in Uday's way and he concentrated on his legal work more and more. To Alice, oppressed by loneliness, Ramchandani, was the only 'gentleman.' Her earlier remarks about Ganapati Shankar Shastri and her behaviour towards Sheela at a party, rather unseemly, hurt Uday deeply. Above all, Majiba's letter describing Rajba's words uttered soon after her fits, portending evil to Uday cautioned him against Alice's new companion. The conflict rose to a pitch when Alice openly refused to accompany him to Rajkot.

MONA

FEELING elated and proud, Ravidas Chudgar *alias* Ravishankar Tripathi entered his office in Matunga.

Comrade Sanyal, the Politburo Chief, had already put Ravi to severe tests for the past five years, and Ravi had visited many states in the country on special missions on behalf of the Party. He had been to Kanpur, Calcutta, Jamshedpur, Ahmedabad and Madras to extend the Party's activities and, as a result, gained valuable experience. He had become a first-class speaker at public meetings and, at the early age of nineteen, appeared power-drunk.

Already included in the top category of experts in Communist strategy and tactics, Ravi had become a specialist in propaganda tactics and knew how to achieve success by employing all the means at his disposal. He knew quite well how to successfully challenge the opponents of the party, how to create disaffection and division among workers and breed bad blood among them, how to make mill-owners cry for mercy by bringing about well-timed lightning strikes and how to make it impossible for any worker to do work against the directives of the party.

Now, in charge of the office in Matunga, Ravi had a free field in which to exercise all these skills and he was impatient to do so.

Ravi opened his office room and helped the porter to place his austere luggage in it. He then shut the door, swept the room himself, and, to suit his own convenience, re-arranged the table, chairs and other pieces of furniture and files.

When all this was done, he went to the common bath room, had his bath, changed into fresh clothes, fixed his name-plate outside the office and settled down to plan new spheres to conquer.

In his own mind, he felt that he was not far from gaining the distinction of being named the successor to Sanyal and the next Chief of the Party.

It got quite late by then, and it was drizzling. Just then, someone knocked at the door disturbing his chain of thoughts. He got up to open the door. Opening it, he found a young woman of about twenty-five years of age standing outside. She walked in immediately, removed her dark glasses and doffed her raincoat, and, without asking for Ravi's permission, bolted the door.

She was slim, unkempt and wore a *sari* in the Gujarati style which was managed rather clumsily.

Ravi, who had become completely dumbfounded, recovered sufficiently and asked the newcomer what she wanted.

In reply, the unknown woman said in English, "Let me first ask you who you are."

"I am Ravi Chudgar, the organiser for Matunga Area," Ravi said.

"I see," remarked the strange woman, as she coolly took out a cigarette from her pocket and began to light it. "You are, I see, quite new to the task. I have heard a good deal about you. Comrade Chudgar was believed to have been active among the workers of the Jharia coal mines, among the workers of the Kanpur Mills, and in creating division within the labour association of Ahmedabad. So you are Comrade Chudgar."

While talking, she was untying the strings of her shoe which she tossed aside. She then undid her hair and started drying it. In the process, her *sari* slipped down from her shoulder, but she seemed to be quite unaware of it or pretended indifference.

Ravi could not understand such behaviour. He had not had much to do with women so far. He wondered if this was not someone sent deliberately to get him into trouble at the very moment he had taken charge of his office. He decided to be firm and asked her who she was.

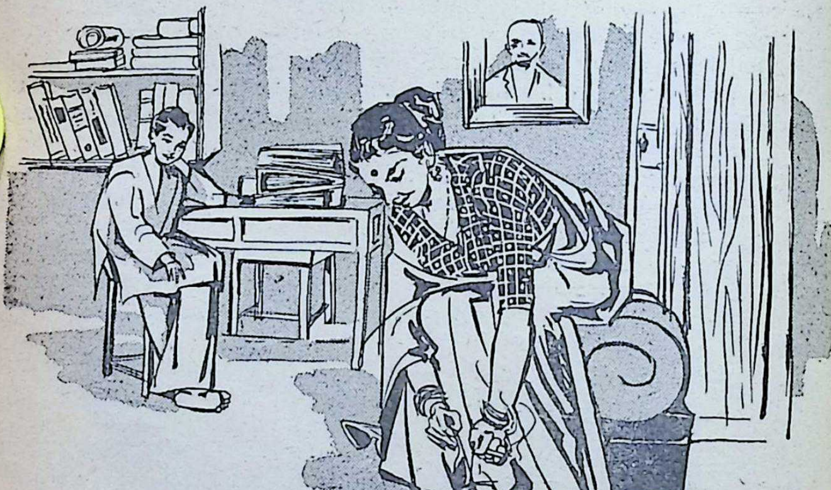
"Don't worry about me or as to who I am. It is enough for you to know for the moment that I am Mona. I am quite drenched," she replied as she removed the *sari* from the upper part of her body and began rinsing it.

Ravi had hardly ever seen a woman in this half-dressed state and he instinctively cast his eyes down out of modesty.

Amused, the strange woman burst into laughter. "Baby face," she said, "I am not going to take all my clothes off. Don't worry. I see you are trying to figure me out. Don't waste your energy. Read this letter."

And she handed him a letter.

Ravi took the letter. He saw it was addressed to him and found it short and to the point. It said: "Your wife will also work with you in the Ma-



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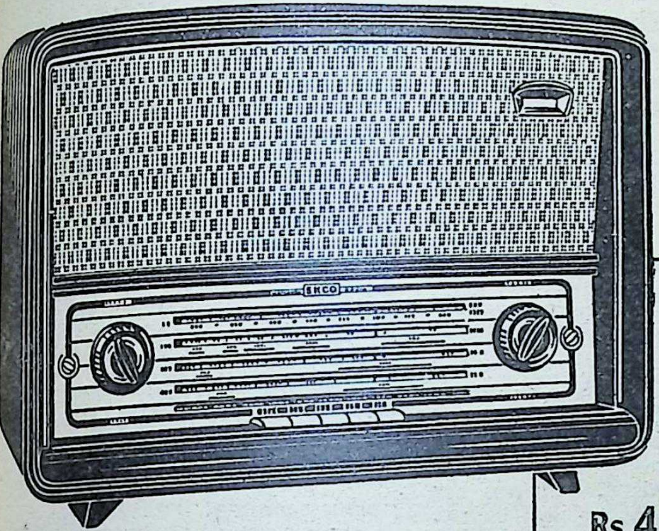

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tunga office. I hope you have no objection. She will be useful to you."

The writer had described himself as 'L.A.' but Ravi who recognized Sanyal's writing, stood dumbfounded at the reference to his "wife".

"I had never thought that Comrade Chudgar would be such a fool," said Mona with a laugh. "I don't have the slightest doubt that I am Mrs. Chudgar. Don't you see that I have put on my *sari* in the Gujarati fashion. I shall live with you in this room from today and if you still have any doubts, you have my personal assurance."

Laughing loudly again, she went on: "Why are you still so dense? Have you never heard of Comrade Mona? I am working in the Shadow Bureau of the Politburo. Don't you know yet what the Shadow Bureau is? There is a warrant issued against me and so I propose to live here with you as your wife. I had been to Russia last month and have just returned. It was quite a job getting back. For some months I had to live underground. Do you understand? Don't make any mistake, you are married to me. You are my husband. You are perhaps asking yourself, 'Why is it that you have been selected for this role?' Shall I tell you why? You are a Gujarati. There is hardly a Communist among the Gandhi-mad Gujaratis. And even if there is one like you anxious to become a Communist, not even in their wildest imagination would the police believe that a Gujarati woman would have the guts to become a Communist. We can ignore the police. You are my husband and I am your wife."

While she was talking, Mona allowed her cigarette to go out and so she re-lit it and resumed smoking.

"But can you speak Gujarati?" inquired Ravi.

"No, I can't speak Gujarati," said Mona with complete indifference, "but I am an M.A. of the Calcutta University and I learnt Sanskrit and Bengali there. I am a good linguist and it won't take me long to learn Gujarati from you. I am told that Bengali is not very different from Gujarati: all you have to do is to say 'ā' where in Bengali you would say 'o' and 'sa' when you would say 'sha.' Assume that my father is doing business in cotton in Calcutta; that the fool instead of taking the trouble of teaching me Gujarati, made me learn Bengali. What are you staring at me for? Say something; otherwise, I shall have to go on speaking all the time. I like talking. Nevertheless, now it is your turn. Do say something."

Ravi was taken aback by this flow of eloquence. He now ventured to ask: "Are you proposing to do any work here or merely to use this as a place where to hide yourself? I have no instructions on this point."

"Then what do you think I am here for? Do you imagine I have come here to clean your vessels and wash your clothes? I don't mind what work I do. You will have full instructions in course of time. I have my own way of working. What have you to say?"

"It is already dark. Where do you propose to stay?" asked Ravi who was not sure whether this vivacious woman was sane.

"Where shall I stay? Didn't I say that I would stay in my husband's house? But you will have to keep the house clean and since I can't cook, you will also have to cook for us both. I have no special preferences. I can eat anything. I can manage to live anywhere and can put up with any discomfort. Don't let that worry you."

"But I have only one room."

"Why should that worry you or me? It will be I who will be running the risk of losing my reputation, not you. Are you afraid that I will eat you up? Don't be silly. If I were squeamish about living with men, would I have joined the Communist Party? Perhaps you do not know that my father was very orthodox. He would not even let me talk to a male whom he did not know. But the moment I became a Communist, I was freed from all these restrictions. I have told my mother plainly that from the scientific point of view a man is an animal and animals are never modest or shy of each other. Why then should I be shy of anyone? When my mother asked, 'But then who will marry you?' I told her, 'I don't believe in marriage. In Russia women are nationalised.' My poor mother doesn't know what nationalisation is," Mona burst into a loud laughter as she stopped.

Ravi was amazed and could not help asking, "So, you don't believe in the institution of marriage?"

"You also seem to be a capitalist like my mother. I became free the moment I became a Communist. If you are still troubled with capitalist ideas about the relationship between men and women, forget them. Don't let that kind of thing worry you."

She got up, put on her shoes, overcoat and dark glasses and said: "My dear bridegroom, please get up and

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conduct your wife to her home. Last time I lived with someone who was not as handsome as you are. All a matter of luck."

Mona was speaking almost wildly; her words fell like autumn leaves.

In his very first close contact with a woman, Ravi found himself cast in the role of a husband, and all manner of hitherto unfamiliar emotions overwhelmed him.

Ravi proceeded to lock up his office, and soon the two of them walked down the stairs. It had stopped raining. The irresponsible Mona resumed her questioning.

"But Comrade, what is my name? It will not do to be Mona. We must decide upon a name before a neighbour starts getting inquisitive. Would Uma Chudgar be a nice name? Tell me the names of the rivers in your part of the world."

Ravi had begun now to enter into the spirit of this incredible but real adventure. He replied promptly: "Sabarmati, Viswamitri, Narmada and Tapi, though I must warn you I have never heard of any woman bearing the name of Sabarmati or Viswamitri."

"Baby face, you really do have a charming smile and your laughter is most attractive. It is a good thing for you that I am not jealous by nature. Otherwise, I wouldn't have allowed any other woman to come near you. Anyhow, Narmada sounds nicer than Mona."

"But I think Reva would be a better name."

"Reva Chudgar. Wonderful! I hope no relations or caste people of yours are living in this chawl. Otherwise, we shall be found out immediately."

By this time, they had arrived at the tenement in which Ravi lived.

"So," continued Mona, "you have found accommodation quite close to your office. Baby face, be quick. Let us go to that restaurant. Why are you looking at me like a fool? Behave as if you were my husband. You have obtained a wife free of cost and you don't even know how to behave like a husband."

Ravi did not know how to deal with such impertinence.

The two entered the restaurant as if they were newly married, shy couple. They sat down at a table in a faintly lit corner and had their meal. Then they went to Ravi's room.

[*To be continued*]

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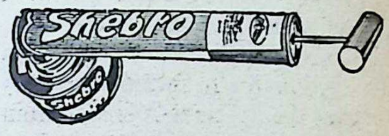

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pavakaroma in rakshasa's den

MISFORTUNES come not singly, but in battalion. No sooner had Hanumati the satisfaction that she had escaped from the hands of a scoundrel than her deliverer himself turned out to be a greater villain; for, with his gigantic proportions, he held her in his palm and flew into the sky. Her condition was not dissimilar to that of Sita of old when Ravana flew with her into the sky.

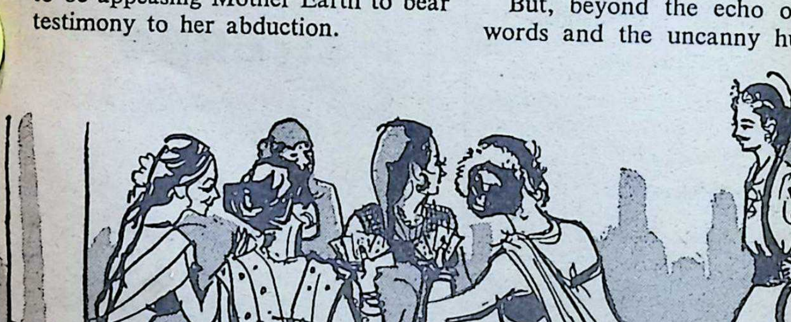
Like Sita again, Hanumati bewailed her lot. Unable to find out which way she was being carried, she, reminded of Sita's action, started throwing her ornaments all along the way thinking they might provide the clue to her husband when he would start searching for her.

Hanumati, by her action, appeared to be appeasing Mother Earth to bear testimony to her abduction.

Pavakaroma, on the other hand, after a strenuous search, succeeded in locating a patch of clear water in a ravine. He drank it to his heart's content, and, making a cup of a lotus leaf, carried in it some of the water to his beloved who, he thought, had been eagerly awaiting him with parched tongue.

However, when he reached the spot where he had left her, he was shocked to find her gone. With the cup of water in his hand, he shouted: "Hanumati, dear! Are you angry that your lover had stayed away too long and, therefore, are you in hiding? Please come out and drink this water. Or, frightened by wild beasts, have you moved away deeper? O, Hanumati! I am ashamed of myself being late."

But, beyond the echo of his own words and the uncanny hum of the



forest, there was no response to his anguished cries.

He next thought of his friend Kumbhi in the hope that he might help him. So, he walked in the direction Kumbhi had gone and shouted: "O, Kumbhi! Where are you? I have found water. Did you see my Hanumati? O, Kumbhi!"

After a while there was a rustle in the bushes and from among them emerged Kumbhi, thoroughly fatigued, limping and bleeding from wounds caused by thorns which had pricked him all over his body, and wearing clothes which were torn and tattered.

Seeing him thus, Pavakaroma ran to him and, giving him the cup of precious water he was carrying in his hand, said: "My friend, drink it, drink. You must be very thirsty. Now, how did you happen to get into this mess? I am so sorry you have had to suffer these agonies on my account. It pains me to see you in this condition."

When Kumbhi drank the water in one gulp and thus partially quenched his thirst, Pavakaroma said: "My friend! I don't find Hanumati where I left her. However much I tried, I could find no trace of her. I do not know what happened to her."

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst out Kumbhi in a hilarious laughter and said: "My friend, I thought as much. Love-mad as you are, I have no doubt whatsoever that you must have searched for her in some place other than where you had left her. Where would she go? Come with me; I will show the place and your dear wife, and thus dispel your fear!"

Followed by Pavakaroma, Kumbhi went to the same place where the former had already searched. After looking for her in all directions, Kumbhi feigned surprise at which Pavakaroma said: "My friend! I have already searched this place thoroughly. There is no use searching it further. I think my fate must have become jealous of me and that is why it has separated us."

At this Kumbhi replied with disarming frankness: "My dear Pavaka, I am the one to blame, neither you nor your fate. Should I not have had the commonsense to leave you behind with her to keep company and gone out by myself in search of water? I know you will not agree. Look, be sensible. Now that she is gone, what is the use of your crying? Will the milk spilt on sand ever come back?"

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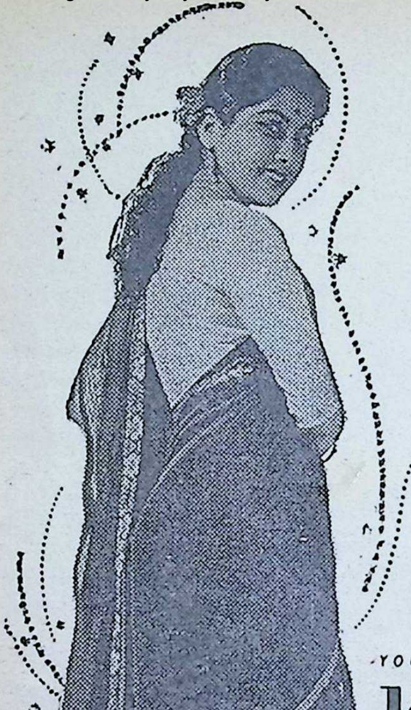

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Replied Pavakaroma: "How can I forget her? Was her beauty of the mortal variety? I have not seen her like anywhere else in the world. We had hardly entered the threshold of married life when destiny dropped this thunderbolt. Please let us make an exhaustive search of this forest ; we may yet be able to find her, God willing."

Kumbhi, for all his dissimulation, was caught between the devil and the deep sea. If, on the one hand, he failed to co-operate with Pavakaroma sincerely, Pavakaroma would most assuredly suspect him. If, on the other, he co-operated, and, as a result, Hanumati was found,—Kumbhi did not know exactly what had happened to her after his flight for life—she would surely expose him. Now, he would much rather choose the second alternative and escape from Pavakaroma too during the course of the search, but his mortal fear of the wild beasts in the forests and the possible reappearance of the *rakshasa* stood in the way.

Ultimately, Pavaka, like the Rama of old, spotted the ornaments thrown down by his wife to provide guidance of the way taken by the Rakshasa and again, like Rama, cried his heart out by hugging them. Guided by the direction afforded by these ornaments, Pavaka succeeded in reaching the mouth of a cave where the clue abruptly ended. A huge rock stood at its mouth completely blocking entry.

After some mutual consultation, Pavakaroma and Kumbhi tried all the methods they knew to dislodge the rock

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from its position, but they could not do so and it stood firm as if deeply rooted.

Giving up the attempt as hopeless, they made a survey of the area. They discovered as a result that the cave formed part of a hillock, the upper part of which they had surveyed. At a certain stage, the tunnel was so narrow that they could, by glueing their ears to the outer surface, actually hear muffled human voices coming from inside.

Encouraged greatly by this discovery, Pavakaroma closely examined the surface when, to his great surprise, he found a chink through which it was possible to squeeze oneself in, provided one was prepared for the consequences.

Now, Pavakaroma, by nature, was a courageous man and the circumstances in which he found himself placed made him think lightly of the consequences. So, calling his friend aside, he said: "Kumbhi, look! You wait outside here, while I shall enter the cave where, I believe, my Hanumati must have been spirited away."

Kumbhi, who was waiting for this opportunity, readily agreed and stood outside while Pavakaroma entered the cave through the chink like an eel. To his great surprise, he saw a big township inside the cave, with well laid-out streets, homes and buildings of great architectural beauty. There were a number of parks and places of entertainment where he saw young women engaged in fun and frolic—some gambling and others dancing, etc. As he went along scanning the streets, it struck him as odd that while he could see a number of women in gay abandon, he couldn't spot a single male.

He passed along unnoticed for some time more, but soon a party of women engaged in card-playing saw him. They whispered among themselves, and soon approached him and asked him: "O, man! What made you come here? Don't you know that a wicked *rakshasa* rules over this city and no male member ventures to enter it? Only yesterday did this wicked demon bring a young princess whom he has confined in a palace, and now he has gone into one of his long sleeps which lasts six months. The significant thing about him is that however fast he sleeps, as soon as any male enters this city, he senses the new arrival within a few hours and wakes up, and however strong the intruder, he catches and kills him cruelly. Please, therefore, get out

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of this den as quickly as you can, if you want to escape horrid death at his powerful hands."

Pavakaroma, on hearing their expostulation, replied: "Ladies! I am grateful to you for your well-meant warning. But I may tell you that when I was away this *rakshasa* caught hold of my wife whom I had married by *swayamwara* a few days ago, and has since kept her prisoner. I am, therefore, determined to slay him and retrieve my wife. But, in the meantime, would you kindly tell me how you all happen to live here, apparently happy?"

They replied: "This wicked *rakshasa* prowls about at night quite extensively and makes it a point to abduct the sleeping princesses, all of whom he has hidden in this cave and whom he intends to marry. Many were the princes whose wives and sisters this *rakshasa* had abducted, who came to rescue them only to lose their lives here. Please, therefore, begone, for God's sake, before he gets scent of you! If, however, you too would like to fight him, we give you this advice: first of all, you seek out the senior queen of this *rakshasa* and kill her. He is so fond of her that he is sure to die from grief over her death. We do not know of any other way of killing him, because he is practically invincible even to *devas!*"

"I have heard that women commit *sati* at the death of their husbands ; but it is very strange that in the case of this *rakshasa* it is the other way about. Now, let me hear, what exactly will he do in the event of his wife's death? Can you tell me why he should do so?" asked Pavakaroma.

They replied: "Once, when this *rakshasa* was hunting in a forest, he went in pursuit of a wild elephant. As it dashed past him, he saw on the branch of a tree a monkey couple engaged in amorous play. This foul *rakshasa*, leaving aside the elephant, shot an arrow at this couple and it mortally wounded the female monkey. Unable to bear the pain, she embraced her husband and fell down dead. The male monkey became grief-stricken and said: "Are there no beasts for this heartless man other than two of us, poor monkeys? Is he blind to the elementary rules of the game of hunting that one should refrain from killing animals engaged in amorous game, when they are asleep, when a mother is in the pangs of child-birth, when the mother is suckling her baby or when a beast quenches its thirst? Understand that we are *munis!* We were engaged in love-play in the form of monkeys. You have earned a heavy load of sin which is impossible to liquidate except at a very bitter cost. Look! I curse you on this account that you should reach Yama's abode as soon as your wife dies from injury caused by a shaft!"

So saying, the male monkey got down, placed the dead female on his lap, and looking at her face endearingly, breathed his last.

[*To be continued*]

Stories of King Madana Kama—23

VARUNA'S DAUGHTER

THE news that now there were two extraordinarily beautiful women in Pratapa's home inflamed the King's lust, and the first thing, therefore, the latter did early next morning was to send for his minister and seek his counsel on the best means of whisking away those women into his harem.

The Minister, on his part, was far too wise to underrate the abilities of Pratapa who had already shown his ingenuity in accomplishing the impossible.

Giving the problem deep thought, the Minister replied: "Lord! There is practically no other way of achieving our end than by causing the death of Pratapa who, from his previous record, appears to pose a difficult riddle to us. I shall have the necessary authority. I shall send him on a more perilous mission this time, from which he is sure not to return. May I request Your Majesty to feign stomach-ache and I shall put out the news that the *vaids* require the meat of a whale which has its abode in the farthest reaches of the ocean. I am sure we will succeed this time."

"So be it!" replied the King.

News got around that the King was suffering from an excruciating stomach-ache and that nothing but a preparation out of the whale-liver from the deepest reaches of the ocean would cure him of it.

As on the previous occasion, the Minister approached Pratapa and said: "My dear Pratapa, you saved our King on a former occasion. Considering what he is now suffering from, the previous ailment was a flea-bite and all hopes of the King's recovery are centred on you. The royal physician wants the liver of a whale from the farthest reaches of the ocean. I cannot think of anyone else than you to bring it. On behalf of the King, may I therefore request you to proceed on that mission at once?"

Pratapa, who became sceptical, nevertheless said that he would let the Minister know his reply definitely the following day.

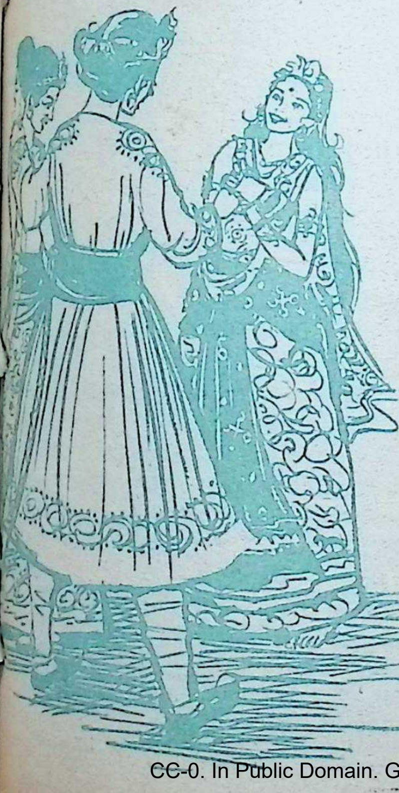
When Pratapa returned home, he was engrossed in the thought as to how he could get hold of the whale. Seeing him thus immersed in thought, his two wives asked: "Lord! You seem worried. Won't you share your worries with us? Aren't we entitled to share your joys and sorrows?"

At this Pratapa laughed and replied: "My dears! Is there anything with me that doesn't belong to you and yet belongs to me? The Minister has posed another problem today. The King is sick and the *vaids* want the liver of the biggest available whale for the King's cure. They want me to bring it. How on earth should I set about it? I have promised to let the Minister have my reply tomorrow. That is the matter I was engrossed in."

Indra's daughter laughed outright at his admission of inability and said: "My love! Don't think that we two here are incapable of doing the near-impossible. Please forget all about it now; have your bath and sit down for dinner. Everything else must wait."

"All right, just as you please," replied Pratapa, a ray of hope lighting up his face.

That night the three of them slept as though the world didn't exist. Early next morning, Pratapa prepared himself, as usual, to start off for work when his first wife presented herself before him and handed him a letter which read:



"My dear Uncle Varuna,

The bearer of this note, Prince Jagatalapratapa, is my husband. For your informaion, he is also the co-husband of Nagaraja's daughter. He wants the largest whale for his official purposes. Would you mind presenting him with the best in your kingdom and if you so care, give one of your daughters too in marriage to him. You can count upon me to look after her. With love,

Indra's Daughter."

When Pratapa had finished reading it, she said: "Kindly take this scroll and drop it in the nearest ocean and wait for what happens."

By now Pratapa was sure that he was bound to succeed in his new mission if the previous letter was any precedent.

Pinching her cheek ever so lightly, Pratapa swung back and walked towards the palace jauntily.

Promising the Minister to return within a few days with the medicine, Pratapa left on his quest.

As soon as he was out of ear-shot from the city, Pratapa sought the nearest seacoast and finding it, threw the scroll just as instructed.

The fish which chanced to nibble at it was startled to find the letter addressed to its king, Varuna.

Holding on to it respectfully, the fish swam to the nearest government outpost, and by the swiftest messenger, passed the letter on to the King who held court at Mount Udayagiri.

Recognizing the signature on the scroll, Lord Varuna read the letter lovingly and as soon as he finished reading it, despatched a hundred of his bodyguards to the spot where the letter was dropped with instructions to bring Prince Pratapa with due honours to his presence.

When, therefore, the whole party of royal fishes emerged to the surface of the sea to greet him, Pratapa was completely surprised, for the reception far exceeded his anticipations.

As directed by them, he rode on their back and they took him to the presence of King Varuna so safely that not a single drop of water fell on Pratapa.

Varuna embraced Pratapa and entertained him to a lavish repast and, as the crowning part of it, gave him in marriage the most beautiful of his daughters along with loads of precious gems and gifts.

Directing his bodyguards to land him back safely at the place where they had originally picked him up, Varuna sent Pratapa back on the mightiest whale available in his kingdom.

As the whale on which Pratapa was riding was hearing the seacoast, its mountainous form sent roaring waves which appeared to engulf the city. Officials who noticed the approaching whale reported the matter to the King who, from the terrace of his five-storeyed palace, surveyed the object through his powerful binoculars when he found Pratapa riding on the gigantic whale.

Summoning his Minister to his presence, the King conveyed the news, whereon the Minister suggested: "Your Majesty! If the whale comes nearer, positive damage will be done to this city. In any case, Pratapa has proved himself equal to the task we have imposed on him. It would therefore be wise to stop him in mid-ocean and convey to him the news through royal fleet that the whale is no longer necessary; the King has been cured; the whale may be sent back!"

The King too agreed to the suggestion, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour and therefore issued orders to that effect.

When, therefore, Pratapa got the news aboard, he despatched the whale to his father-in-law's kingdom and along with his new wife, who was covered from head to foot, got into the barge together with the precious gifts.

Reaching home, he entrusted his new wife to Indra's daughter who embraced her lovingly.

Spending the night wonderfully with all his three wives, Pratapa woke up early next morning as usual and went to his work.

At the palace, impotent anger greeted him, but nonetheless at the completion of the third month, the Minister, as usual, had Pratapa's salary sent to his home with the customary instructions.

When the messengers returned with the receipt, they had a story to tell: "Your Majesty! What shall we say? There is a third girl now who surpasses the first two in beauty! O, the three of them can very well rule the universe as the new trinity!"

On hearing this, the King was more than ever determined to grab all the three girls somehow or other, but had no very great opinion of his Minister judging from his last two efforts.

[*To be continued*]

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News & Notes

GITA CLASSES, MADRAS CENTRE

DHARMARAKSHAMANI SRI K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR recently inaugurated the Gita classes in the new premises of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at 83, G. N. Chetty Road, T'Nagar. In a vigorous speech he urged those present to read the *Gita* every day and put into practice the message of the Lord. Sri Ramamurthy Sastrigal, Professor, Sanskrit College, Mylapore, who is conducting the classes, commenced the class with the *dhyana sloka.*

The Gita classes are conducted thrice a week (Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays) at 7-00 p.m.

Those desirous of appearing for the Gita Examinations (conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay) may kindly get in touch with the Madras Centre of the Bhavan at 83, G. N. Chetty Road, T'Nagar, Madras-17.

SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD

THE Seventh Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad is proposed to be held at Darbhanga in Bihar State sometime in September/October, 1960, according to a recent announcement made by the Honorary General Secretary of the Parishad. The exact dates of the session will be made known later.

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

AN appeal has been issued by the Sree Parvathi Sankara Mahaganapathy Parishad, Trichur, for funds to perform the Kumbhabhishekam in the Mahaganapathy Temple in the town and put up a *mandapa* near the temple, the estimated costs being Rs. 5,000 and Rs. 25,000 respectively. Donations may be sent to the Secretary, Sree Parvathi Sankara Mahaganapathy Parishad Building and Kumbhabhishekam Fund Committee, "Lokaprakasam", Thiruvambady, Trichur.

OUR BOOK SHELF

THE SOMA-HYMNS OF THE RIG-VEDA. A Fresh Interpretation. Part II (Rv. 9.16-50). By Dr. S. S. Bhawe. Published by Prof. B. J. Sandesara, Director, Oriental Institute, Baroda. 1960. pp. 152+x. Price: Rs. 5.50 nP.

THE first Part of this new venture containing the first fifteen hymns appeared in 1957. I note a slight change in the plan. In the first Part, the translations were given with some detailed notes placed before the translation and some shorter notes after the translation. The first set (A) relates mainly to exegetical matters and the second, set (B), relates to other matters. In the second Part now under review, there are only notes after the translations. In the first Part, the bifurcation of the Notes was given only as experimental. And I see that this is given up in the second Part, because it served no special purpose. This is a matter which the author should have thought about in advance so that there would be uniformity in the plan throughout the book.

In the first Part, the translation of the portion according to Sayana was given as an appendix and here it could not be added as the matter is not ready. In the first Part, there was a translation of the first hymn according to Prof. Renou, rendered into English from his French translation. Here there is a detailed interpretation giving grammatical explanations following the method of Sayana, by Vidyabhaskara Pandit Manishankar V. Upadhyaya, under the title *Rkpadalocanam*. However much such additions may be of value, I regret that such unplanned additions disturb the uniformity of the translation, which should have been avoided. After all, the whole

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book will have to be held together as a unit and not as a collection of detached booklets.

An attempt had been started for interpreting the Vedas even with the *Pada-patha* of the *Samhitas* millennia ago. Nothing is out-of-date and everything has its value. A fresh attempt at interpretation is not to supersede any out-of-date commentary of an earlier stage; it is intended only to give a new interpretation according to the commentator. The author has realised this and has given his translation not to supersede, but to add to, the earlier commentaries. As the author says, this progress will be of minute details only.

Geldner had completed his translation forty years ago. When I was studying under him in 1921-23, he had already sent one Part to the press, and I received a copy of the first Part in print at that time. He had also prepared a large number of indices as supplement to his translation. I do not know what has happened to them. His translation is the most carefully worked out attempt at interpreting the *Rigveda*, trying to find out the meanings from within the text and from within the traditions of India that followed, applying the rules of philology adequately and rationally. I note that the methods followed by Dr. Bhawe is more or less the same; he has made the interpretation up-to-date, taking note of what contributions there have been during the last forty years.

What exactly is meant by the "real meaning" of the *Rigveda?* It is only the poets that knew it who composed the Rigvedic poetry. All later attempts presented what the interpreters thought of the meaning. What method will lead us nearest to the real meaning? This is the actual question. Dry philology cannot lead us to it. The meaning of a word is to be determined by its environments and not by its etymology. There is nothing to show that a poet uses the same word to convey the same meaning always. The meaning must be concordant with the context. That is what the *Brahmana* texts and the *Nirukta* of Yaska and the Bhasyakaras have done, to read a meaning into the texts consistent with the context. On account of the subjective factor in determining this concordance, there is a difference in interpretation from commentator to commentator. Thus, all the interpretations are only signposts and not halting stations for a student of the text. A signpost is not merely a landmark; it is a map, so to speak. Dr. Bhawe has added much information in the map that he has newly prepared.

I note that he is thorough and comprehensive in his survey of the field, and when making use of all available material, he is independent in his approach. For his thoroughness I draw the attention of the readers to an interpretation given to the 5th verse in the 21st poem, on pp. 21 to 23. In this section he also shows his independent thinking. I notice many such instances of thoroughness and independence in the interpretation of Bhawe. There are also many places where he has justified his own position in assigning a certain interpretation to a word or a passage by citing parallels from a variety of sources.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Bhawe will complete his publication soon. There is a great need for such a rendering of the *Rigveda* into a modern language. There had been two translations in German and two in English till recently, and Geldner's rendering added one more to German. Wilson's translation into English is too general and in the case of Griffith's translation, there are two limitations, one being his philological bias and the other being the metrical form that he has adopted. These two factors affect the translation of Grassmann too in German. Till now the prose rendering of Ludwig was the best, and at present, the translation by Geldner, free from all the above limitations, is the best in the field; that is in German and I am sure that the rendering into English by Dr. Bhawe will give to the readers all that is contained in all of them and more.

Dr. Bhawe proposes to give the translation of the *Rigveda* according to the *Bhasya* of Sayana along with the modern rendering; that portion is not included in the present volume. This can serve only the purpose of comparison, to show how far improvement can be made on Sayana's commentary by making use of all later material that has become available in modern times through historical and philological research. But there is a need for a literary rendering in a modern language, since the ultimate purpose is to enable the readers to understand the mind of the Vedic poets. Any attempt at ascertaining the literal meanings of words and passages is only a preparation for this higher purpose. The late Taraporewala has given a duplicate rendering of the Gathas.

The Vedas are not merely a philological curiosity for modern research scholars; their real importance lies in their being the record of a great civilization that has been the foundation of India's life for many millennia, that has given such a strength to the nation that the nation still continues great among modern nations. I am sure that some scholars and some institutions will take up this aspect of Vedic studies along with the philological study of the *Rigveda*. I wish that the translation with notes be given to the world at an early date in their complete form.

—*Dr. C. Kunhan Raja.*

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION. By Vinoba. Published by Akhil Bharat Sarva Seva Sangh, Rajghat, Kashi (U.P.). Madras Stockists: Tamilnad Sarvodaya Sangh, Sarvodaya Book Centre, 242, N.S.C.B. Road, Madras-1. pp. 262. 1959. Price: Rs. 3.

THE BOOK under review is an English rendering of Vinoba's talks and writings on Education. Most of the matter is taken from *Shikshan Vichar* (Hindi edition, 1956). Vinoba is a born teacher and therefore a student all the time. In a sense he is a real pioneer. He is also an idealist; it may be that some of his suggestions appear impractical and some of the views he has expressed are too visionary to be translated into actual work. There is no doubt, however, that some of his ideas are brilliant and original and may well be adapted in any system of education.

Nai Talim is the basis of what is said in the book. Though there is nothing new under the sun, our viewpoints go on changing and to be of any practical value they have to be related to realities. Vinoba lays great stress upon the suggestion that a person should earn by manual labour what he takes as food, be he rich or poor, aristocratic or bourgeois, a rishi or a peasant. One may legitimately take exception to it, but the real point seems to be that a man should not enjoy being lazy at the expense of sweat on another's brow.

The book is divided into 8 parts. The first part deals with the basic nature of what education ought to be. The importance of developing the inner man is well brought out. In chapter 7, four fundamental principles are enunciated and a simple life of harmony with Nature is shown to be essential for the welfare of humanity. The next part deals entirely with Nai Talim; so also the following part. The syllabuses come for consideration in the next. The relation between Teacher and Student, the Family School, and Duties of Students, form the main topics of Part Five. The closing chapters deal with the Organisation of Education in villages and towns, the relation of Education to Peace and some anomalies in our present-day educational system.

Teachers and those interested in education will find the book stimulating and useful.

—*Prof. R. Srinivasan.*

THE LANGUAGE AND SCRIPTS OF ANCIENT INDIA. By H. K. Bhattacharyya. Published by Bani Prakashani, 33/1, Amherst Street, Calcutta-9. 1959. pp. 130. Price: Rs. 6.25 nP.

As the author informs us in his foreword the book under review is but a section of the first volume of his forthcoming book entitled *A Brief Study of Ancient Indian Literature.* He finds quite unacceptable the conclusions of modern scholars regarding (i) the relation between the Vedic language and the classical Sanskrit and (ii) the origins of 'Brahma' and Devanagara scripts.

After examining these questions in his own way, the author arrives at the following conclusions: 'Simple Sanskrit was the language ever current in the Vedic society since the beginning and that was the language of speech and composition of both prose and verse.' 'The Vedic language was nothing but an artificial code language derived from Sanskrit to guard the sacrificial secrets.' 'Sanskrit had an earlier stage when it consisted more of wrongly uttered words and root verbs' without inflexions and syntactic rules.

The reader duly impressed by these findings should prepare himself to be flabbergasted by the author's discovery about the Indian script: 'The Brahmi scripts..., according to us, are each a pen-sketch of the changes of the face that accompanies *(sic)* the utterance of the letters.' And when the same process is held independently responsible for the birth of the Devanagara script also, he is simply floored. The author's way of interpreting some of the vedic passages cited as evidence is equally fanciful. He advocates a highly simplified Sanskrit, cut to the size of 'the illiterate mass' for adopting as our people's dialect. Here too his idea of the origin and nature of language is quite naive and untouched by the modern linguistic research.

Looking to the author's real love for ancient Indian culture, his admirable devotion to Sanskrit language and literature, and his appreciable non-conformism, we would like to advise him to give up what is basically a subjective-speculative approach in lieu of an objective-critical one, but in view of his ripe age, we are not sure whether it is worthwhile.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani.*

SMILES AND TEARS, Vol. I, No. 3. English monthly publication for private circulation only. Editor: R. K. Dalal. Contains famous quotations from noted philosophers, poets, statesmen, authors, leaders and interesting anecdotes. Portrays richness and nobility of thought. Copies available *free* from the Editor, 'Pallav', Garden Colony, Andheri, Bombay—58.

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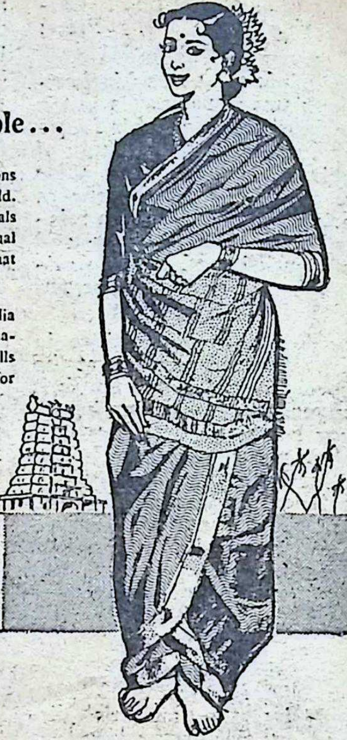

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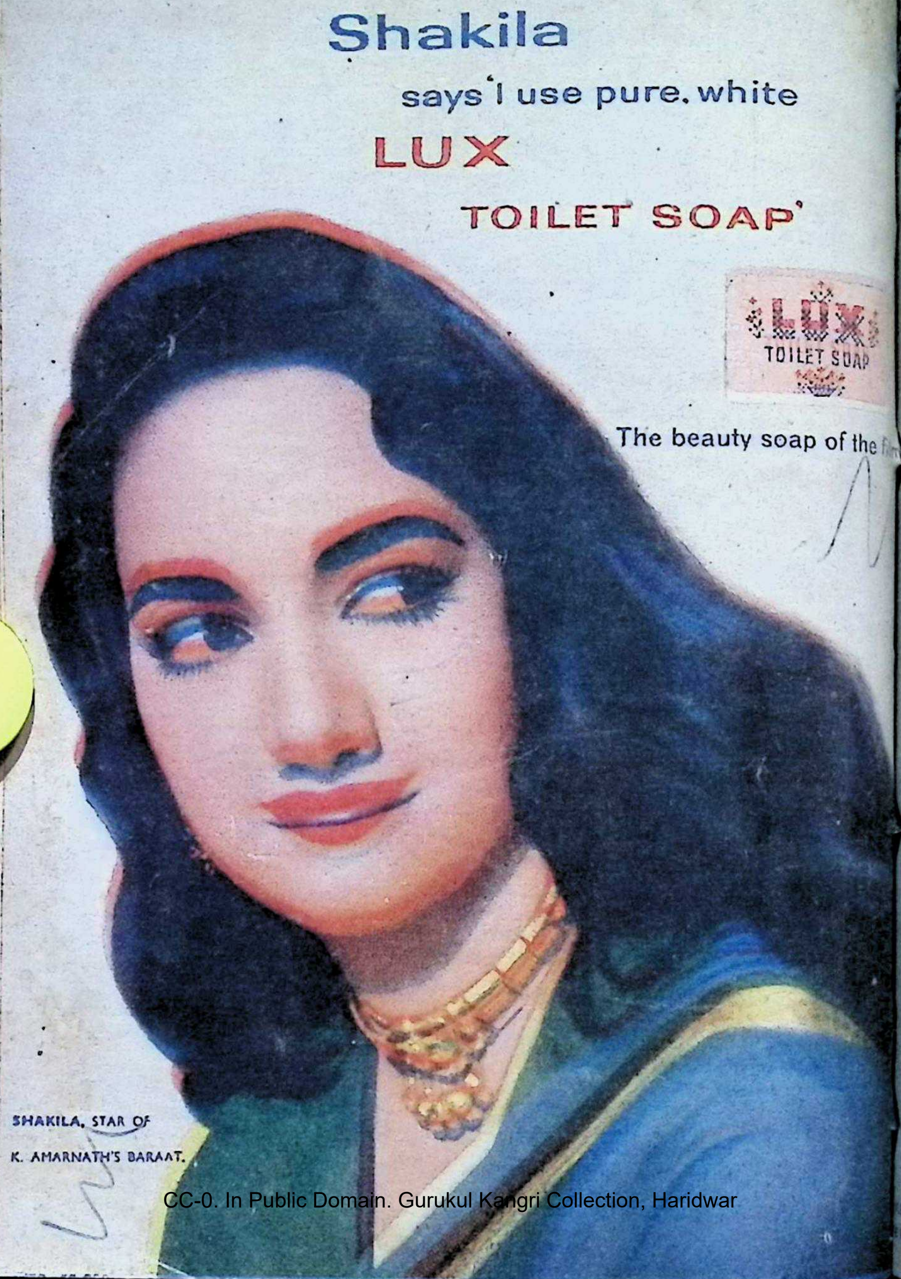

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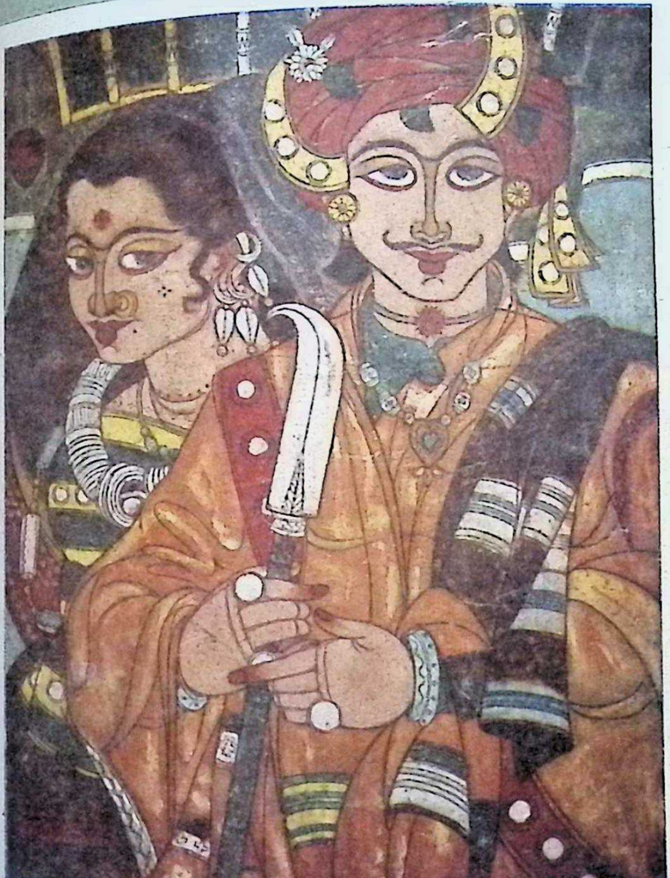

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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ON THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE

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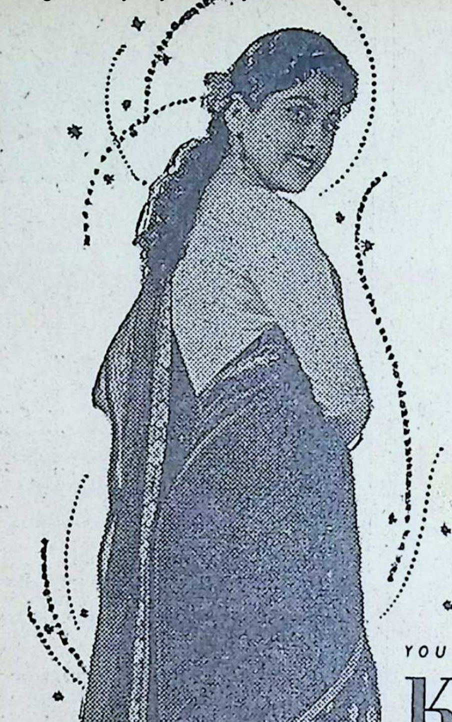

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

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Vol. VI. MAY 29, 1960 No. 22

BHARATA SAVITRI

मातापितृसहस्राणि पुत्रदारशतानि च ।
संसारेष्वनुभूतानि यान्ति यास्यन्ति चापरे ॥
हर्षस्थानसहस्राणि भयस्थानशतानि च ।
दिवसे दिवसे मूढमाविशन्ति न पण्डितम् ॥
ऊर्ध्वबाहुर्विरौम्येष न च कश्चिच्छृणोति मे ।
धर्मादर्थश्च कामश्च स किमर्थं न सेव्यते ॥
न जातु कामान्न भयान्न लोभाद्धर्मं त्यजेज्जीवितस्यापि हेतोः ।
धर्मो नित्यः सुखदुःखे त्वनित्ये जीवो नित्यो हेतुरस्य त्वनित्यः ॥

We had had thousands of mothers and fathers, hundreds of sons and wives in our previous births. We have been experiencing this in this World and shall also be doing so hereafter.

Thousands of occasions for joy and hundreds of them for fear offer themselves every day. These upset the ignoramus but not the wise.

I have been shouting with raised hands, but nobody listens to me. Through the path of Dharma one's legitimate material needs and desire too are originated. Why not go by Dharma then?

Never should Dharma be discarded whatever out of desire, fear or *lobha*. No, not even at the cost of one's life, should one give up Dharma, because Dharma is everlasting, joy and sorrow impermanent. The individual soul is permanent and the cause (of sorrow and joy) is impermanent. —*Veda Vyasa*

Kulapati's Letter

ON

LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 206

★ DHARMA ★ ITS BASIC SIGNIFICANCE ★ GITA AS THE WORD

Bharatiya Vidya Bhava
Bombay.
MAY 29, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WE use the word '*Dharma*' with a variety of meanings. To many people it means religion; to many more people it means rituals, superstitions, morals, belief in God. However, the basic significance of *Dharma* is more fundamental which we get from the *Bhagavad Gita*.

The teacher of the *Gita* is Sri Krishna, He who incarnated Manhood Triumphant; Him whom generations have worshipped as God Himself.

This gospel has given more than human power to countless men for the last twenty-five hundred years; to Shankara and Ramanuja; to Vivekananda, Lokamanya Tilak and Gandhiji among the moderns.

It has also provided the inspiration for immortal works like the *Bhagavata* and Tulsidas's *Ramacharita Manasa*, which have shaped and strengthened the eternal edifice of Indian culture.

That little book has kept alive the flame of unbending and defiant manhood, which can challenge defeat and death and the gross materialism wi which the modern West has poiso the world.

In many different ways, the influe of the two immortal epics has provi ed the content of our Collective U conscious. But the *Bhagavad Gita* h given supreme force to it. "T knowledge of its teachings," s Shankara in the 7th century, "leads t the realisation of all human aspi tions." Tilak saw in it "knowledge u touched by Time," the only gospel o Life. Sri Aurobindo called it "t world's greatest Scripture; a powerf shaping factor in the revival of nation and a culture." Gandhiji call it the universal mother; every mom of his life was a testimony to its u dying vitality.

To everyone, high and low, t *Gita* carries a message of new li Even for me, who am 'of the ear earthy', the *Bhagavad Gita* has bee a pillar of fire leading me from dar gress unto life: often shrouded; som times fitfully visible in a dim and wavering light, on rare occasions, vivid and of flaming beauty. Like the sun, its influence has inspired, created and stimulated life; destroyed the germ of decay and death; created and reintegrated fresh life to suit new conditions.

It is not a scripture of the next world, nor of asceticism, nor of inaction. It is an intensely human document; a guide for every human situation. It urges man in the thick of life's battle to shed his limitations. It teaches the Life Triumphant, whereby man, in life, through self-discipline may attain the dimensions of a divinity.

○○○

Its central idea is that God descended into a mortal frame as Sri Krishna and in the inspired words of the *Gita*, taught Arjuna to know Him, come to Him, live in Him and *be* Him. This idea has been the most precious possession of India; and it has been accessible to all men, irrespective of the bonds of race, sex or latitude.

Did not Jesus say: "I am in the Father and the Father in me... The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works... for my Father is greater than I."

St. Paul said: "I live, yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." So did St. Augustine whose *Confessions* are a living commentary on the *Gita*, "Give what Thou enjoinest, and enjoin what Thou wilt" and again "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me".

Al Hollaj, the great Muslim mystic, declared: "I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I. We are two

BE AND MAKE

Shall India die? Then from the world all spirituality will be extinct; all moral perfection will be extinct; all sweet-souled sympathy for religion will be extinct; all ideality will be extinct; and in its place will reign the duality of lust and luxury as the male and female deities, with money as its priest; fraud, force, and competition its ceremonies; and the human soul its sacrifice. Such a thing can never be.

India will be raised—not with the power of flesh, but with the power of the spirit; not with the flag of destruction, but with the flag of peace and love, the garb of the Sannyasin; not by the power of wealth, but by the power of the begging-bowl. Say not that you are weak. The spirit is omnipotent.

Young men, your country requires it. The world requires it. Call up the divinity within you, which will enable you to bear hunger and thirst, heat and cold. Sitting in luxurious homes, surrounded with all the comforts of life, and doling out a little amateur religion may be good for other lands but India has a truer instinct. It intuitively detects the mask. You must give up. Be great. No great work can be done without sacrifice. The Purusha himself sacrificed himself to create this world. Lay down your comforts, nay, even your lives, and make a bridge of human chains over which millions will cross this ocean of life.

First let us be Gods and then help others to be Gods. Be and make. Let this be our motto. —VIVEKANANDA

spirits in one body". This state is defined by Muslim mystics as 'being lost in God' (*hal oul*), 'identification' (*ittehad*), 'Union with God' (*wasl*).

The idea is the same. God being named Sri Krishna, Sri Rama, Shiva or Shakti, Allah or Tao, Buddha or Mahavir, Holy Ghost or Mother, Brahma or the Divine Truth or Love or Beauty makes no difference.

In India this idea has not been confined as in other countries to a few gifted mystics, but has been at the root of Aryan Culture. It is distinctive inasmuch as the idea of 'living-in-God' has permeated cultural values and group associations, and is accepted as a supreme value in diverse forms. In spite of some mystic doctrines the Semitic Culture has not worked on the idea on such a comprehensive basis, and the Western Culture as we know it today is definitely hostile.

India has survived because millions in this land, inspired directly or indirectly by the idea enshrined in the *Bhagavad Gita,* have tried age after age to capture it afresh by personal experience.

Dharma, the science by which the Idea can be worked out in life, is universal too, for it has an appeal for men under all conditions, if only they could see it.

What is the ultimate meaning and content of this *Dharma,* which has shaped our destiny for ages, and on which the history of India and of God-mindedness all over the world, is a running commentary?

This *Dharma* is not a religion, nor a dogma. It is the Law of Becoming, universal, all-pervading. Whoever does not follow it is against it. Where it prevails, no bonds of race or clime or time exist. Where it does not, evil is, and has to be uprooted. There can be no compromise.

Dharma is not an airy nothing, without an instrument of effective outspread. In India, this *Dharma* is threefold: Yoga, the Law of Becoming; Aryavarta, the Base; and the *Bhagavad Gita,* the Word.

Man's attainment of Godhood in life is not a myth, nor a pious hope nor even an accident. It rests on unalterable *Dharma.*

* * *

Yoga, the Law of Becoming, is eternal and all-pervading. Man is God, only he does not know it. He loves, fears and is angry. In so far as he does so, he is weak, ailing, and miserable. But in reality, God lives in him and he lives in God.

Man's real nature is clouded by his ego which drives his animal urges, attachment, wrath and fear, to covet, to hate and to fear. These urges create cravings in the senses as also the illusion that their satisfaction is the only reality. They are the causes of the ego-driven life of hatred, strife and misery.

These cravings and illusions chain man to bondage and leave him weak, imperfect and unhappy.

If man can control his animal urges and transmute them into fundamental aspirations, he will realise himself.

Man can transmute his animal instincts only if he obeys the Law of Moral Causation. This Law supports the Spiritual Order of the Universe. It is ineluctable, like the Law of Gravitation. If the apple falls from the tree is drawn to the earth, not away from it. So it is with this Law.

If anyone achieves Truth, his work shall bear fruit.

If anyone achieves Non-violence, men shall come to him shedding their hostility.

If anyone achieves Non-stealing, wealth shall come to him.

If anyone achieves Non-waste, he shall obtain the vigour that does not fade.

If anyone achieves Non-possession, he shall know the end and meaning of his life.

When this Law is followed, however little, attachment, fear and wrath begin to give way to truth, beauty and love.

The Law of Moral Causation is the law of freedom. This freedom can be ours only if we realise that the mind is the cause of freedom or bondage. If it subdues the animal urges, it will know no slavery, for greed, fear and anger will no longer be there and the illusion of a pseudo-reality will no longer hold us in bondage.

When this freedom is attained, however little, the Spirit, which is involved in the mind, will radiate steadily the fundamental aspirations such as Love, Truth, Beauty, Power, Calmness, Light and Freedom. These aspirations distinguish man from animal. The man who has no such aspirations, we call a demon.

When these aspirations saturate the mind of man, the Spirit in him becomes articulate. He then comes into relation with God. He begins to live in Truth, Love and Beauty—*Satyam, Shivam* and *Sundaram*.

To emancipate the mind from the animal urges and the ego which drives them, we have first to concentrate on the Spirit or God, under whatever name, whose nature is Truth, Love and Beauty. Then we have to conquer the distractions slowly and steadily till the aspirations are fully established and the animal urges become quiet. When so fixed on God, the mind remains undisturbed like an unwavering flame ; all acts are disconnected from desire for fruits and become offerings to Him. Then the light of supra-conscious intuition overcomes the processes of the mind and leads it to God. Travelling along the path by slow and laborious steps, we will come to abide in Him. We will see Him in all and all in Him, whose attributes are absolute Truth, Love and Beauty.

* * *

In many ages and in many lands mystics and seers have arisen who have followed the twin laws of Moral Causation and of Becoming. But *Dharma*—the spiritual order of the universe—from which the laws derive their sanction, was first discovered in India when the Vedic *rishis,* through insight and experience, saw and felt it and called it *Rita*.

Thus India—Aryavarta—was the ancient home of *Dharma*. Here it was first studied, taught and practised. Here the seers of the Upanishads and Vyasa and Sri Krishna and following them, men inspired by their teachings, made it the heirloom of succeeding generations.

Here, cultural values were shaped in its light—more than in any other country. Social values and institutions have been built with a view to making it easy for men to live up to it. And the values based on mere sense-satisfaction—the basic stuff on which materialism flourishes—has never been treated as reality by those who dominate the collective unconscious of the race. And, generation after generation, gifted men have found self-fulfilment in living up to it.

However, Aryavarta is not a mere geographical expression. It has no territorial boundaries; it has no political entity. Wherever God is a Reality and wherever the twin laws are consciously or unconsciously accepted as the major discipline in life by the collective mind and wherever *Dharma* provides the goal, there Aryavarta is. Whoever stands for *Dharma,* lives for Aryavarta, and whoever lives in Aryavarta, works for *Dharma*.

Those who believe in the cravings of the senses as the guiding energies of man, deny this *Dharma*. They believe in sense satisfaction as the only reality. They deny the Eternal Law. Being God, they deny their Godhood. These men turn man into an insect and make the world hideous with squalor and strife. At all times they have to be cajoled, healed, educated, trained and, if need be, resisted in their mad career of de-humanising man.

● ● ●

To preserve and maintain *Dharma,* the mental content has to be first changed. This can only be done by reading, reciting and meditating and translating into daily action the Word of those masters who have known, lived up to and realised *Dharma.* There is no other way.

There have been many such masters who have left us the legacy of the Word. Some were Buddhists, Hindus, Muslims or Christians, others even of no denomination at all—thinkers whose vision in life have not been blurred by materialism which leads men back to barbarism.

The essence of the Word spoken by the masters all over the world is found in the *Bhagavad Gita,* the Inspired Word of Sri Krishna.

Do not fear defeat. Fear is an illusion. The illusory values of men make defeat a thing to be feared. A man free with the freedom of God, does not win or fail like mere men. He is never vanquished, for allurement, fear and wrath no longer mislead him.

An apparent defeat rekindles the fire of *Dharma,* and makes the worship of the Spirit more real and the service of the Word more zealous. Defeat divides the dross from the gold, enhances the strength and re-animates faith in one's Truth.

The man who needs approval for his faith in the *Dharma,* or success to brace him to work, is not travelling on the true path. His only resource is the Word repeated again and again till his mind is refreshed from that well-spring of immortality.

The Truth, born of the Word, is compactness of mind, word and deed voiced in ceaseless self-expression: it is like *Dharmayuddha,* the grim battle of *Dharma,* which Arjuna agreed to fight when Sri Krishna taught him the *Gita.*

When the mind, word and deed become a unity, a mysterious stream of faith arises. The flame of spiritual enthusiasm rises skyhigh. The valour of the soul is roused by a heroic tumult.

The Word, transmitted by faith, becomes a living force of *Dharma*, ever conquering, though ever unattainable, lifting the inert world towards God.

Do not falter, when faith fails you; drink at the fountain of the *Gita*. Do not hanker after tangible gains. If you do, desire and fear and wrath will darken your mind; your Godhood will be clouded by imperfections.

◆ ◆ ◆

In widely-separated countries under different skies, the banner of Truth, enshrined in the Word, has been kept flying at all costs. In all cases, it has activated enthusiasm for the unattainable, and desire and fear and wrath have been the common enemies.

The world can only deny external recognition. For him whose life is consecrated to *Dharma*, the greatness of God is a living experience of reality. His ardour alone creates his world. There is no defeat over which his will cannot triumph, no sorrow above which he cannot soar. If he wills the unattainable *Dharma*, he will be stronger than Destiny; for God will have lived in him.

But such *willing* is individual. Whoever follows it, must escape the all-pervading insanity of collective thought. Whoever follows *Dharma* must be indifferent to praise and blame.

When you make your mind your own, you will find that there is no truth except *Dharma*; but as to its application, there is no formula which one man can teach another. Nothing is rarer in man than an act of his own. Yet all our acts in pursuit of our Truth must be our own. We should be prepared to die keeping to our own individual Truth.

Our unity of thought and deed in pursuit of *Dharma* and created by the Word, should never be disrupted by a wavering will. The maelstrom of epidemic falsehoods will suck us in if we do not stand true to *Dharma*.

For, *Dharma* is Life; Aryavarta is its receptacle; the Word, the *Bhagavad Gita*, is the flame which keeps it alive.

Yours sincerely,

K M Munshi

Dharma *is the foundation of the whole universe. In this world people go unto a person who is best versed in* Dharma *for guidance. By means of* Dharma *one drives away evil. Upon* Dharma *everything is founded. Therefore,* Dharma *is called the highest good.*

—Taittiriya Aranyaka.

THOUGHTS from TOLSTOY

One can only live while one is intoxicated with life; as soon as one is sober, it is impossible not to see that it is all a mere fraud and a stupid fraud!

★ ★ ★

Life cannot be safeguarded by property. Understand this is an absurd deception with which you delude yourself.

★

Christ, loving men, teaches them to refrain from securing themselves by violence, just as others who love men teach them to refrain from brawling and drunkenness.

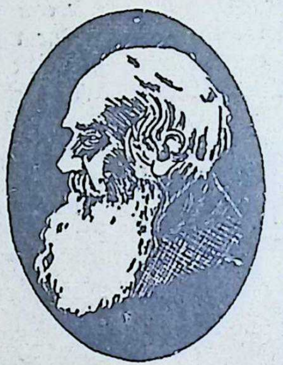
★

Once admit that human life can be guided by reason, and all possibility of life is annihilated.

★ ★ ★

If one admits, as historians do, that great men lead humanity to the attainment of certain ends, such as the aggrandisement of Russia, or of France, or the balance of power, or the diffusion of the ideas of the revolution, or of general progress, or anything else you like, it becomes impossible to explain the phenomena of history apart from the conceptions of chance and genius.

★ ★ ★



Just as the sun and every atom of ether is a sphere complete in itself, and at the same time is only a part of a whole inconceivable to man through its vastness, so every individuality bears within it its own ends, and yet bears them so as to serve general ends, unfathomable by man.

★ ★ ★

The life of nations is not contained in the life of a few men, since the connection between these few men and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the delegation of the combined will of a people to its historical leaders is a hypothesis, not supported by the testimony of history.

Selections from ADHYATMA RAMAYANA of Vedavyasa—4

SRI RAMAVATARA

As assured to Lord Brahma, Vishnu incarnates Himself as the eldest son of Dasaratha, the King of Ayodhya, who has been pining for years for an issue. In his previous birth King Dasaratha had done penance and propitiated the Lord who granted his wish that He should be born as his son.

य राजा दशरथः श्रीमान्सत्यपरायणः ।
योध्याधिपतिर्वीरः सर्वलोकेषु विश्रुतः ॥
ऽनपत्यत्वदुःखेन पीडितो गुरुमेकदा ।
सिष्ठं स्वकुलाचार्यमभिवाद्येदमब्रवीत् ॥

King Dasaratha, who had Satya as s sheet-anchor, was the ruler of yodhya, was chivalrous and his fame d spread through all the worlds. mitten deeply by the thought of the sence of any issues to him, the King e day fell at the feet of Vasishtha, e preceptor of his race. Implored :

ामिन्पुत्रा कथं मे स्युः सर्वलक्षणलक्षिताः ।
हीनस्य मे राज्यं सर्वं दुःखाय कल्पते ॥

"Oh, Master, can you tell me how s may be born to me, sons who ll be perfect in their physiognomy? void of a son, I have no use for e kingdom. It only fills me with dness."

ोऽब्रवीद्वसिष्ठस्तं भविष्यन्ति सुतास्तव ।
त्वारः सत्त्वसम्पन्ना लोकपाला इवापराः ॥
ताभर्तारमानीय ऋष्यशृङ्गं तपोधनम् ।
स्माभिः सहितः पुत्रकामेष्टिं शीघ्रमाचर ॥

Vasishtha replied: "Don't be de-ted. Four sons will be born to you, righteous, and even like the rulers of the Four Worlds. But to this end, you have to perform a Vedic sacrifice, called the *Putrakameshti* with all of us. Do send for Rishyasringa whose Tapas is his only wealth and who is Shanta's spouse."

तथेति मुनिमानीय मन्त्रिभिः सहितः शुचिः ।
यज्ञकर्म समारेभे मुनिभिर्वीतकल्मषैः ॥

Gladdened at this, the King employed his ministers to bring Rishyasringa to the scene. Then, he commenced the great *Yagna* with sages, free from any taint of sin, participating in it.

श्रद्धया हूयमानेऽग्नौ तप्तजाम्बूनदप्रभः ।
पायसं स्वर्णपात्रस्थं गृहीत्वोवाच हव्यवाट् ॥
गृहाण पायसं दिव्यं पुत्रीयं देवनिर्मितम् ।
लप्स्यसे परमात्मानं पुत्रत्वेन न संशयः ॥

With due ceremony and devotion, the King poured the oblation into the fire. Greatly pleased, the Fire-god, radiant with the hue of molten gold, presented himself before him with *Payasa* in golden bowls and said, "Receive thou this divine issue-producing *Payasa*, prepared by the Devas themselves. Doubtless it is, that thou wilt gain the Great Lord as thy son."

इत्युक्त्वा पायसं दत्त्वा राज्ञे सोऽन्तर्दधेऽनलः।

After saying this and giving the *Payasa* to the King, the Fire-god disappeared.

ववन्दे मुनिशार्दूलौ राजा लब्धमनोरथः।
वसिष्ठऋष्यशृङ्गाभ्यामनुज्ञातो ददौ हविः।
कौसल्यायै सकैकेय्यै अर्धमर्धं प्रयत्नतः॥

Dasaratha, his only desire in life having been fulfilled, prostrated before Vasishtha and Rishyasringa, and gladly distributed the divine gift to his two wives, Kausalya and Kaikeyi in equal measure, with due ceremony.

ततः सुमित्रा संप्राप्ता जगृध्नुः पौत्रिकं चरुम्।
कौसल्या तु स्वभागार्धं ददौ तस्यै मुदान्विता॥
कैकेयी च स्वभागार्धं ददौ प्रीतिसमन्विता।

At that time, Sumitra (Dasaratha's third wife), also desirous of motherhood, happened to come there. Both Kausalya and Kaikeyi gladly and of free will, made over to her each a moiety of their shares.

उपभुज्य चरुं सर्वाः स्त्रियो गर्भसमन्विताः।
देवता इव रेजुस्ताः स्वभासा राजमन्दिरे।

Having tasted of this gift from the Fire-god, all the ladies became pregnant, radiating a peculiar brilliance, as if they were Goddesses in Dasaratha's palace.

दशमे मासि कौसल्या सुषुवे पुत्रमद्भुतम॥
मधुमासे सिते पक्षे नवम्यां कर्कटे शुभे।
पुनर्वस्वृक्षसहिते उच्चस्थे ग्रहपञ्चके॥
मेषं पूषणि संप्राप्ते पुष्पवृष्टिसमाकुले॥

After a lapse of ten months, in the month of Chitra, in the waxing half on Navami, in the sacred Karkata Lagna, under the star Punarvasu, with all the five Houses on the ascendant and as the Sun entered the Mesha Rasi, Kausalya gave birth to a son the wonder of the world. Then was there a rain of flowers.

आविरासीज्जगन्नाथः परमात्मा सनातनः॥
नीलोत्पलदलश्यामः पीतवासाश्चतुर्भुजः।
जलजारुणनेत्रान्तः स्फुरत्कुण्डलमण्डितः॥
सहस्रार्कप्रतीकाशः किरीटी कुञ्चितालकः।
शङ्खचक्रगदापद्मवनमालाविराजितः॥
अनुग्रहाख्यहृत्स्थेन्दुसूचकस्मितचन्द्रिकः।
करुणारससम्पूर्णविशालोत्पललोचनः।
श्रीवत्सहारकेयूरनूपुरादिविभूषणः॥

The Lord took his birth there—the Highest Lord, Eternal Ruler of the world, black with the hue of blue lotus, adorned with an yellow robe and possessed of four hands. The ends of his eyes were red like the lotus and the lustre of his ear-rings heightened his brightness. He was equal in brilliance to tens of thousands of Suns. He had a crown on his head and the wavy curls of locks of hair played about his forehead. He shone with the Conch, Discus, Mace, Lotus and the Vanamala. A smile played on his lips—the moonlight of a smile, the moon whereof was His beneficence and protection, hidden well in his heart. He had a pair of large eyes, like the lotus and he was full of the essence of mercy. He shone with the brilliance of *Srivatsa* on His chest, a big garland, bracelets, anklets, etc.

BEYOND DARKNESS

Upasani Maharaj

THE external light of the sun and fire is obstructive to the attainment of the light which enlightens the soul.

Further, the external light only helps to see objects which in themselves are impermanent and thereby throw obstacles in the way of seeing permanent objects.

For this reason the students of Yoga sit in the dark, close their eyes and try to identify themselves with the darkness.

As the outer and inner darkness come nearer to the soul, the outer light and things made visible thereby, get forgotten and then is experienced darkness and nothing else.

We get so identified with the darkness that we do not perceive even our own body.

When this stage is reached, we enter the stage in which the sun and his light are, and when we are completely identified with this stage, the true light of the soul begins to dawn. That thick darkness is the true form of the sun.

When we completely identify ourselves with darkness, red light begins to dawn and gradually after passing the stages of yellow, green, etc., we reach the dawn of the true light.

Then the darkness dispersing on all sides yields vacuum for light, and the darkness forms a circle round about it. Then that circle narrowing merges entirely in light. That light is unmixed with anything else and does not require any means to perceive it.

It is itself perpetual and self-illuminating and in it is to be found unending joy. It yields no shadow of anything even of ourselves. It is itself unextinguishable light and joy. It is the reservoir from which all joy flows into the world. It is not attainable unless you experience complete and invariable darkness.

So the true devotees of contemplation get beyond this darkness and practise Yoga with the help of their spiritual master, as the key to it is pointed out by him.

It is not difficult in itself but we must have attained the stage of perceiving it by the grace of the master.

If we are not ready for it, the Lord-Spiritual, if duly obeyed, pushes us up to it.

The power of this light is indescribable and can be obtained only by closely following the guidance of the master. This can never be described adequately.

ज्योतिषामपि तज्जोतिस्तमसः परमुच्यते।
सर्वस्य धातारमचिंत्यरूपमादित्यवर्णं तमसः परस्तात्।

The Gita

वेदाहमेतं पुरुषं महांतमादित्यवर्णं तमसः परस्तात्।
तमेव विदित्वादि मृत्युमेति नान्यः पंथा विद्यतेऽयनाय।।

Purushasukta

'बिना गुरु घोर अंधारा'

The above *slokas* are the utterances of the great Sages who have experienced it.

Bhavan's Journal Competition No. 8

ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAYS

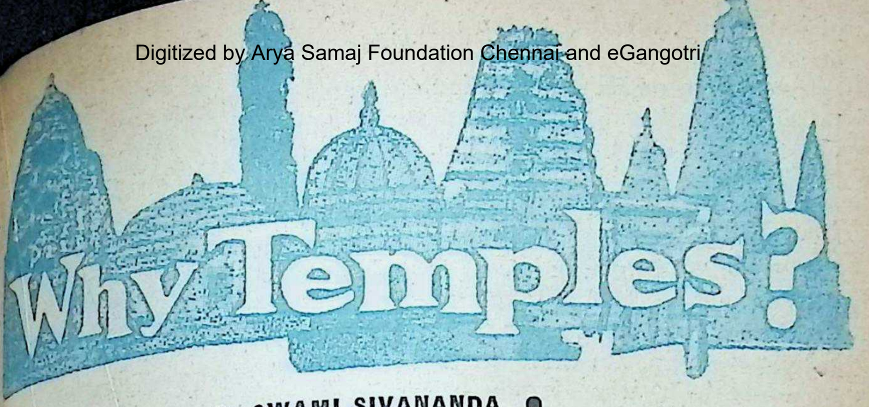
The 3-Act Play Competition recently conducted by the Journal attracted many earnest responses. The enthusiasm displayed by our readers and competitors was very heartening.

We are glad to announce another Competition on One Act Social Plays, such as may foster the growth of social conscience.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Original plays in English, neatly typewritten on one side of the paper, not exceeding 10 pages of *Bhavan's Journal* in length, are invited from readers.
2. Themes should be on social problems of the day.
3. Treatment should be such as to bring out the soul of the present-day Indian society.
4. Technique, style, character-sketching, humour and plot-construction will all be considered in evaluation.
5. A cash prize of Rs. 250 will be paid to the first, Rs. 150/- to the second, and Rs. 100/- to the third in merit.
6. The prize-winning plays may be published in the *Bhavan's Journal*.
7. The panel of Judges will consist of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Dr. A. K. Das Gupta and Sri Prem Nath.
8. Entries should reach us on or before June 15, 1960.

—*Editor*



Why Temples?

• SWAMI SIVANANDA •

IN this Kali Yuga and in the material world of busy day-to-day life, the temple of the Lord affords great opportunities for the evolution of man through concentration and devotion.

The precincts of the temple are so sacred and give a peace which no other atmosphere can give. There is a divine vibration in the entire area.

By the constant and regular Pooja during the three sessions of the day, the recitation of the Holy Vedas and chanting of specific Mantras throughout the year, the auspiciousness of the temple increases every day and the entire atmosphere elevates the soul of man to a very great degree.

The shrine in which the Murti of the Supreme Lord is installed is a hallowed place which exerts a powerful spiritual influence that can transform the minds of persons into a state of higher purity. But the sanctity of the temple should be carefully maintained by observing the prescribed rules usually connected with the maintenance of places of divine worship. External and internal *saucha* are both necessary in the worship of the Devata in a temple.

The temple dedicated to the Archavatara of the Lord is a visible representation of the body of the Virat-Purusha and the rituals of worship in the temple are objective acts expressing the whole process of spiritual Sadhana.

The temple is the microcosmic embodiment of the universe indwelt by the Antaryamin, Ishwara, whose worship we conduct at the sacred temple.

The Lord is invoked by means of the powerful Mantras of the Srutis, Smritis and Tantras and the Murti in the temple becomes a living manifestation of the force of the Divine, ready to fulfil the noble aspirations of the devout Archaka.

Archana is the easiest and the safest means of cultivating the love of the Almighty, for it becomes the link between His transcendent being and the world in which the devotee is placed.

The one special feature of Archana-Bhakti is that it seeks to evoke the finer forms of the religious consciousness in man through offering to God articles of devotion by means of the physical forms which are the *immediate* aspects of the manifestations of God-Being, revealed to the senses here.

Hence Archana is the foundation on which is constructed the grand edifice of spiritual effort and realisation. It is one among the nine gems of the way in which man aspires to reach God.

Worship the Lord with intense faith and aspiration. The Lord will surely bestow His grace upon you all. All are blessed—one who causes the temple to be built, who actually builds it, who assists in it, who is happy about it, who performs worship in it, who prostrates oneself before it with faith and adorns the Lord always in one's heart, with sincerity and love.

Prasad is that which gives Peace. During Kirtan, worship, Pooja, Havan and Arati, Badam, Kismis, milk, sweets, fruits are offered to the Lord. After offering them to the Lord, they are shared between the members of the house or the Bhaktas in a temple. Pooja is done by Bael leaves, flowers, Tulsi, Vibhuti and these are given as Prasad from the Lord. Vibhuti is the Prasad of Lord Siva. It is to be applied on the forehead. A small portion can be taken in. Kumkum is the Prasad of Sri Devi or Shakti. It is to be applied at the space between the eyebrows (Ajna or Bhrumadhya). Tulsi is the Prasad of Lord Vishnu, Rama or Krishna. It is to be taken in. They are charged with mysterious powers by the chanting of Mantras during Pooja and Havan.

Prasad bestows good health, long life, peace and prosperity to all. Glory to Prasad, the bestower of Peace and Bliss! Glory to the Lord of the Prasad, the Giver of Immortality and undying happiness!!

Bells are rung in temples while doing Pooja to shut out the extern sounds and to make the mind inwar and concentrated.

Lights are waved before the Deity. This denotes that the Lord is Jyo Swarupa. He is all-light. The devote says, "O Lord! Thou art the self effulgent Light of the universe. Tho art the light in the sun, moon and fire Remove the darkness in me by bestowing your divine Light. May my intellect be illumined." This is the significance of waving lights.

Dhoop or scented sticks are burn before the Deity. The smoke spreads the whole room. It acts as a disinfectant.

Burning of Dhoop denotes that the Lord is all-pervading, that He fills the whole universe by his living presence. It is to remind this fact that Dhoop is burnt.

The devotee prays, "O Lord! Let the Vasanas and Samskaras dormant in me vanish like the smoke of this Dhoop and become ashes. Let me become stainless."

Burning of camphor denotes that the individual ego melts like the camphor and the Jivatman becomes one with the supreme Light of lights.

The pasting of sandal reminds the devotee that he should, in his difficulties, be as patient as the sandal.

Sandal emanates sweet odour when it is pasted. So also the devotee should not murmur when difficulties arise, but on the other hand, remain cheerful and happy and emanate sweetness and gentleness like the sandal. He should not hate even his enemy. This is another precept we learn from this. Though the sandalwood is crushed and pasted, it silently wears out emanating only very sweet odour. One should not wish evil even to his enemy.

KRISHNAVATARA

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

34

Master of the Elephants

PRADYOTA reported to his master on the sacrilegious act of Krishna. He was a seasoned courtier, and though there was exultation in his heart, his face was grim as death. When Kamsa heard the report, an icy coldness gripped him.

He had been receiving disquieting news the whole day. Crowds of people had all but come to adore the two boys. Trivakra had lost her hump by a miracle. The son of King Bhimaka, Rukmi, his guest and friend, had been humiliated, insulted and almost thrashed on a public thoroughfare. And now had come this ominous catastrophe. The anointed bow, which even a seasoned bowman could hardly lift, was broken to pieces by Devaki's eighth son. Was death closing in on him?

'How could Krishna break it?' he asked. 'The bow was strong and tough.'

'All the experts said it was perfect. Even the lord saw it himself,' respectfully replied Pradyota.

'Why did you let the boys handle it?' asked Kamsa.

'What can I do?' said Pradyota with folded hands. 'The rules of the *Dhanuryajna* permit those who intend to enter the contest to find out for themselves as to what the bow is like.'

'What shall we do about the festivals?' asked Kamsa petulantly. 'There cannot be a *Dhanuryajna* without the bow.'

'This is very unfortunate,' said Pradyota. 'But what can we do about it? I have already consulted the learned Brahmans. They say that another could be prepared immediately and ritually anointed.'

'Do it immediately,' ordered Kamsa. 'We will complete the sacrificial session, if not tomorrow, the day after. Tomorrow we shall only have the wrestling matches. Pradyota, what are the sons of Nanda like?'

'The elder one is a big and powerfully built young man,' replied Pradyota. 'He pushed the spirited horse of Prince Rukmi back on its haunches almost without effort. The younger one, Krishna, is a fine boy. I could never imagine that such a lithe, smooth body like his could possess such strength.'

'Where are they now?' asked Kamsa.

'They are with Nanda and the cowherds in their camp outside the city,' replied Pradyota.

For a while Kamsa sat in grim thought, pulling at his moustaches as was his habit at such times, and fixing his gaze on the ground. Then he spoke, 'Pradyota, can I rely upon you?'

Pradyota asked in turn, 'Have I given the lord any reason to doubt my loyalty over these twenty years? If you feel it that way, please relieve me of my duty. I will withdraw from the city forthwith.'

Kamsa gave no reply. He was furiously thinking. Even if Pradyota was double-crossing him, this was scarcely the time when he could afford to lose him. Then he looked up. 'Pradyota, I have complete confidence in you. You have stood by me loyally and I shall never forget what you have done. You can go now.'

Then, after a few minutes, Kamsa added: 'But, don't fail to carry out my orders. Krishna should not be allowed to come into my presence.'

'All the people are coming to the wrestling match. How can I prevent him from coming with Nanda's party?' asked Pradyota.

'You are right. It cannot be helped,' said Kamsa, assuming a friendly attitude. 'Now, go and have it announced that *Dhanuryajna* will be completed the day after. Only the wrestling matches will be held tomorrow.'

When Pradyota left, Kamsa clapped his hands. A trusted servitor came in.

'Is Trivakra come?' asked Kamsa.

'Yes, lord, she is with the Princesses.'

'Ask Prince Vritrighna to come immediately,' commanded Kamsa.

Vritrighna was in fact waiting for an audience and came immediately.

'Vritrighna, did Pradyota tell you of the change in the programme?' asked Kamsa. 'What is the position?'

'Not quite good,' said Vritrighna. 'There is excitement all over the city. Nanda's sons have created a great impression on the people.'

'I will see to it. I cannot wait any longer. Keep your men ready. Take no chances. There would be many Yadava chiefs present. At the appropriate moment, I will give the signal. And send for Angaraka,' said Kamsa.

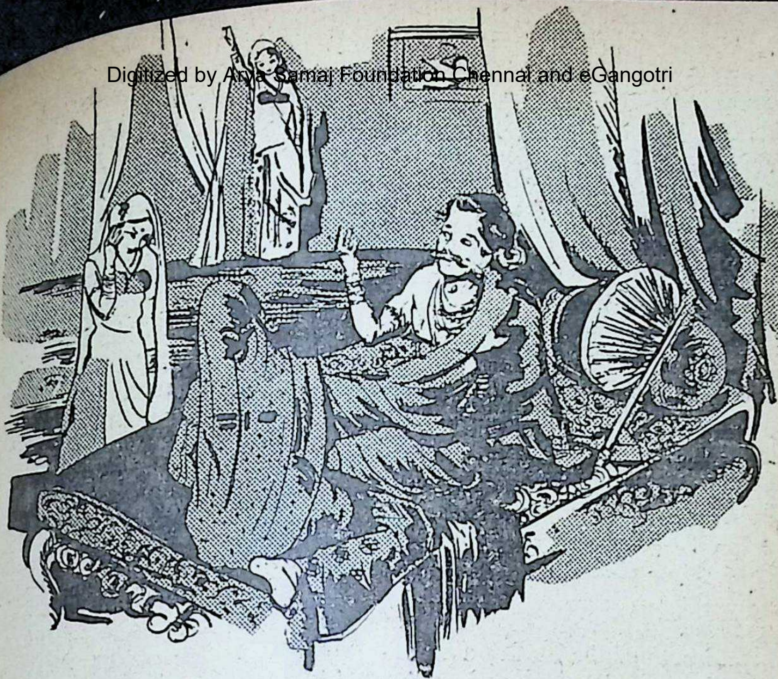
'As the lord pleases,' said the Magadhan Prince as he left Kamsa's presence.

* * *

Trivakra was in great form. In the Princesses' quarters, she bubbled over with pent-up feelings. She laughed, cracked jokes, spoke about her dark-coloured saviour and his deeds in ecstatic terms.

The Princesses of Mathura and their guests, the Princesses who had arrived to attend the festival, heard Trivakra with varying feelings. Kamsa's queens were frightened. The Princesses who were strangers were amazed and could ill suppress their curiosity to know more about Krishna. Two of them were actuated by contradictory feelings.

The wife of Rukmi, King Bhimaka's son, could not outgrow her indignation at her husband having been manhandled by a cowherd and no one to punish the offender. If such a thing had happened in their own country



Have you forgotten me, Aryaputra?

the offender's head would have been chopped off on the spot.

The other princess who heard Trivakra with suppressed enthusiasm, which disgusted many of the other princesses, was Rukmini, Rukmi's sixteen-year-old sister, who even at this age was growing into a flaming and statuesque beauty. She had always thought her brother a bully and was delighted at his getting well deserved punishment. More, she was struck by the handsome young man, with the peacock feather in his turban, who had brought her crumpled brother to her as if he was a naughty baby. She had been lost in admiration of his graceful body, almost maidenly, though with such strength, and his eyes had continued to haunt her.

Trivakra had hardly left the Princesses' quarters to proceed to her own quarters in the palace when she heard the sound of running footsteps behind her. She halted in the dark corridor. Rukmini came to her and caught hold of her hand.

'Trivakra, save that cowherd boy—the dark one. They are going to kill him,' said Rukmini.

'They cannot kill him, my Princess. He is a god. You have only been mad after him. I have been seeing it in your eyes,' replied Trivakra.

'Don't talk. Listen. Is there any wicked man here called Kuvalayapida? He is going to kill that boy tomorrow. I heard your princesses chuckling over the idea,' said Rukmini.

'Tell me more about the talk,' said Trivakra.

'Let me go back. My brother would kill me if he comes to know that I have told you this,' said Rukmini and ran back, leaving Trivakra in anxious thought.

Kuvalayapida was not a man, but the most powerful elephant in the palace. How could he kill Nanda's son tomorrow? But she would take no chances. Her husband, Angaraka, who had forsaken her for being a hunchbacked girl years ago, was the Master of Elephants and in charge of Kuvalayapida. He would know.

For a moment, she hesitated. She had been forsaken, neglected, jeered at by Angaraka, who had married two more wives. It hurt her pride to go to him now, but she was going to him to serve her 'god'.

* * *

Angaraka, Master of Elephants of the royal house of the Mathura Yadavas, was a very high and responsible officer. It was his duty to look after the elephants, to train them for use in wars or on ceremonial occasions, and to supervise their upkeep and welfare.

Though it was approaching midnight, Angaraka, now about fifty, lay awake in bed in his quarters. One of his wives shampooed his feet, the other fanned him. He was not happy. He was commanded to do a thing which he hated to do, and these women were chattering in glowing terms of someone which made him hate himself. He wished he could kick these women into silence, but he never liked to have unhappy wives about him.

There was a knock on the door. Angaraka sat up almost in a fright. What was this summons about now? He had had enough of his master already.

The elder wife looked at her husband's face, and sensing permission, opened the door. In came Trivakra, straight and well-knit, graceful in every limb. Angaraka opened his eyes wide in amazement as if a ghost had walked in. His wives, both well-fed and rotund, shrieked in fright.

'Who are you?' Angaraka asked, unable to believe his own eyes.

'Have you forgotten me, Aryaputra?'* asked Trivakra with mischievous laughter which rippled through the room.

'Sister, you are all right!' exclaimed the elder of the wives, shooting a jealous look at the straight and tall Trivakra, her own shape having gone out of reasonable proportions on account of the seven little Angarakas which she had presented to her lord and master.

'My god made me as I am,' said Trivakra happily. 'I came to tell you that, Aryaputra, though we have not any talk with each other for years and years.'

'What did happen to you, Trivakra? Sit down and tell me all about it.' said Angaraka, suddenly forgetting that for over twenty years he had felt mortified and ridiculed by the way in which his first wife—long abandoned—was referred to throughout the palace.

Trivakra sat down with a winsome smile which fascinated Angaraka, and asked for water. The youngest of the wives went to fetch it.

'All these people were talking about the miracle worked by Nanda's son. Tell me all about it,' repeated Angaraka. He could not help gazing intently at the charming woman into which his misshapen wife had been transformed.

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* An honorific used to address one's husband. It means 'son of a noble Arya'.

'What is Nanda's son like?' asked he elder of the favourite wives.

The younger wife brought some water, which Trivakra took. 'Nanda's son! He is not Nanda's son, Aryaputra. I will tell you something if you can keep a secret,' said Trivakra and looked at the other co-wives.

'You go in,' said Angaraka to his favourite wives.

Dying as they were to satisfy their curiosity, they could not but obey their husband's command, and left the room throwing angry glances at Trivakra.

'Tell me about Nanda's son, Trivakra. All these days I have been hearng about him. And now! You are almost an *apsara,*' said Angaraka.

'He is not Nanda's son. He is Devai's eighth son. He has come to deliver s from your master,' she said in a low whisper. Angaraka heard her words, asting his eyes about anxiously to see at the walls do not develop ears.

'Oh, God of gods,' wailed Angaraka in evident distress.

'Why so miserable, Aryaputra? A ew day is dawning for us all. Are you ot sick of this tyranny—this slavery f one wicked man?' she asked.

'Don't tell me all that. Someone will ear,' said Angaraka.

'How many times have you been inulted? How many times subjected to e whims of the tyrant? The day hich Sage Narada had foretold has ome. *He* has come,' said Trivakra.

'Has He really come?' asked Angaraka.

'Look at me. Could anyone but a od make me so straight and graceful? And can a mortal break the Sacrificial Bow? You will see tomorrow that the cursed tyrant will go to the land of his forbears,' said Trivakra with firm faith.

'Oh, woman, you don't know my misfortune. I am most unhappy,' said Angaraka.

'What is the matter? Let me know. I can get Devaki's son to give you any favour you like. He is very, very kind to me,' said Trivakra with pride.

'No one can help me. I am finished. I shall be dead tomorrow,' Angaraka said in despair.

'What is it? Let me know. Let me do you at least some service. Is it something concerning Devaki's son and Kuvalayapida?' asked Trivakra.

Angaraka opened his eyes wide. 'How do you know?' he asked her.

'No one can kill Devaki's son,' said Trivakra.

'But I have been commanded to do so,' said Angaraka in a choking voice.

'It is a sin to obey the command of a tyrant,' said Trivakra.

'What shall I do?' asked Angaraka.

'Pray to Devaki's son and listen to me,' said Trivakra.

And the husband, who had forsaken Trivakra for twenty-five years, heard her with gratitude.

After some talk, Trivakra went to her quarters and returned with an armful of herbs.

The whole night Angaraka and Trivakra were busy feeding Kuvalayapida, the most irrepressible of the elephants in the royal stables.

[*To be continued*]

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If God is omnipotent and benevolent, how do we account for the existence of evil or human misery?

Evil As a Personal Problem

Prof. G. Srinivasan

ONE of the persistent problems of philosophy is the problem of evil. It is an old problem in e sense but is an ever new one in other sense. As a *problem in philosophy*, it is an old one repeatedly ised by philosophers of both East d West; but as a *personal problem* hich an individual has to face and swer for himself, it is ever new.

The problem of evil is not exclusively a philosopher's problem, but a yman's problem as well. However, e thoroughness with which the philosopher analyses the problem so as o arrive at a critical explanation of distinguishes his method from the yman's reliance on tradition or authority so as to accept a 'ready' answer to the problem.

Few other problems have the same ervasiveness as the problem of evil. is the basic and central problem of the Indian philosophical systems well as many of the European philosophical systems. The existence of (or misery) is the cause of their quiry, and its eradication is their l. So much so, the view that philosophy originated out of intellectual osity or wonder needs a correction, and it will be truer to say that it originated from a felt necessity to seek freedom from misery.

Philosophy, in this sense, is not idle speculation meant for the entertainment of a few intellectuals but a spiritual discipline meant for the liberation (*mukti*) of the devotees. In other words, the need for philosophy is practical and 'emotional' rather than *merely* theoretical and intellectual.

We have, in Indian philosophy, a traditional classification of misery into three kinds, technically known as the '*Dukhatraya*'[1]. *Adhyatmika dukhas* arise from spiritual causes, *adhibhoutika dukhas* arise from natural causes, and *adhidaivika dukhas* arise from supernatural causes. The cause for misery as recognised in different schools of Indian philosophy, is ignorance of the 'true' nature of one's own self, and the means of liberation is the acquisition of 'right' knowledge through spiritual discipline. Some of the systems also recognise Divine grace as essential for liberation or *mukti*.

In response to the problem of evil,

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[1] Isvara Krishna: *Sānkhya Kārika*. Translated by S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri.

different systems have developed both in East and West, and most of them credit man with the capacity for acquiring a trans-empirical status of being or immortality, by the exercise of a superior organ of knowledge which lies dormant in himself.

Nihilism and pragmatism, however, take exception to this general nature of philosophy inasmuch as they refuse to admit any 'transcendent' reality of the self. The nihilist believes that the dissolution of the self in a cosmic process or Becoming results in freedom from misery or liberation; the pragmatist confines all Reality to empirical existence, and makes it the mission of his philosophy to think out the 'possibilities' of the existent collective human experience, to project them as 'ideals' to be realised in subsequent experience whereby man's life on earth becomes more comfortable.[2]

The problem of evil is the biggest hurdle which the 'theistic' philosopher has to encounter in the development of his system. So much so, it is often thought that the existence of evil makes almost impossible any form of theism or belief in God.

The problem of evil assumes a definite shape in theism, inasmuch as the existence of human suffering would be hardly reconcilable with the belief in an omnipotent and benevolent God. Evil, in the form of human suffering, is an experiential and indubitable certainty which either limits God's power or contradicts His kindness. That is, if evil or human suffering should exist in the world,—as it undoubtedly does exist—, then God should be either incapable of removing it or unkind enough to permit its existence willingly.

To accept either of these alternatives would be derogatory to the nature of God, who as postulated by religious faith is both omnipotent and benevolent.

These two attributes—omnipotence and benevolence—should somehow be affirmed of God, even if our finite intelligence can hardly reconcile them with the existent evil.

The 'theistic' philosopher will then be left with these two alternatives. Either he must accept God as a 'finite' being who includes within Himself an element of imperfection or 'resistance' which He is incapable of overcoming,[3] or he must throw the blame on human intelligence which because of its inherent finitude cannot fully grasp the nature of God as omnipotent and benevolent.[4] Human ignorance will thus be the alternative to Divine impotence in the 'theistic' explanation of the problem of evil.

The alternative of Divine impotence would almost make impossible any 'truly' religious conception of God, while the alternative of human ignorance would only leave our religious faith in a perfect God completely 'baffled'.

Most of the 'theistic' philosophers however prefer a 'baffled' faith to 'no faith' and refuse to amend or modify their faith in a perfect God so as to square it with the facts of experience which in a large measure includes pain and suffering.

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[2] John Dewey: *Reconstruction in Philosophy.*

[3] E. S. Brightman holds this view.

[4] B. P. Bowne and A. C. Knudson hold this view.

There are a few other philosophers who, unlike the theists, conceive of the timate Reality not as a personal Be-ng, but as the all-inclusive Reality r the Absolute. They believe that the Absolute is the Supreme Good or Total Good; evil is evil because of our par-al perspectives and hence disappears hen conceived as the ingredient of e Supreme or the Total Good.[5] The bsolutists like the theists believe that mehow all is good in the Absolute r God, and this is an act of faith hich reason can neither prove nor sprove.

Moreover, both the absolutists and e theists alike believe that evil has necessary part to play in the spi-ual evolution of the self towards rfection or liberation (*mukti*). The rson or the self has to encounter l and overcome it if perfection uld be attained. Perfection (*mukti*) s not a boon but the result of strug-e through evil. Evil is a necessary dition to the attainment of perfec-n, inasmuch as perfection is 'trans-dent' of evil and can be attained y through its conquest.

Reason can hardly demonstrate as how the existent evil can be recon-d with the Absolute or God who supremely good and perfect. Our be-f in a good and perfect God or the solute in the face of the existent l, is hence essentially a matter of h, not an achievement of reason. Our religious faith or 'will-to-be-e'—which comprises the emotional d the volitional sides of our nature is a much stronger force in deter-ing the nature of our philosophy,—be it Absolutism or Theism,—than our reason or intelligence.

Reason should operate in accordance with our faith or 'will-to-believe,' if a system of philosophy should be so evolved as to support our belief in Theism or Absolutism.

If reason parts company with faith, and operates of its own accord, solely on its own principles, the result will then be atheism, scepticism or agnosticism, which can hardly satisfy the emotional and the connotive demands of our nature.

Our emotional and connotive needs must be credited with cognitive significance so as to be treated as determining factors in the construction of a philosophical system, if our reason should avoid scepticism or atheism and succeed in building a system of theism or Absolutism.

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[5] F. H. Bradley, M. W. Calkins and ers hold this view.

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....I am no historian. have interest in history a if I may say so, I am interes ed in history, not at all very little as some kind dry-as-dust outlines of even in the past—it does not inte rest me in the slightest. Th

have satisfied ourselves with the p by more or less traditional accounts great happenings, great rulers and t like. Well, that may have some virt occasionally but it is clear that in t modern age that is not adequate. Any how, it never was fully adequate, and more so now.

Can History Be

IT is obvious that any country, any society which does not take interest in its past loses roots or it has not got deep roots. Now that interest in the past can be rather precise, historical more or less, or just interest in actual facts ascertained, or as often as we find it. Sentimental bonds, very powerful by themselves, based not on precise history but on certain popular adaptations of tradition which take the place of history as in India and which probably, true or not, have had a most powerful influence on human beings, generation after generation.

India, in the strict sense of the word, has not been a country paying much attention to history like the Arabs, like the Chinese and like others, and we

So it is a good thing that in Ind our attention is steering more a more to what might be called t scientific study of history and for th of course records are needed. B what exactly do you mean by historic records? In the old days you mig have said the records of kings, ruler important men, what they thoug what they did, documents, importa documents and all that. That is, th history was supposed to be largely d pendent on the personal whims of king or an emperor or somebody el who played an important part.

Well, I presume that that is not th viewpoint now. Apart from the fa that such kings and rulers becom fewer and fewer in the world, histo

Completely Objective ?

> period that interests me is a period when I can identify myself with it, in a greater or lesser measure, at any rate for that moment, when I am dealing with it, reading or writing ....

is governed by other factors, not so much by the individual, although the individual counts, and even if the individual counts, he himself counts not as an old ruler, an old type of ruler, but as something entirely new, as a representative of mass opinion.

I suppose a very important document from the historical record point of view about an old ruler may be his love-letters or his personal life, because so much is dependent on that ruler's whims and vagaries.

Now, that type of influence may not be completely absent but is less obvious, and you have to deal with entirely new types of mass opinion, mass formation of society and a new society developing where the individual counts far less. And on the one side, there is a mass, the democratic mass if you like, on the other a technological society is developing with its own urges and momentum, so that the whole picture of history is changing.

If some future historian wants to write the history of our day, what kind of documents would he like? It is a good test. Probably there will be documents, let us say, of India today, documents of what the Planning Commission was doing and how it is bringing about an industrial revolution here. Many of you may or may not agree with it. Many of you presumably are what might be called professional historians with your eyes rather turned towards the past, to some extent to the present.

The centre of things changes. The most important thing today in India is the transition of India into a technological society. That is an important thing, not of the individual functions here, not of what letters he wrote or did not write. And any process which makes us realise the changes coming about, these technological changes, becomes important from the point of view of history, not the individual at all.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

And how are you to judge again history today? It is the history of masses, it is the history, not of the individual so much, although again I do not deny the importance of the individual, but it is a history of a mass and sometimes a mass without a definite, clear face about it. We have moved into entirely new regions of historical functioning. A historical writing must adapt itself to it and I fear that the historian of past ages will have to shift his emphasis and his understanding of events because he is too used to individuals functioning on an important stage: what happened in a battle, what a ruler wrote, what orders he gave; all that was important of course in those days, but it becomes unimportant, much less important today. Other factors come in. The whole shift of emphasis presumably changes.

I am merely putting some thoughts before you to consider. I am no historian. I have interest in history and if I may say so, I am interested in history, not at all or very little as some kind of dry-as-dust outlines of events in the past—it does not interest me in the slightest. The period of history that interests me is a period when I can identify myself with it, in a greater or lesser measure, at any rate for that moment, when I am dealing with it, reading or writing.

Now that leads to another conclusion. Personally speaking, as an amateur, I imagine that a historian can only write effectively about a period if he can for the moment become a part of that period. It does not matter what you wrote about it, what you write about the Vedic Age or some subsequent period in India. You must adapt yourself to that period and feel the urges, the impulses, the dangers, disasters, the joys, sorrows, then to some extent, of course only to some extent, you become part of that period and begin to get some vague understanding. It has to be vague, it can't be real but still some vague understanding of what people lived like and moved, what their hopes and difficulties were.

Once you do that you become part of that period for the time being. Immediately you cease to be or you tend to. cease to be completely objective historians, you. function just like an individual in the present context who presumes to write absolutely objectively, as if he was some distant observer of the current events today in the world or in India. Well, he can give a large number of dates and events, this happened and that happened, but only a professional historian will be able to read what he has written, completely uninteresting to anybody except as a reference book if you like.

If you want to give some flesh and blood to your conception of history, you must live it in the present or in the past. If you are apart from it, it is a dry stuff, not very much of human value except as a reference document. Therefore if you identify yourself with the period, whether the past or the present, you must have mused about that period.

The historian is not supposed to be a blank mind, incapable of human feelings, desires, urges, aspirations, just reflecting somebody else's mind. I say this because there is so much talk about the objective view of doing things. Well, if I may say so with all humility, there is no such thing in the wide world as an objective view except for the objective fool. Any man who has any guts in him has views. Yes. He should suppress them. He should not allow them to come to distort his vision. That is true. But if he has absolutely no views at all on prolems that agitate humanity, he can never enter into the spirit of humanity. He must have views and the stronger the views the more he can identify himself. Of course if they are too strong he may topple over and intellectually topple over.

So this difficulty comes in. If you remain intellectually quite apart from the event you are dealing with, you do not wholly appreciate it, you cannot write about it with that warmth which good writing should contain. If you identify yourself more or less to some extent, you will get the warmth at the cost of objectivity.

I prefer the latter any day because there is life in that writing and life in that thinking even. Then there are bare records of events without anything that moves you. If you are not moved, if the writer is not moved, how can the reader be moved! It is obvious if the writer feels no deep interest or passion in what he is writing, obviously he cannot convey something he has not got, he cannot convey that to his readers. He may write text-books for students to pass an examination but it is not a book that people will read with pleasure.

So there is this difficulty about this business of history and now when the material of history is not the individual but society as such—in the biggest possible way—what records do you keep in your archives? It is all very well to talk about ancient records. You may have a letter of Akbar or an edict of Ashoka which is of the highest importance. It is all right. What records do you keep today of events because everything is important? Every pamphlet that somebody issues is important from the point of view of the historian. Probably that little pamphlet may give you an insight into something, or some poster will give you insight into something which you may not get from the fat tomes of history.

This is the material for future historians. Then you face this difficulty that the material is coming so fast that it is totally impossible for anyone to grasp it. You may spend your life in examining one tiny part of it and you may get some idea, you may become an expert in that tiny part, but understanding a tiny part does not mean understanding a picture at all, the picture of human life, the picture of man striving successfully or unsuccessfully, going forward and all that. You may write about a certain period; as I see, sometimes the syllabuses of universities, European history from 1789 to 1914, and so on and so forth, whatever it is.

Not having myself studied it, how it is done, I find it very difficult to understand or appreciate how anybody can understand the movement of the human race by studying history in this way. Of course, one can specialise in a particular period but only when you know something about an entire picture, then you can look closely with a microscope into a small part of it. If you look at the small part all the time all your life, then you shrink to that small part and keep apart from the wider picture yourself. That is the difficulty.

And now with this vast amount of material, every newspaper, every book, all this material for future history: How am I to read a hundred thousand books, billions of pages, newspapers and others? Nobody can do it. So that curiously enough while there is much commonness about our activities, and diversity of course, at the same time, there is such an abundance of things which are relevant that one tends to lose oneself in infinite details forgetting the broad things. That applies to the specialist historian who is looking at a little picture and forgetting that it is only a very small picture, a very small part of a bigger picture.

'Archives', I presume, nowadays means some relics of the past, not of the present, because every library, every place is the present 'archives' of tomorrow. It is only the relics that you discover of the distant past which you should preserve carefully, that helps you to understand that past. But as time goes on, every library in the country or in the world is a place of national archives. Not only the library but every institute, every place where work is done, is a place for archives of the past, whether it is a scientific institute, a technological institute, literary institute, every university, every place becomes that. So that these old conceptions begin to vary, change somewhat.

As you will see, I am speaking like a complete amateur on the subject, an amateur whose mind rather roams about these problems and whose mind is terribly afraid of getting into a rut, and one tends to revolt against anything that brings it into a routine way of thinking, a routine way of acting, which of course is the normal tendency for all of us and specially in the advanced age that I have reached. And historians who delve into the past may sometimes forget the present. And if they forget the present, their studies, though, no doubt, of value, will not have that much value which otherwise they may have.

On the other hand, if the historians live completely in the present and cannot transport themselves into the past of which they write, their writings and conclusions lose much significance.

So you must have as a historian a dual personality which partly lives in the present, and partly in the past, and if the two are not integrated, the past and the present, inside you, you may get into trouble with yourself. So these difficulties arise.

Now not being a historian at all and only a person interested in the development of human society and interested also in individuals who have played an important role in it, I can presume to speak to you because only two types of persons can speak about a subject, one is the person who knows a good deal about it; the other is a person who is completely ignorant about it. I belong to the latter type.

It is easier to explain evil in a God-dominated world than to explain good in a God-deserted world.

—Frank W. Collier.

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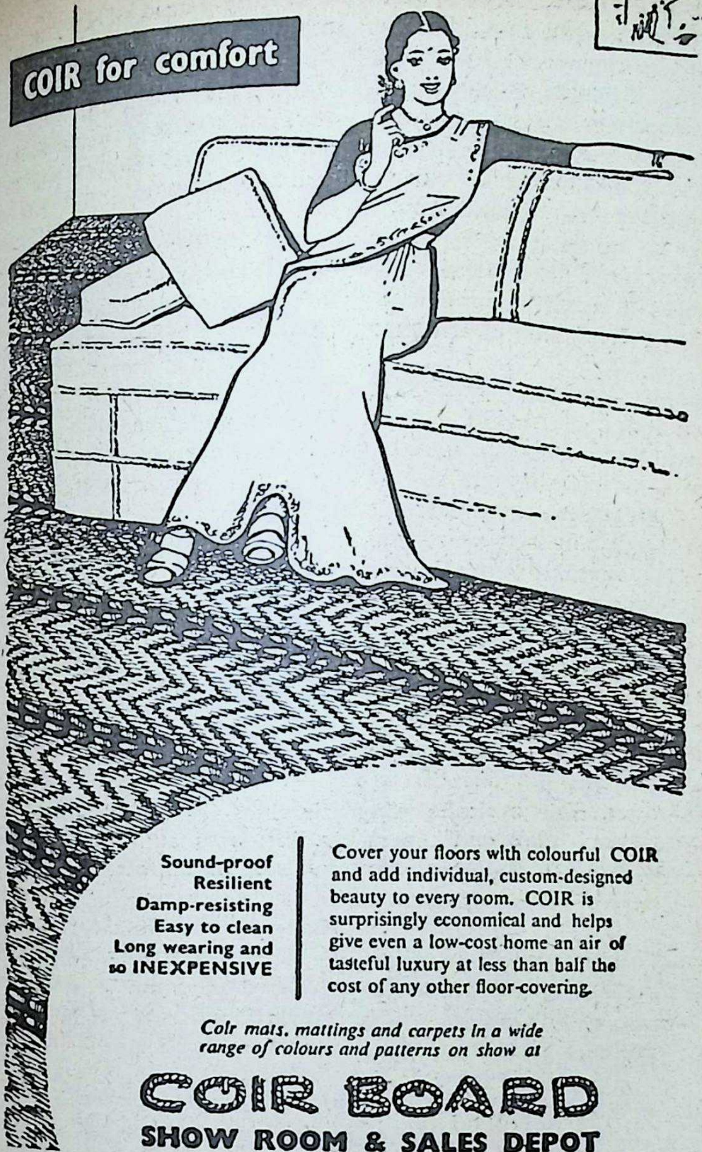

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LEO TOLSTOY

(1828-1910 A.D.)

Dr. A. K. Das Gupta

LEO TOLSTOY came of the distinguished Tolstoy family of Russia. His forefathers were big landlords and masters of thousands of serfs and retainers, all powerful men who loved wars as they loved court intrigues and diplomatic tactics. Some of them took active part in administration and warlike campaigns, as also the Napoleonic wars.

Leo's father Nikolai Tolstoy (the model for Rostov in *War and Peace*) went on the 1812 campaign against Napoleon. His mother, Princess Volkonski, knew Russian, French, German, English and Italian and could invent folk-tales. She was endowed with great moral qualities. The Tolstoys, like all Russian noble families, were inter-related through marriage.

Leo lost his mother before he was two years old. He heard a lot about his mother from his aunts and family servants. He thought highly of his mother's spiritual qualities. When he remembered her, he thought of her saintliness. In schooling her children, she had her inspiration from Rousseau's Emile. She liked her children to be kind-hearted rather than just alert-minded.

Pageant of Great Lives—3

Leo came into this world on August 28, 1828. He had three brothers; Nikolai (Leo's favourite), Sergei (a 'dandy'), Dmitri (black sheep of the family, model for the brother of Levin in *Anna Karenina*), and a sister Marya Nikolayevna (became a nun). Leo was greatly impressed by the handsome personality of his father who had settled down at Yasnaya Polyana, and as a landlord, was unusually kind to his serfs. His father's passion for hunting had also fascinated his imaginative mind.

Leo spent his early boyhood in a feminine atmosphere. His grandmother regaled him with stories and taught him the delight of loving. The grandmother used to take the children in the cabriolet into a grove of hazel trees and the nut glade which was filled with the scent of the leaves.

Among his brothers, the handsome, proud and self-confident Sergei filled him with adoration. Leo deeply loved his eldest brother Nikolai who was endowed with their mother's mental and moral virtues.

What first made Leo feel 'serious' in his life? It was their severe German tutor who insisted on irksome hours of duty. In *Childhood* Tolstoy gave an account of his tutor: "Foydor Ivanovich had been a shoemaker, a soldier, a rope-maker, and a bit of a Don Juan." But Ivanovich was kind and sentimental; he was absent-minded and sometimes got lost in hydrostatics; however, he punished his wards if they neglected their lessons by sending them to kneel in the corner.

More significant than his German lessons were his moral lessons which encouraged tolerance and kindness to the poor and destitute. Ivanovich, it must be mentioned to his credit, stimulated among the Tolstoy brothers an interest in producing a small magazine.

It is interesting to find that Leo, then a boy of seven, contributed short articles on the eagle, hawk, owl, parrot, cock and humming-bird. Aunt Tatyana taught French and laid a sound foundation for Leo. It appears that up to the age of nine, Leo had no systematic education.

Early in 1837 the family moved to Moscow. Father Tolstoy made himself scarce to his children. In the summer he went on business to Tula. While visiting his friend Temyashyov, he suddenly dropped dead in the street. The body was brought to Yasnaya Polyana for burial. The death brought to Leo's sensitive mind a feeling of religious horror and raised the eternal questions of life and death.

Tolstoy never proved to be a strong student, neither in boyhood nor in youth. He refused to assimilate any text unless his intellectual curiosity was roused. Conventional educational methods did not work in his case. The united efforts of several teachers, including student-teachers, failed to arouse his enthusiasm from the age of nine to thirty.

What was going on in the mind of that dull scholar, Leo Tolstoy? It was the problem of human happiness that tortured the young mind. He thought he found a solution and he readily practised it. If man can accept and endure suffering, he can never be unhappy.

So, in order to get used to pain and suffering, he would lash his bare back severely, bringing tears to his eyes. So for whole days he would not mind his lessons.

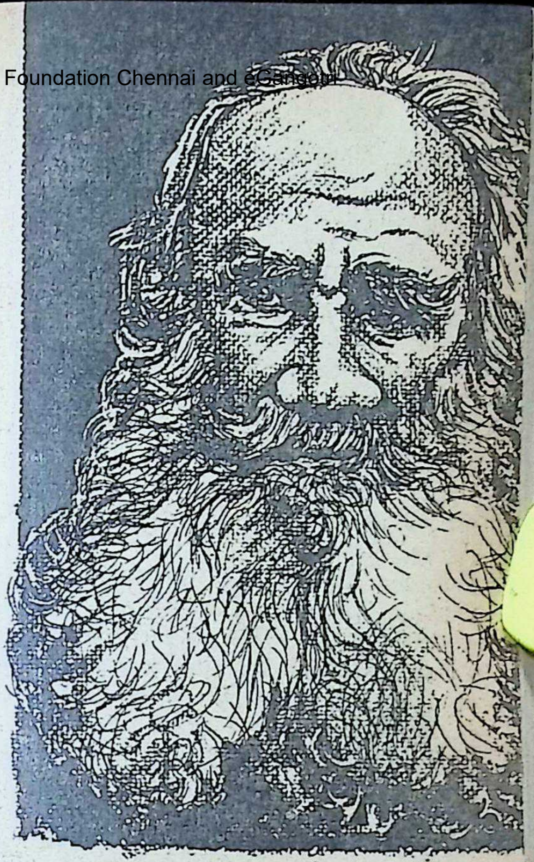
Leo became self-conscious too early in life. He was painfully aware of his personal ugliness, his thick lips, broad nose, small eyes and tufted hair, his awful shyness, his self-conscious pride. In boyhood he was singularly lonely. He was put through a drilling in fencing and riding, and his thoughts turned to the army.

As a boy he was stirred by the sound of fire-engines drawn by fast horses. There were many bizarre actions to the credit of boy Tolstoy. He always made a bid for personal attention. He once shaved off his eyebrows. He felt sure he could fly by sitting on his heels, holding fast his arms around his knees, and jumping off into space. And what was the consequence? He fell down eighteen feet below and was picked up unconscious.

After their grandmother's death in 1838, as a measure of economy, Nikolai and Sergei were kept at Moscow under the care of Aunt Alexandra for higher studies.

Leo was too young to enter the university. He was toying with the idea of a career. Aunt Pelageya put seeds of ambition in the young head. She encouraged him to be *aide-de-camp* to the Emperor.

Pelageya's house at Kazan was one of the social centres of the town and the Tolstoy boys got an opportunity to mix with men and women who mattered. In May 1844, he took the admission test. For his poor work in history, geography, statistics and Latin, he was refused admission. Later, not long after admission, his enthusiasm for university social life waned. He would cut lectures, and in terminal examinations he showed poor results, so poor that he was not permitted by the university authorities to return. He transferred himself to the Faculty of Jurisprudence in 1845. This faculty was notorious for indiscipline and levity. He took a good deal of interest in criminal law. In the mid-year examinations, he showed poor results but did well in the finals and was promoted to the second year.



While in the university, he developed an analytical mind and grew critical of the university, of the professors and of the accepted institutions, of Catherine's Nakas (a code of laws). In April 1847, he asked for permission to leave the university before taking the final examinations in the Faculty of Jurisprudence. His petition was granted. His Professor remarked, 'extremely poor'.

Leo had devoured French novels by Sue and Dumas, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Dickens's *David Copperfield*, Gogol's *Dead Souls* and *Tales*, Turgenev's *Sportsman's Notebook*, Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, Schiller's *The Robbers*, etc. He read the complete works of Rousseau, and it was Rousseau who influenced his thought most.

At 23, Tolstoy had but scant success. He failed to secure a university degree, to improve the lot of his serfs, or to attain a good position in the army, civil service, or society. In April 1851, Tolstoy set out with his brother, Nikolai, for the wild, spectacular Caucasus that inspired Pushkin, Marlinski and Lermontov.

Tolstoy continued his literary labours in the midst of warlike activities. After *Childhood* he worked on *Boyhood*.

On 18th February, 1854, Emperor Nicholas I died ; his successor, Alexander II took the decision to continue war against England and France. In the battle of Inkerman, Russia lost ten thousand men. Tolstoy saw action at Sevastopol. He wrote war despatches. His three sketches made him famous. War, according to him, brought mutilation and death to man's soul.

For a brief period Tolstoy had served as an Inspector in a Petersburg Munitions Factory. He was on leave to Moscow. Turgenev, then the leader of the literary world of Russia, introduced Tolstoy to the literary set. From Moscow he hurried to Oryol where his brother Dmitri died of consumption. That pathetic scene was sketched by Tolstoy in describing the death of Nikolai Levin in *Anna Karenina*.

About the end of 1854, Tolstoy, then a Lieutenant, sent in his resignation from the army. He obtained his release about the end of 1856. His part in the Crimean War was a notable record. After the Sevastopol slaughter, he turned a pacifist. He came to live with Turgenev, who found young Tolstoy an impossible man.

Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya, sadder but wiser, then a 29-year old thinker. He felt for his sister Marya who had broken away from her husband. He wished to work and live for others, but spiritual gloom was beginning to come over him.

Early in 1861, Tolstoy went to London on an educational mission, heard a lecture by Dickens on education, a long speech by Prime Minister Palmerston in the House of Commons, contacted Matthew Arnold (the famous Inspector of Schools), visited the Kensington Museum (the best institution of higher learning, according to Tolstoy), met Alexander Herzen, a Russian revolutionary in exile in London. From London he went to Brussels to meet Proudhon, a French Socialist in exile, whom he impressed greatly by his learning and intellect. Proudhon's book, *La Guerre et la Paix*, a work on the Law of War, had a good deal to do with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

His pedagogical tour brought him

to Germany where he visited the kindergarten schools in Weimar and Gotha, but in them he saw nothing but "geometrical drawings and basket-work trifling."

In Berlin he met the novelist Berthold Auerbach, author of *Ein Neues Leben*, a novel of rural life, which he admired most. Auerbach gave him light, he wrote later. Auerbach on his part was impressed by Tolstoy's exalted nature. Some time in April 1861, he returned to Russia, and he never left his country for the remaining fifty years of his life.

Tolstoy gave his time and attention ungrudgingly to the education of peasant boys and girls. Education, in his view, was personal, not social. Education should help an individual develop his capacity to serve humanity and his desire for equality. He never paid heed to Macaulay and Hegel in the matter of education. In his Yasno-Polyana school the children were taught graded reading, grammar (not liked by Tolstoy), composition, penmanship, sacred history, Russian history, music, drawing, mathematics, natural sciences, religion. Freedom, not rigid discipline, was insisted upon.

Tolstoy was of the opinion that education pattern was determined by the conditions of the society. Over the door of Tolstoy's school was written in bold letters: "Enter and Leave Freely." He produced a school magazine and in trying to publicize his educational ideals, he invited a severe criticism which appeared in the pages of *The Contemporary*. He was attacked as an ignoramus in education and his school was condemned as "a gypsy encampment". His idea of freedom, the critics thought, bordered on anarchy and was a threat to the authority of the State.

In spite of his apparent failure, he, in later life, remembered his teaching experience at school as wonderful and exceedingly bright.

Tolstoy had great regard for manual labour. He thought it his religious duty to use hands for worldly goods. He did 'bread labour' himself. In this matter he greatly influenced Mahatma Gandhi as none else had done. Like Spinoza, he would say: "Use your head for heavenly thoughts, your hands for material goods."

It is clear that Tolstoy before his marriage was swaying between materialism and spiritualism and he lacked mental rest. Tolstoy was then thirty-four. His attention fell upon the Bers family residing within 25 miles from Tolstoy's countryhouse, and he yearned for family happiness. There were three Bers sisters in that noble house who were interested in painting, music and literature. Tolstoy paid several visits to the Bers family while in residence in Moscow.

For some time, he did not know which sister to choose. Finally, he fixed his choice upon the eighteen-year-old Sonya (Sofya Andreyevna) a rosy girl in the pink of health. On September 23, 1862, the marriage was solemnized.

Fancy, the bridegroom kept the bridal party, the guests and the priest waiting in the church! His valet arrived to say that his master had no clean shirt to wear, which was somehow procured.

A few months passed in full felicity. After the first flush of love and joy was over, they had a series of quarrels and reconciliations.

Tolstoy lived an honourable family life. He attained comparative peace and calm. No longer that tumult in his breast, no longer that frustration that seized him, no longer that vanity. He stopped working for his school and the school magazine. He was engaged in his creative literary work.

By September 1863, *War and Peace* absorbed his attention. He took five years (1864-1869) to complete this novel which was in fact the story of the struggle of nations, of their happiness and sorrow and humiliation. The characters were suggested by the people he knew in life.

The tremendous novel was a vast canvas on which was painted the panorama of life during the mighty struggle between Russia and France under Napoleon, "the Beast of Revelation". Vivid pictures are shown of the French army of four hundred thousand men being drawn farther and farther into Russia and of the Russian army refusing to be drawn into a major engagement; of Prince Andrei wounded and bleeding, at last dying in the apartments of Natasha, the girl he loved best; of Pierre made captive by the French, marching over snow and slush with the spectre of the dying and dead fellow-prisoners, of rotting carcases of dogs and horses, having only platon Karataev to comfort him with smiles and stories and consolatory moral precepts, convincing him that 'the God of that poor simple fellow Karataev was grander, more real and more true than the Architect of the Universe' known to the theologians; of Napoleon witnessing from the height of Semyonovskoye the smoke and horror of the battlefield strewn with thousands killed and wounded which rendered both victory and defeat a mockery and the whole struggle unmeaning: *War and Peace* presented Tolstoy's philosophy of history.

The significant events of history, in his view, depended not upon the will of any one man, Napoleon or Wellington, but were preordained. And Tolstoy argued that Generals, Kings and Emperors were but slaves of history.

On 20th March, 1873, Tolstoy began *Anna Karenina*. He took the cue for it from Pushkin's *Tales of Belkin*. In *Anna Karenina* as in *War and Peace*, he drew upon the stuff of life. Here he deals with the moral lapse of a lady married into high society. Anna falls from grace after eight years of married life, sacrificing all that is sacred for the sake of a man called Vronski and ends tragically by throwing herself under a running train, tortured by selfishness, jealousy and hate. Tolstoy knitted into the novel a parallel story of love between Kitty and Levin. Tolstoy projected his own character into Levin, and that of his dead brother Dmitri into Levin's brother Nicolai. 'Scenes of Tolstoy's own life were transferred to the novel, and touched by his imagination, turned magnificent. As a work of art, *Anna Karenina* was a model of perfection and highly praised by Dostoyevsky. In this work of art, Tolstoy explored the mystery of human fate as never before and stated in an entrancing manner that man's happiness depended on the fixed laws of nature. It was completed in 1877, a lofty piece of work, though not so immense in scope as *War and Peace*, at once illustrative of Tolstoy's exquisite creative art and imaginative vision. His reputation as the greatest of Russian writers was established.

His other great works are: *The Cossacks* (1863), *My Confession* (1879-82), *The Power of Darkness* (1885), *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* (1893), *Resurrection* (1899).

Tolstoy's spiritual quest continued. He noticed that the Russian peasants had faith in God and felt that life was pleasant when he had faith in God and painful when he lost faith in God. He heard the promptings of his inner voice: "God is life. Live seeking God and then you will not live without God."

He observed the rites and rituals of the Orthodox Church but remained dissatisfied. The relation of man to God was the great problem of life, and that tortured him. His boldest utterances on the subject are to be found in his *Confession*. Tolstoy said in effect that man could gain morally by serving God and humanity.

In October 1879, he looked back over the past fifty years of his life and made an entry in his diary: "There are worldly people, heavy and wingless. Their activity is on the ground. There are strong ones among them: Napoleon. They leave terrible traces among men and cause a commotion, but it is all on earth. . . There are those who have heavenly wings, and purposely—from love to men—descend to earth (folding their wings) and teach men to fly. When they are needed no more, they fly away: Christ."

Tolstoy at the age of 50 felt that his wife was estranged from him and his children indifferent to him. Rather unaccountable. Perhaps he was too great and grand for his family. At this stage Tolstoy questioned dogmatic theology, but he had new appreciation of 'Resist not him that is evil ; and love your enemies.' He rose above spiritual suffering and felt happy.

The Tsar Alexander II was assassinated by the Russian Revolutionaries who were condemned to death. Tolstoy was against capital punishment. Urged by his new faith, 'resist not him that is evil,' he addressed a letter to Tsar Alexander III. The letter admitted the enormity of the assassination and quoting the passage from Matthew 'Love your enemies', prayed to the Tsar to return good for evil. The letter was delivered to the Tsar through the help of Tolstoy's friend Strakhov well-known in the literary circle, and Pobedonostsev who was a church dignitary and once the tutor of Alexander III. The Tsar rejected the proposal and all the six condemned criminals were executed.

Tolstoy read Dostoyevsky's *House of the Dead* and poured his praise over it. He had about him all kinds of gospels in all possible languages. It appeared that he was turning from art to religion. He thought of the morally low as dark people.

Poverty, famine and squalor always drew Tolstoy's attention. Around 1881 Tolstoy chose to be a Census Officer to visit the slums of Moscow. He distributed money and drinks freely.

In 1886 he lost his four-year-old son Alyosha ; perhaps that was the third case of bereavement, having previously lost two other infants. He though death was good and would unite him with those that had parted. In that very year he wrote *What Then Must We Do?* which carried his notions of the duty of women to bear and rear children.

The State and the Church went against Tolstoy because of his popularity and fame as an author and his charity towards the poor and suffering. The State feared that punishment given to Tolstoy would only serve to propagate his daring ideas.

In 1892 there was misery in Russia caused by famine. Tolstoy directed the work of relief at Begichevka. He set up 246 kitchens to feed 13,000 people daily and 124 kitchens to feed 3,000 children daily. A veritable Samaritan, and he moved like a god among men.

In 1893 the Russian-English Literary Society elected him an honorary member of the Society. He felt pleased. In August that year Henry George sent him a collection of books and stories. Tolstoy was happy that there would be no private property in land but considered Henry George's idea of a single tax in land not quite satisfactory.

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In 1896 the whole machinery of the State was down on the followers of Tolstoy. Four thousand of them were exiled and subjected to extreme torture and privation. Four hundred perished. Tolstoy raised a charity fund for them. Students dissatisfied with university authorities and their bureaucratic methods would come to Tolstoy for helpful intervention. Injustice anywhere touched him deeply: Turn to the subject of his *Resurrection* (1899): there also you find a moving tale of sorrow, actually a court case related to Tolstoy by a lawyer friend concerning an orphan girl seduced by a daring young man but abandoned to her fate when she was an expectant mother, later forced into the life of a fallen woman. Going deep into the novel, one finds a tense tug-of-war between the moralist and the artist in Tolstoy.

Like the fragrance of flowers, Tolstoy's fragrance spread far and wide. His writings inflamed the passions of Russians in their abject misery and suffering, and the Government banned his works. He came into conflict with every kind of authority, and he was excommunicated from the Church by the Holy Synod.

Tolstoy received no support from his family for his strange moral prin-ples and religious views. A quarrel over the copyrights of his works increased the family tension. Critical attacks on his teachings also made him miserable. His peasant friend Novikov visited Yasnaya Polyana in October 1910. On the night of October 20, Tolstoy said to him: "...I'll not conceal from you the fact that in this house I'm roasted as though I were in hell. I've always thought and desired to go off somewhere—to the woods, to a watchman's hut, or to some poor peasant in the village where we could help each other..." He felt he was redundant in the house, and he decided to go away and save himself, not Leo Nikolayevich, but something more than Leo, something beyond Leo.

In his 83rd year, he left his home, came to visit Masha at Shamardino Convent. Sasha (Alexandra) was the only child who was interested in her father's spiritual strivings. She came to the Convent. From there Tolstoy moved south and arrived in Astapovo where he fell ill. His severe cold developed into pneumonia, and he was taken to a room in the stationmaster's house. His good and faithful friend Chertkov, and his sons and daughters came, and his wife too, though she remained a thing apart without letting him know of her presence. Half a dozen doctors were in attendance. The attention of the entire world press was focussed on obscure Astapovo. In his last moments Tolstoy tried to dictate something, but his utterances were inarticulate. Alexandra could hear only "To seek, always to seek".

After a few days of suffering, on November 7, 1910, came the end. His body was taken to Yasnaya Polyana. Thousands of peasants followed his coffin. They buried Tolstoy in the spot chosen by Tolstoy long ago where was hidden the green stick by his brother Nikolai, when a mere child, just in a playful mood. This green stick had a story of its own. It carried an inscription holding the secret that would bring about a Golden Age when all would be happy brothers and love one another.

The virtue of an ideal consists in its boundlessness. But although religious ideals must thus from their very nature remain unattainable by imperfect human beings, although by virtue of their boundlessness they may seem ever to recede farther and farther away from us, the nearer we go to them, still they are closer to us than our very hands and feet because we are more certain of their reality and truth than even our own physical being. This faith in one's ideals constitutes true life. in fact, it is man's all in all.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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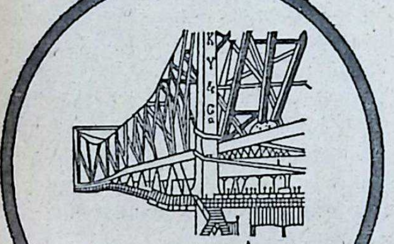

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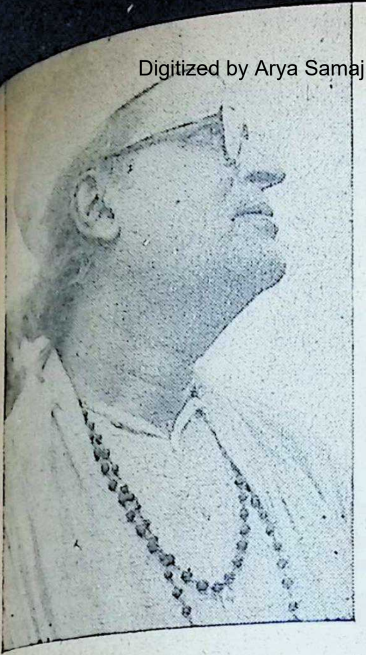

India Needs Genuine Spiritual Centres

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Dilip Kumar Roy

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WHEN first we came to Poona it was only with the intention of completing the *sadhana* we had begun under the aegis of my Gurudev, Sri Aurobindo, that is, to realize Krishna. We could do this only where the atmosphere is favourable and that is why we came to Poona where none demurred and everybody cooperated—where we found so many friends, so much love awaiting us till, gradually, it was revealed to us that we were expected to build a spiritual centre here with the Lord's Image as the Presiding Deity.

Now there are some ideas jostling about for expression in my mind; I would like to tell you of these for a little—stressing, primarily, the rationale, the *raison d'etre* of such a nucleus—an Ashram temple. I don't claim that my ideas are unalterable like fossils. I may have to modify them, even remodel them, in the years to come—who knows? All I claim is that what I am going to say shall roundly represent my opinion at this stage of my evolution.

When I first thought of building an Ashram in Poona I recalled my twenty-five years' stay in Sri Aurobindo Ashram and realized how much I had learned at his feet about what an Ashram should be.

Sri Aurobindo held certain strong views regarding Ashrams with which I am in fundamental agreement. His model was the Vedic Ashram of old. He believed then, as I believe now, that an Ashram would be built around a nucleus of a limited number of aspirants who, under the guidance of the Guru, should be *completely* dedicated to the realization of the Divine.

The Ashram should be able to cater to the needs of the *sadhakas* so that they may dedicate themselves exclusively to this one ideal. Some people say that twelve is the optimum number of disciples. Vivekananda used to say that if he could find twenty individuals, completely dedicated to the Divine, he could change the face of the world.

But the original ideal was a good one, I believe. And a few spiritual centres, inspired by such an ideal, can both stimulate general aspiration today and give the right lead to one-pointed seekers. I have seen several God-realised saints in different parts of India, but they have not always had Ashrams of their own, possibly because they have never felt the urge to build one.

But we feel that India today needs a few genuine spiritual centres if only to "keep the home fires burning". For, everywhere you look in the world today you see nothing but strife and discontent. Everybody is talking atheism. From whom then will the true seekers hear of the Deeper Reality—the Light they so badly need?

The other day I saw in a newspaper that some world-betterers have seriously suggested enrolling the sadhus in a State Organisation and making it compulsory for them to devote four hours a day to philanthropic work. The sadhus who formerly were venerated by our kings must now be subservient to the State and truckle to its secular authority! This is one of the most outrageous proposals I have ever heard mooted in this our holy land. If it should go through, it will certainly seal the doom of *dharma* in India.

Of course it won't happen—it can't—because the Lord *is* pledged to look after the sadhus, but the very fact that it has been entertained at all by our intelligentsia is appalling and, worse still, a few pseudo-sadhus are already loud in the land, advocating the movement. For them, perhaps, it would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished", as they would win State patronage.

Also there are quite a few people who seriously believe that it is incumbent on an Ashram to do humanitarian work, to serve mankind. This is the so-called humanistic approach. I have no quarrel with those who believe in such an ideal. Let them follow their own lights, in their own way, drilled and arrayed, or otherwise. Only this is not *our* view of the true function of an Ashram, our ideal being spiritual, not humanistic.

We can only surrender at the feet of the Divine, Lord Krishna, and let Him manifest through us as He would. For we know that if we are completely surrendered to Him, He cannot but manifest through us and so help Humanity forward. Of course it will not be in the way these social reformers expect—by building hospitals, socialistic regimentation, factories, laboratories, schools and Five Year Plans—but it will be something of enduring value in the hearts of men.

I will give you an apposite simile which occurred to me in Cape Comorin a few years back. There was a swimming pool in the State Guest House where I was staying, which, through the contrivance of a sluice, connected directly into the sea. Now day after day as I watched I saw that whenever the sea rolled, waves were also produced in the pool. I discovered that when the sea was calm, the pool also would be perfectly tranquil; if it changed colour so would the pool.. So the derivative perfectly reflected all the moods of its parent because a permanent junction had been established between the twain. When one swam in the pool it gave you the impression of swimming in the sea because there was also some sort of contrivance to replenish the water so it always looked fresh and pure. The only difference was that here there was no chance to drown. I think that it is a good simile. I have never heard it used before... If Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa had been here tonight, he would, I think, have given me a nice pat on the back.

But to be serious, I may add that the simile implies that when we create a junction between ourselves and the Divine, our thoughts, our speech, our actions all must mirror His will manifesting through us: we become, in Guru Nanak's words, coloured in His colour, and it is for that that we are all here.

I have never felt that I was superior to any of you. I am just a humble aspirant deeply conscious of my limitations. If, nevertheless, I feel strong it is only because I know that His Grace is sustaining me and just using me to spread His Name. If I had not been assured of this I would never have created our temple-home here or anywhere else.

Besides, I am fully conscious that by myself I am nothing at all, and that so many sadhus have fallen unawares after having bitten more than they could chew—who thought, alas, that they have become big people worthy of all that disastrous adulation a motley crowd always fosters. I say 'disastrous' because as soon as you think that you are something by yourself you stultify yourself and are reduced to naught. A sadhu or Guru should always watch his steps even more sleeplessly than others—to be able to retain his humility intact.

A few days ago Indira gave us a beautiful and apposite simile which bears repetition. She said that our bodies are like *pradips,* tiny earthen lamps. When the potter prepares these and puts them away, people hardly notice what he is doing. He dries them in the sun, puts them in the fire, breaks them into pieces and then remoulds them. Similarly, the Lord prepares His instruments. It is only when *He* comes to light the lamps that they assume a lasting significance.. So I keep telling myself all the time that I am just one of these humble earthen lamps that He in His Grace has lit and that is why I would like to share with you the little light that has come to me from on high.

There is an old mystic saying of which I am very fond. It says that when you are in darkness and have only one lamp, it is better to light it than to go on cursing the darkness. The darkness is so vast and global that we by our unaided efforts and mental planning can never repeal it. We can only play the humble roles allotted to each of us and leave the rest to Him who has sown in us the urge to play up and flower to fulfilment. *Karmanyevadhikarasthe ma phaleshu kadachana*—says the *Gita*: It means that we have the right to work but not to the fruits thereof. We have but to shed what little light is vouchsafed to us and be done with it.

FOOD FOR PEACE and PL-480

THE latest U.S.-India food agreement is an outstanding example of America's effort to put its abundance to good use where it is needed most. Although unique in volume and range, this agreement has called attention to important characteristics shared by all such U.S. accords, notably their aim of directing abundance to need, and their conformity with principles of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO).

FAO welcomed the agreement under which the U.S. will sell India 17 million tons of foodstuffs for rupees, with 85 per cent of the rupees to be made available for Indian economic development. FAO said such arrangements are "twice blessed" since they help to move supplies into immediate consumption in areas where consumption levels are low, and at the same time contribute to the creation of stronger economies in recipient countries. The U.N. agency commented that the various U.S. Government programmes for moving foodstuffs to deficit regions should go a long way towards furthering the objectives of FAO's freedom-from-hunger campaign to be launched in July.

FAO principles of surplus disposal are designed to ensure that the use of food reserves will result in genuine additional consumption and that the disposal will be orderly and avoid harmful interference with normal production and trade patterns. The U.S. Government has recognized these principles in all discussions regarding disposal of surplus stocks and in the drawing up of Title I agreements under Public Law 480, FAO said.

PL-480 has become a familiar designation around the world. Most of the countries of South Asia, Africa and the Middle East are receiving or have received U.S. surplus commodities under its terms. Here are some of the facts concerning this far-reaching U.S. legislation.

While the bulk of U.S. agricultural exports represent sales for dollars, special programmes have been devised for countries which need food but lack dollars with which to buy. Most of the exports under such programmes are under the authority of PL-480—the Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act passed by the U.S. Congress in 1954. The purpose of the Act is to achieve constructive use of the agricultural surpluses of the United States, and it provides four methods for moving these products into world consumption; sales for foreign currencies, grants in times of emergency, donations through private American voluntary relief organizations, and barter contracts.

The largest PL-480 programme is carried out under Title I of the Act, which provides for the sale of U.S.

rpluses to friendly countries with ment to be received in local cur- cies. This programme makes it pos- le for countries to obtain needed d when they could not buy it other- e without seriously impairing their elopment effort. In authorizing the ceptance of foreign currencies for U.S. farm products, PL-480 enables cipient countries to use their scarce reign exchange for economic deve- pment purposes. In addition, about per cent of the foreign currencies nerated under PL-480 sales are loan- d, back to foreign governments for onomic development. These loans, us grants for development projects d loans to private business firms, celerate development in many coun- es of the world.

The United States has signed 188 Title I agreements with 38 countries, t their request. Commodities involv- d include such important products as eat and wheat flour, food grains, ry products, fats and oils and rice. The agreement with India is by far e largest single transaction of this d negotiated since PL-480 was en- ted. Other countries with which Title I agreements have been signed lude Pakistan, Ceylon, Iran, Turkey, d the United Arab Republic. In the e of the UAR, U.S. grain has been pped to both the Syrian and Egyp- n regions.

The United States makes an earnest ort to see that sales of its surplus mmodities under PL-480 do not turb world prices and normal com- rcial trade operations. The law it- f states that in negotiating such eements, the President shall take cautions "to assure that sales under Act will not unduly disrupt world prices of agricultural commodities or normal patterns of commercial trade with friendly countries". The success of these efforts is evidenced by the fact that since the beginning of the programme through the end of last year some $ 4200 million worth of commodities had been committed for export, and 85 per cent of their value actually exported, without unfavourable effect on commodity prices or trade relations among free nations.

Title II of PL-480 authorizes the use of surplus farm products for emergency assistance to other countries. The largest number of projects under this programme have been for disaster relief—such as aid during the intense floods in Ceylon several years ago—but surplus commodities also have been used for a wide variety of other purposes. For example, supplies of wheat and rice have been shipped to Morocco and Tunisia for free food programmes for Algerian refugees in those countries.

The many other food grants that have been made under this PL-480 programme, in response to the request of the countries concerned, include: Grain to help solve a severe food problem in Yemen caused by drought; Rice and wheat flour to the Republic of Ghana to help that country meet its food requirements; Wheat and sorghum to help alleviate shortages in Ethiopia created by drought and locust infestation; Grain to help combat results of severe drought in Libya; Wheat to help offset the effects of shortages in grain production in Afghanistan; Wheat and food grains to Lebanon to alleviate shortages resulting from drought and insect infestation.

Title III of PL-480 authorizes gifts of food from surplus stocks to be made to persons in other countries through American voluntary relief agencies such as Church World Service, Catholic Relief Services and CARE. Foodstuffs have been distributed under this PL-480 programme in the UAR, Ethiopia, Liberia, Jordan, and Iran, to name but a few. Commodities reprocessed are packaged and transported to U.S. ports of export at government expense, and in some cases the government pays ocean freight charges.

Title III also includes a barter programme involving contracts under which US agricultural surpluses are exchanged for various materials of other countries.

In helping strengthen other countries through these special food programmes, the U.S. is helping itself. A direct benefit to the U.S. is the favourable effect of expanded agricultural exports on the national economy. The special programmes do not by any stretch of imagination represent an answer to domestic farm problems arising from America's very abundance. However, it is recognized that the main trouble in the world today is not over-production but underconsumption, and PL-480 programmes are attempts to bring surplus food to hungry people.

PL-480 programmes are being geared to President Eisenhower's Food-for-Peace programme which seeks practical means of using the various agricultural surpluses of surplus-producing nations "in the interest of re-enforcing peace and the well-being of free people throughout the world."

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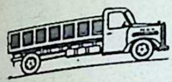

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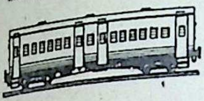

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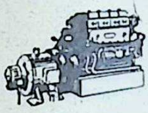

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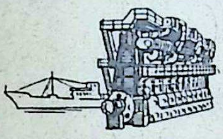

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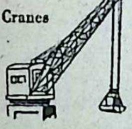

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

782

Sri S. Seturaman, Tiruraigdu.

Q: *What are the differences between Buddhi, Jnana and Manas according to the Gita?*

A: Manas is the mind. Buddhi is higher perception which comes of controlling the mind and transmuting attachment, fear and wrath into transcendent equanimity. Jnana is the conquest of ignorance which confounds Reality with appearance.

783

Sri Kullayi Reddy, Tirupati.

Q: *Is evolution the same as revolution? If so, in what sense are they identical?*

A: Evolution is the orderly and steady process of transforming life. Revolution is an abrupt and sudden attempt at forcing transformation.

784

Sri K. Ramakrishnan, Anantapur.

Q: *Does forgetfulness go with intelligence?*

A: These two are entirely different. Intelligent man may or may not go with forgetfulness. Forgetfulness may go with stupidity; even good memory may be associated with lack of commonsense.

785

Sri Achumkru, Bangalore.

Q: *The grief of Arjuna appears to show the attitude towards non-violence while the teachings of Krishna are an exhortation to violence. Therefore Arjuna's is the higher morality than that of Krishna. Am I right?*

A: I don't think Arjuna is inspired by non-violence. He is inspired by weakness of resolve and a failure to perceive his duty.

786

Sri K. Bhujangadhara, Fort, Bombay.

Q: *What do you think of religions other than your own? How far are they true in your view?*

A: (1) I respect all religions. I may not approve of some religious doctrines or rituals, even if they appertain to my religion, Hinduism.

(2) The basic truth in every religion is to rise out of sordidness and to surrender one's self to God.

787

Smt: P. G. Menon, Ottapalam.

Q: *In my simple life I have always understood 'truth is not telling a lie' and if I am to believe the Gandhian attitude by the obser-*

vance of this truth, I must be happy and get peace of mind. But in practice I do not find that observance of this truth leads to either happiness or peace of mind. My husband who has never uttered a lie and who is always leading a straight, frank, and upright life and who often says that 'God is within you if you realise it', has never been able to get peace of mind. He is always miserable and unhappy. Can you enlighten me?

A: From your question it appears your husband lacks a cheerful outlook, though he leads an upright life and believes in God. A man, even if he holds to truth, will never have peace of mind if he has no *faith* in God. Absolute faith in God would make him indifferent to praise or blame, happiness or misery.

788

Sri P. K. Krishnan Nair, Parur.

Q: Is the Constitution of France Presidential or Parliamentary?

A: It is Parliamentary. The President of France has less power than the King of England or our President.

789

Sri K. G. Venkatesha Murthy, Bangalore.

Q: Why do we worship a cow and not a buffalo though both serve the same purpose of providing milk?

A: Cow is intelligent and gentleness itself; she can be most affectionate and her milk is more refreshing. She can be maintained more cheaply; her offsprings serve agriculture and traffic. And thousands of years of racial habit has made her a social part of our life, which gives us the sense that all life is one.

790

Sri K. Govinda Raju, Mysore.

Q: How to avoid worrying?

A: Trust in God. Do your duty; stand by truth. And leave everything else to God.

791

Sri N. S. Venkat Rao, Koppa Kadur.

Q: What constitutes 'Violence'?

A: (1) Violence in a narrow sense may mean inflicting physical injury.

(2) In a broad sense it may also mean inflicting pain, bodily or mental.

(3) In its widest sense it includes hate, malice—anything which prompts an attitude of mind which obstructs the development of love.

792

Sri Hari Lal Shrivastava, Ranchi.

Q: Can you tell me, is he the same Sage Narada who has been moving in all the four Yugas? And if so, where is he today? Is he an individual or represents merely a function?

A: Narada, as I understand the conception, is the universal conscience which reminds men, in their sane moments, that their duty is to conform to Dharma, that is the Moral Order, which sustains the Universe.

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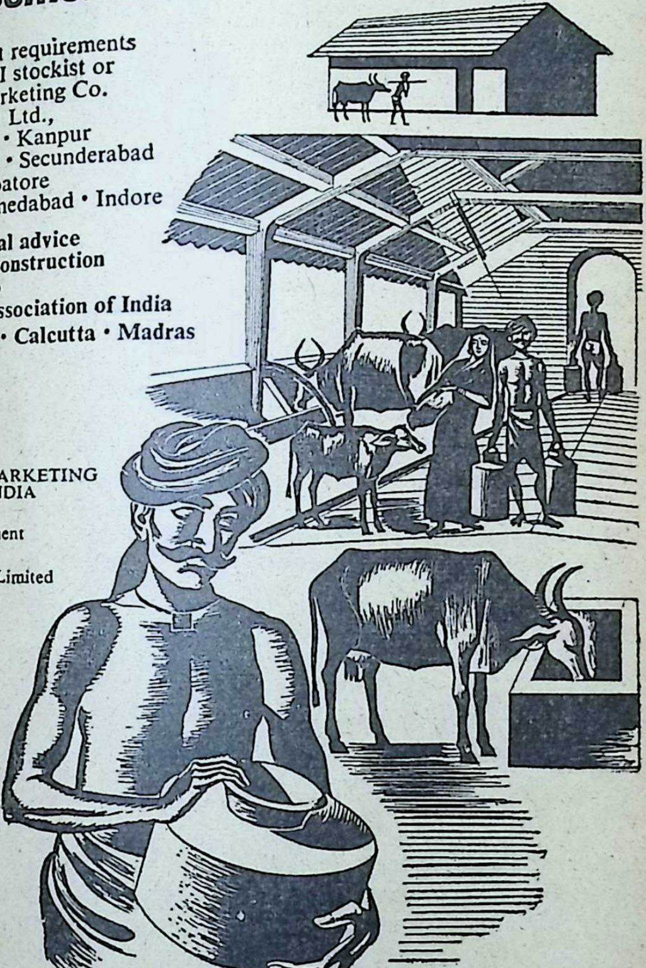

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S. K. PATIL

FROM the agricultural village of Pati in rural Ratnagiri District of the State of Bombay to India's capital, New Delhi, is a far cry, judged even by extraordinary standards, but to Sadashiv Kanoji Patil it is all so easy and so natural a climbing.

The 59-year old Food Minister of India has worked his way to greatness and has quite a number of remarkable achievements behind him.

His recipe is eighteen hours' work a day.

Early this month he reached yet another high point in his career when, on behalf of the Government of food-hungry India, Sri Patil signed in Washington the biggest food deal ever concluded between the Government of India and that of the United States of America, involving 16 million metric tons of wheat and one million metric tons of rice, meaning on the average the shipment from America to India of more than one shipload of wheat per day for the next four years!

Sri Patil was born on 14th August 1900, but not with a silver spoon in his mouth, and has two brothers and two sisters. His parents were modest agriculturists in the former Savantwadi State of pre-Independent India, now part of Ratnagiri District in the State of Bombay. He received his early education at the Kudal High School, and he passed his Matric from the Malwan High School, Malwan, in his home district.

During school days, young Patil was known for brilliance in studies and early in life, he had acquired a sound knowledge of Sanskrit. Even during those days, he was greatly influenced by the writings and speeches of Mahatma Gandhi.

In 1920, then a student of St. Xavier's College in Bombay, he heard Gandhiji's speech at Azad Maidan on the Civil Disobedience Movement, and Sri Patil immediately decided to plunge heart and soul into the freedom struggle. He left college immediately and participated in the struggle and earned a jail sentence.

On release from prison, he did not go back to his college studies, but took to teaching in the Rashtriya School in Malwan where he worked for three years. In 1924, he left for England and studied journalism in the London School of Economics.

Back in India in 1927, he worked as

a journalist for a brief spell, but again freedom struggle drew him into it as a valiant fighter. In 1928 he was elected to the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee and in 1929, became its General Secretary, which position he held until 1946 when he was elected its President; he resigned the position of President in 1957 upon his appointment as Minister for Irrigation and Power by the Government of India.

His contribution to the building up of the Congress Party in Bombay State is notable. Almost from scratch, he built up the organization in Bombay, infused new life into it and brought it up to its present pre-eminent position.

In the company of the late K. F. Nariman, Sri Patil launched the Wadala Satyagraha movement in 1930, and in 1932, organized a magnificent reception accorded by the city of Bombay to Mahatma Gandhi on his return from the Round Table Conference. Again, the great success of the plenary session of the Indian National Congress held in Bombay in 1934 and the success of every similar session of the AICC was due entirely to his admirable organizing ability and inexhaustible energy for work.

Sri Patil's political activities earned him at least eight jail sentences, but even in jail, with the co-operation of the authorities, he organized the lives of fellow-prisoners and made living conditions more comfortable. It was due to his efforts that Visapur Jail could accommodate nearly 3,000 political prisoners.

No less notable has been his civic life. He had fought and won the elections to the Bombay Municipal Corporation ever since 1936 and had the unique distinction of being elected Mayor for three consecutive terms from 1949. During this period, he introduced adult franchise, revived old schemes such as Vaitarna, the slum clearance, better road construction, the Greater Bombay Scheme, and saw to it that not only were these set in motion but where possible also completed with a minimum of delay. The Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium owes its existence to his foresight, also the Congress House Estate. The Brahad Bharatiya Samaj in Bombay, established for the benefit of Overseas Indians, is the product mainly of his efforts in the cause of which he travelled widely in the neighbouring countries and collected funds. He is a great friend of the Bhavan too.

Sri Patil is an ace trouble-shooter of the Congress Party. Entrusted with the responsibility of turning the scales in favour of the Congress Party in Telengana in 1958 where it had suffered a severe setback at the hands of the Communists, Sri Patil not only succeeded in a very short time in restoring Congress to its dominant position, but also dealt a crushing blow to the strength of the Communists.

After Sri Patil's appointment to the Central Government's Cabinet as Minister for Irrigation and Power, he was given charge in 1958 of the portfolios of Transport and Communications and in August 1959, on the resignation of Sri A. P. Jain, became the country's Food and Agriculture Minister at a time when the threat of food shortage, that of rising food prices and the controversy over the government's food policy were at their height, and the magnitude of the problem remained challenging.

Sri Patil is an accomplished writer and speaker in three languages—English, Marathi and Hindi. He takes a keen interest in the library movement, is a trustee of the People's Library and Reading Room in Dhobi Talao, and is the President of the Marathi Granth Sangralaya, an institution engaged in the conduct of research into Marathi language.

He was the Chairman of the Film Inquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India and his recommendation for the formation of the Film Finance Corporation is now being implemented. His work in the cause of the film industry earned him the unique distinction of being the only honorary member of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association.

The labour movement in the country too has engaged his earnest attention; he organized the Mazdoor Sevak Sangh in 1945.

Sri Patil's married life is happy; he and his wife, Indirabai, have three sons and three daughters.

Seeing motion pictures is a pleasant hobby with him, and reading good books a pastime.

Sri Patil is an Indian to the core and thinks of himself as an Indian first, Indian last and Indian always.

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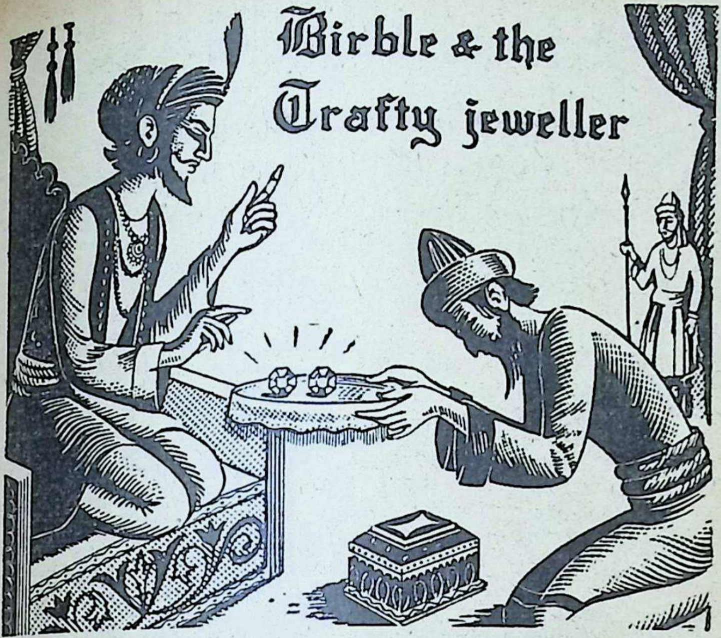

Once a jeweller brought two beautiful diamonds to Akbar's court. When asked about the price, he replied cryptically, "and select correctly, evaluate properly, pay the Right price." The diamonds looked so similar that many failed to value correctly. Then came Birbal's turn. During his scrutiny a fly alighted on one of the diamonds. Birbal smiled and placed both the diamonds in water. The diamond that attracted the fly soon melted away, as it was a suger candy crystal. Then Birbal said, "Put to test and judge by the result."

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Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

●

In his attic at Bhoiwada, Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Radharaman flew into a rage and felt miserable when he learned that Sheela had been to Gandhiji in Bardoli and offered herself as a freedom-fighter. When his anger subsided he wired to her to return But it was a new Sheela who came back, for she liked a secluded life and kept herself aloof from him. Finally, Radharaman's entreaties made her relent and come to a compromise.

Uday settled down to plan his future as he felt somewhat relaxed in mind over Rajba's marriage because Samar Sinh had disappeared. The discouraging attitude of his Senior, Radharaman, did not stand in Uday's way and he concentrated on his legal work more and more. To Alice, oppressed by loneliness, Ramchandani, was the only 'gentleman.' Her earlier remarks about Ganapati Shankar Shastri and her behaviour towards Sheela at a party, rather unseemly, hurt Uday deeply. Above all, Majiba's letter describing Rajba's words uttered soon after her fits, portending evil to Uday cautioned him against Alice's new companion. The conflict rose to a pitch when Alice openly refused to accompany him to Rajkot.

22. PROPHECY OF RAJBA

ALICE found Ramchandani waiting impatiently. She explained that Uday was not feeling well and hence she had to come by herself.

"You look ravishing today," said Ramchandani as he lit her cigarette and they got into his car.

At the Greens, they joined Ramchandani's friends and all of them had a really good time. What with sherry, good food and light banter, Alice soon forgot her worries. Ramchandani too was at his best. The two were good dancers and Alice felt really happy as they danced rhythmically to the soft music.

It was midnight when they left the Greens. Ramchandani took Alice for a drive to Colaba and as he drove the car, he slid one hand around her waist.

"Ram, you are going to England now?"

"Yes, I don't know when I will return. I love you, Alice."

They stood together for a moment on arriving at Alice's flat, tense with emotion.

"I want you, dearest. I can't live without you."

"Dearest, I too want you so very much. How can I do without you? We will meet. I also propose to leave for England shortly," said Alice.

"Wonderful. I have to tour Europe on business. We could do it together. I can manage to get a car." As he spoke, he drew Alice to him and kissed her.

"Tomorrow Uda is leaving for Rajkot by the night train," said Alice as she gently pushed Ramchandani away.

"But, surely you are not going? You'll stay, won't you?"

"Yes, I am not going with him."

"Oh, lovely; let us dance together tomorrow. I will call for you. Good-night."

"Sweet dreams."

In the meantime, Uday had made himself thoroughly miserable. He loved Alice but he also loved his mother, brother and sister. Alice unfortunately could not stand them and Uday did not know how to induce her to get over her dislike. He could not imagine what would happen to Karan as a result of this conflict. With these thoughts, he had not been able to concentrate on his brief. He got up and went near Karan's bed and stood gazing for a long time at the sleeping child. At last Uday was tired and he too lay down on his bed but his mind was too much disturbed and sleep would not come.

Alice returned at about 1 o' clock in the morning, changed, took a pillow and made a bed for herself on a sofa. She could not get Ramchandani out of her mind. The fragrance of his lips was still fresh and she wanted to treasure the delight and the pleasure of their meeting.

The next morning, Uday wished Alice many happy returns of the day as they sat down to breakfast. Alice returned the embrace perfunctorily and said, "Thank you." She took out her kerchief and wiped her lips as though to indicate that Uday's kiss was unwelcome. Uday saw and understood; and he was deeply hurt. During breakfast, Uday spoke to Karan about the trip to Rajkot and the boy was beside himself with joy at the prospect of meeting Majiba.

Uday had thought of sending flowers to Alice through a servant as soon as he got out. He felt however that he must clear up the whole matter. He bought two and a half first class tickets to Rajkot and sent them through his clerk to Alice with a message that he would be returning from Court at 7 p.m. and that after dining out, they could catch the train at Churchgate.

After Uday left, Alice entrusted Karan to the ayah and shut herself up in her room to do some serious thinking. India had become unbearable to her. She felt like a prisoner in this country. A little later when Ramchandani came with a bouquet and a birthday present, her sorrows vanished. She accepted his greetings warmly and they spent a delightful half hour together. When he got up to leave, they arranged to meet that evening.

After Ramchandani left, Alice went for a stroll along Apollo Bunder. For a long time, she stood gazing at the sea. The sea was for her a bridge to happiness. On the other side of the sea lived her parents and friends and it was there she would find happiness. Uday, Karan and this country were so many chains around her. She did not wish to merge herself in this wretched country. Only Ramchandani was hers. If he went away, how could she stay on? Alice made up her mind to leave India and began to think of how best to do it.

On his way back from Radharaman's chamber, Uday bought a birthday present for Alice. When he returned home, he found only Karan and the ayah. "Daddy, let us go to Majiba," cried Karan as he ran to Uday. Uday saw a note addressed to him lying on the table. He opened it. It contained just one line: "I am not coming to Rajkot. Goodbye. Alice." Uday closed his eyes and stood rooted to the spot.

His immediate reaction was to postpone his trip to Rajkot. He seemed to be confronted with the crisis of his life. He felt that he must give a chance to Alice; else she might be lost to him for ever. Day by day their estrangement would increase and they would be most unhappy. After some deep thinking, he decided to adhere to his programme and to leave a note for her.

"Darling,

I am sorry you are not able to come. I cannot but go to Rajkot. I shall expect you there next week. Forget the recent past and let us be once again as we were. Goodbye. Love.

Your own Uday."

In the meantime, Alice was sitting with Ramchandani in a special room at the Greens. The ring he had given her earlier in the evening flashed on her finger. Both of them were in high spirits. They enjoyed themselves to the hilt as they drank and dined. They danced till midnight and then went for a drive to Worli. They returned to Uday's flat to find it empty and inviting. Alice asked the servant not to wait but go. They took some more drinks, after which all restraint was thrown aside. The very privacy was a great temptation. They kissed passionately and Alice who had already mentally surrendered to Ramchandani und nothing wrong in doing so phycally.

When they came to themselves, Alice said, "Darling, I can't live witht you."

"Nor can I. I will count every moent till you arrive in England. I am ours."

"So am I. I don't wish you to count oments. I am coming with you by e same ship."

Ramchandani was startled to hear at, and he quietly asked, "What is t to say?"

"Yes, you are sailing by the *Kaiser-Hind*. I have also booked a passage day by the same boat. We shall tral together."

"Why have you done it? What about Uday?" enquired the startled Ramandani.

"I don't want to live th Uda any more. I love u."

"Are you joking or are u serious?"

"Absolutely serious."

Ramchandani thought r a moment and said: Splendid. We shall be rrifically happy. Wonerful! But it is now 2 clock. I must go."

They embraced each her and parted.

* * *

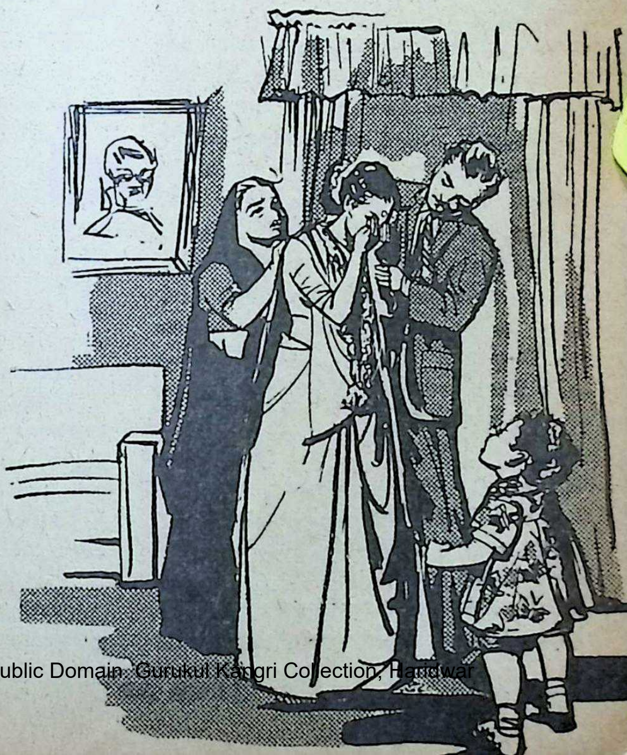
Uday and Karan arrivd in Rajkot and Majiba ceived them affectionatey. Uday told her that lice would join them in week. He found Rajba maciated and pale. Her eyes were aglow with an unearthly brightness. A garland of white flowers was round her neck and another was tied round her hair done up like a bun. To Uday she looked like a goddess, charming and attractive like the moon on the seventh day. Raj embraced Uday and sobbed. "My brother, my brother!"

"Don't cry. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Rajba as she wiped her tears. "I am glad you have come here. But you are in danger."

"In danger? Who is going to kill me?" asked Uday making light of the whole matter.

Rajba's eyes stared as though she was scanning the distant horizon. In a short while, she seemed to return



to normal and to realise that Uday was beside her. "My dear brother, harden your heart. Make it as hard as steel." Then she hurried away without further explaining herself.

Hanskunverba's messenger was waiting for him. After ascertaining all the facts from him, Uday went the next day to meet the Agent to the Governor-General, Sir Alfred Wenlock. Sir Alfred received him courteously. Uday argued his case. He had come on behalf of Her Highness, who was nearing her confinement, he said. His Highness had died only two days ago. Ramsingh had begun to dispute the claims of the real heir; and if Sir Alfred did not come to their assistance, the young unborn prince would be deprived of his inheritance.

Sir Alfred listened patiently and then told Uday in a friendly manner: "My young friend, you have taken up a false case. I am pleased with the straightforward manner in which you have put your case. But your client has misled you. I sealed the palace at Manigadh already last night. My civil surgeon and two lady doctors examined Her Highness. She is not pregnant at all; it was all a hoax. Her mother had purchased two newborn babies to provide heirs to the late Highness. She and her entourage have been ordered to leave the State of Manigadh."

Uday could only stare helplessly. He felt that he had been made a fool of. "Is it really true?" he asked.

"Read this telegram from my assistant. It has just come."

Uday read it as Wenlock left the office, leaving Uday mentally punctured. He swore never again to ha anything to do with Hanskunverba.

The day after Uday left for Rajko Ramchandani wrote to Alice:

"Darling,

You are wonderful but don't gi up Uday yet. Cancel your passag I will send for you as soon as I reac England.

Your Kamal"

Alice's patience, however, was exhausted. She was not prepared to become an Indian as Uday wanted her to. She replied immediately: "Darling, I shall certainly come with you. Meet me this evening. Your Alice."

They met that evening and had a jolly good time. This programme of drinks, dinner and dance continued for the next two days. The night before the ship was due to leave, they promised to meet each other at Ballard Pier the next morning.

A representative of Thomas Cooks called on Alice and accompanied her to the Ballard Pier. She found that Ramchandani had not yet arrived. Not till the time the passengers started going up the gangway did he show up. Alice bravely waited, hoping against hope that he would come. She went up the gangway at last but continued to watch from the deck. Soon the preparations were complete for the ship to leave. The gangway was lifted.

Alice was really frightened. She ran to the purser and told him, "My friend seems to have been delayed and has not yet come."

"Madam, all the passengers have come. What is your friend's name?"

"Kamal Ramchandani."

"Oh, he cancelled his passage this morning."

[END OF PART I]

[*To be continued*]

Princess Hanumati

GREATLY pleased at the success of her mission and the release of the Brahmarakshas from thraldom which she helped to attain, Madanarekha walked back to her husband in the nuptial chamber where Prince Tantri was anxiously waiting for her.

Seeing her enter like a full-blown flower, Tantri could not believe his eyes, but his intuition reassured him of the absolute purity of his wife.

Without caring to ask her how she fared, he straightaway hastened to her and embraced her like a long-lost lover.

Releasing herself for the nonce from his hold, Madanarekha said: "My Lord, as a result of your blessing, I have come back to you just as I left. Not only have I been able to convert the Brahmin boy into a righteous man but also, incidentally, have I succeeded in getting liberation for a Brahmarakshas."

She then related to him *in extenso* all that happened to her from the moment she had left until she got back.

Tantri's heart beat with pride and joy that his wife should have been able to accomplish by her simple but firm adherence to Truth what was nearly impossible even for the great teachers of the world.

It was a moment when heart spoke with heart and the greatness of Truth shone with splendour. At that time, Lord Hari appeared in person before the devout couple in all His glory as though to vindicate its greatness. The young couple fell at His feet on seeing Him and prayed: "Blessed indeed are those learned in the Vedas who are fortunate to have Your vision as and when they want. When it is known that even the mere utterance of Your name removes all sin, how great is it seeing You in person! O, Lord, even without being requested, You grant Your devotees the greatest of gifts, viz., Moksha."

On hearing this heart-felt prayer, the Lord replied: "I am greatly pleased with you, My children, because you have been able to establish yourselves well in *Satya* which, I can tell you, is the greatest thing in the world. On that account, I consider your achievement greater than that of the greatest of *tapasvins*. Ask me for any boon you want."

Replied the couple: "O, Lord, we do not know of any greater blessing than being able to reach Your *loka* and be of eternal service to Your Holy Feet. Please, therefore, bless us that we may attain that status."

"So be it," said the Lord and continued: "Live in this world as long as you like and enjoy the best of happiness. Later on, when you like it, you may come to My *loka.*" The Lord thereafter disappeared.

Prince Tantri and Madanarekha

thus lived long as paragons of lovers, carrying out, at the same time, all the *dharmas* enjoined in the Shastras for a married couple and ruled the kingdom for a long time after which they reached Vaikuntha.

Readers may be reminded at this stage that Sage Dattatreya was relating to King Maha this story boxed one within the other.

On hearing this engrossing story, King Maha asked the Sage: "Deva, I want you to tell me the rest of the Madanarekha sequence."

Sage Dattatreya, greatly pleased with the King's interest in the exposition of *dharma,* continued:

On hearing the story of Madanarekha, the cheetah asked the cow: "O, cow, you merely told me the story of Madanarekha, but what happened to her brother, Pavaka-roma? What sort of man was he? How was his wife? Will you tell me all about him also?" The cow then related the story of Pavaka-roma.

Pavaka-roma's father had a minister who was a man of high character. He was a goldsmith by caste. As often happens, that minister had a son by name Kumbhi who was his antithesis and he happened to be a close friend of Pavaka-roma's. One day, the two friends rode to the forest nearby for a hunt. As they were deep in the forest enjoying the sport, they saw a number of kings passing that way followed by a large retinue. Not being able to understand the cause, they asked a local villager, "Who are these people? Where do they go?"

The villager replied, "Nearby is a city called Natya and King Ajavaksha rules over it. His queen's name is Mekhala. They have a daughter by name Hanumati. Tomorrow at dawn the *swayamvara* of that princess will take place. These kings are hurrying to that city to take part in the *swayamvara*. Incidentally, you also look like princes. Instead of roaming about here aimlessly, why don't you follow them and partake of the festivities? Take my word for it, you will have a better time."

Hearing this, the two friends thought that it was quite a good proposition and decided to act accordingly. Following the other rajas, they too whipped their horses into speed along the same direction.

They found Natyapattana exceedingly nice-looking. The entire town was agog and decorated like Indra's capital. People were gay and the whole population made a bee-line to the palace which was the top attraction.

At the palace, the kings were seated properly and right above the dais, King Ajavaksha had put up a *Hamsa Yantra,* or a mechanical swan, which dangled gracefully in the air and from whose neck hung an invaluable *hara* made of the nine kinds of jewels. On the back of the *hamsa* was seated Princess Hanumati who, in her wedding garb, shone like Mahalakshmi herself.

The kings assembled there craned their necks looking at her and wondered who would be the lucky person to win her hand.

King Ajavaksha stood up on the platform amidst cheers and said: "First of all, let me thank all the kings and princes who have been kind enough to be present here in response to my invitation. As you know, my daughter is to be given away in marriage to the best among you. I have proposed a contest which, I am sure, some of you will be able to accomplish. Now, look at the swan above. There is a *ratna-hara* hanging from its neck. I now propose that that prince or king who by a single arrow is able to remove that *ratna-hara* from the neck of the *hamsa* and at the same time catch it before it falls down on the ground will be given my daughter in marriage."

Readers may imagine that it was too simple a matter for the kings present to accomplish. But the fact was that the *hamsa* was not static. As already mentioned, it was a *yantra* and by means of the mechanism placed inside it, it kept oscillating in the air just as a live bird so that at no time was it to be found in the same place. It would further be clear that shooting down the *ratna-hara* without causing injury to the Princess seated on it and catching it at the same time was not an easy task.

On hearing the King's offer, the participants vied with one another in stringing their bows. Aiming their arrows, they shot in all directions. In all hearts, however, the Princess was the object and, consequently, proved a distraction. Seated as she was, Hanumati seemed to hypnotise everyone in the crowd. The crowd became delirious.

Even after nearly an hour, none of the participants succeeded. At last, Prince Pavaka-roma offered to shoot. He strung his bow, tightened the string and after twanging it in the manner of heroes, shot his arrow and pierced the *ratna-hara* above and almost brought it down along with it when, with the bow in his left hand, Pavaka-roma caught it easily with the other. Thunderous claps greeted the feat.

Removing the *hara* from the bow, he wore it on his chest as was the custom, at which all the kings assembled admired him as though he were a duplicate of Arjuna who had shot the *Matsya Yantra*. Thereafter, the *hamsa* glided gently down with the precious load on its back. As it landed, Princess Hanumati got down from it and stood by the side of Pavaka-roma whom she garlanded. The assembly cheered the couple as one man.

While all the people present there felt happy, there was one man—and he was the last to be suspected—who could not bear the sight of Pavaka-roma's victory, and what made it worse was the winning of the hand of a girl of incomparable beauty. Jealousy smote his heart with a hammer. He started seriously thinking: "How can I defraud this man of his precious wife?"

Kumbhi, nevertheless, went forward like others and shook hands with his friend on his signal victory, praising him to the skies for his valour and also for winning the hand of a girl who had no parallel in all the world.

Pavaka-roma believed his acts and words to be sincere and therefore, embraced his friend. When they stepped aside together, Pavaka-roma could not conceal his admiration for his wife, which he said in so many words.

Retaining all the outward semblance of sincerity and goodwill, Kumbhi said: "My friend, true, you outdid all the princes present here.

But what I think is that you were fated to marry this jewel of a girl. When that is the case, who else on earth can succeed where you were destined to succeed?"

Readers may be reminded here that these two friends were still incognito. They had never announced themselves; nor were they invitees. When the King made the offer to all the people assembled, they were also given a chance to compete. And quite fortuitously did Pavaka-roma happen to win the hand of Princess Hanumati.

Kumbhi thought things over furiously and decided this was the most opportune moment for him to put into effect whatever he wanted to do before Pavaka-roma's identity was known. "Once people come to know who he is, I will have no *locus standi*. Even if there was one, there will be precious little chance or opportunity for my designs to succeed. I should, therefore, hurry up now," thought Kumbhi.

In the course of the next few moments, his plan matured and immediately he started carrying it out.

All of a sudden, Kumbhi began to weep. Not being able to understand what the matter was with him, Pavaka-roma got worried and importuned him to let him know the reason. Then Kumbhi replied, "Nothing is wrong with me. I am all right physically. I am only being eaten up by some worries. First of all, we have come over here, without informing our parents. Your father and mother, not finding you return, will naturally get upset. With no trace of us, and having regard to the fact that I also was with you at the time of your disappearance, they may either take consolation or suspect foul play on my part. Whatever they may think, I feel we should not delay a second in hurrying back to our town and it is my duty to urge upon you to start home right now."

All the while, Princess Hanumati was with them. When she was consulted, she readily agreed to follow her husband wherever he went. And without even informing her father, the three of them almost fled the country.

Having carried out the first round of his design, Kumbhi now put into action the next round.

Kumbhi had a better knowledge of the topography of the region. He knew which was the proper route and which was the more difficult one. In accordance with his plan, he took Pavaka-roma and his bride along the latter route which was not only uncharted but also arid. Innocent Pavaka-roma left everything in the hands of his friend and walked light-heartedly by the side of his bride, all the time looking at her admiringly.

Long did they walk and the sun came right above their heads. Hanumati became thirsty. When she could no longer bear her thirst, she informed her husband about it. Pavaka-roma tried to look for water here and there. Not finding a drop, he wrung his hands in helplessness.

At that time Kumbhi said: "I think if both of us search thoroughly for water in opposite directions, leaving Hanumati here itself, at least one of us may succeed in finding some water."

Agreeing to that proposal, Pavaka-roma told his wife: "My dear, please stay here. We shall search for some water at some distance. Do not move from here till we return, for we shall find it difficult to trace you afterwards."

So saying, the two friends departed in opposite directions.

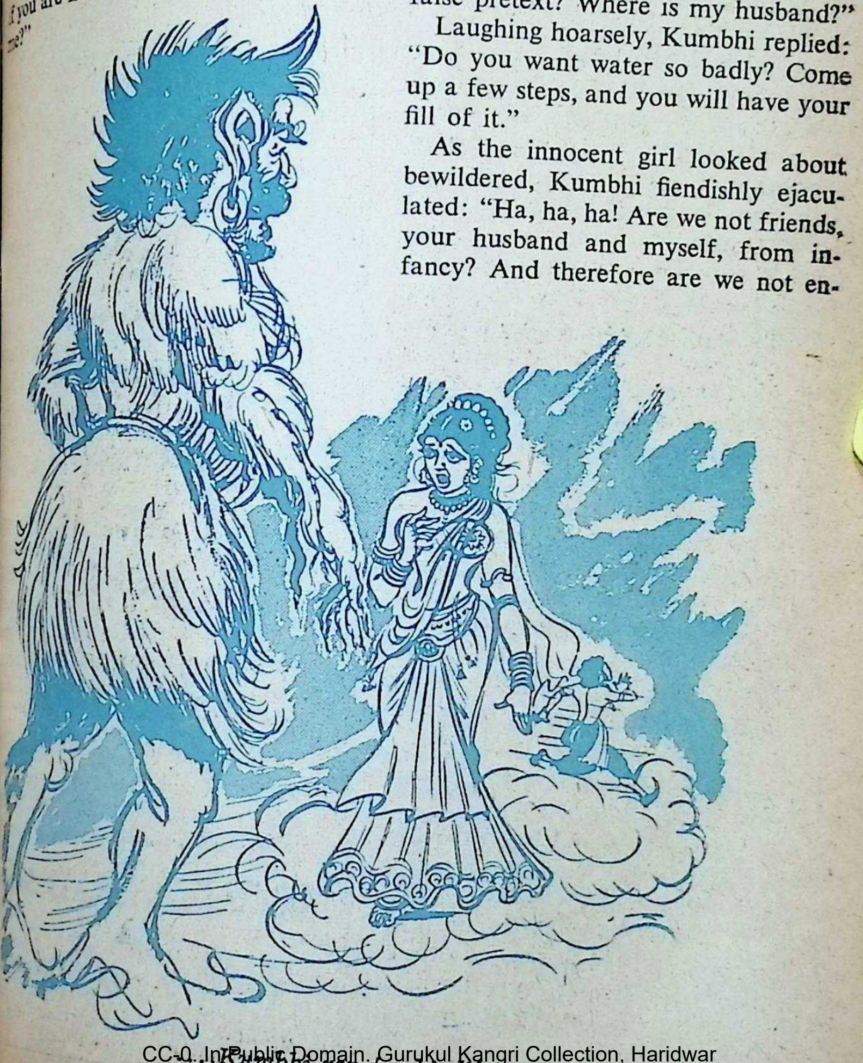
After some time, however, Kumbhi returned to the spot without water and said to Hanumati: "Princess, look there! I have just now seen a pond there. Do not worry about your husband. He will be able to find you out if you are not here. Would you follow me?"

Hanumati rose and followed him unsuspectingly. His path took her into deeper forest and the farther they went, the more dangerous the locality looked.

Alarmed, Hanumati said: "Brother, how is it that no water is to be seen anywhere here? What is your idea? Why did you inveigle me here on a false pretext? Where is my husband?"

Laughing hoarsely, Kumbhi replied: "Do you want water so badly? Come up a few steps, and you will have your fill of it."

As the innocent girl looked about bewildered, Kumbhi fiendishly ejaculated: "Ha, ha, ha! Are we not friends, your husband and myself, from infancy? And therefore are we not en-



...*Kumbhi ran for his life*....

titled to share our joys and sorrows? How could I possibly allow him to win both the *ratna-hara* and the jewel of a girl? Should I not have one of them? Now that my friend has the *ratna-hara* with him, I shall have the girl for myself. Now, look, you are mine and mine alone. And the *ratna-hara* is your husband's due."

Saying this, he started behaving in a way which left no doubt about his dishonourable designs on the Princess.

Tears started flowing copiously down her cheeks as she shouted: "You, cad, you say you are a friend of my husband. Is this the way friends behave? O, I am to blame. For it was I who permitted myself to stay back thinking that you were a decent chap. By your offer of water you created confidence in me and now you are trying to perpetrate the most heinous of crimes. Haven't you got an iota of *dharma* in you?"

The cunning Kumbhi craftily turned round and said: "Mother, I said all this in joke. Do you think I meant it? Please forget that I am capable of any misbehaviour. Come with me without the least doubt."

On hearing this, Princess Hanumati did not really know how to take him.

At this time, a hoarse voice roared from behind: "You, scoundrel! I shall presently fix you up. Look!"

When the two turned to where the noise came from, they saw a grotesque *rakshasa* about to throw a huge uprooted tree at Kumbhi. Seeing this, he ran for his life. The *rakshasa* took charge of Hanumati who was thus left alone and he flew into the sky as did Ravana with Sita.

[*To be continued*]

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THE NAG KANYA

FOR six months Jagatalapratapa lived happily with Indra's daughter and the old woman looked on them with parental joy. At the end of this period, the old woman, however, decided to set them up as a separate family and therefore, with the aid of her magic wand, conjured up a palace where she made the couple settle down.

Nevertheless, before the couple left for their new home, the old woman called Pratapa aside and told him, "My son, I want to tell you something in secret. If Indra's daughter manages to get back her wearing apparel, not only will she desert you but also take your strength away. Therefore, take good care to keep the apparel in a secure place and away from her. When, however, you go out hunting or to the warfront, don't carry it with you, but leave it in the custody of one you trust most and, on return, hide it in your thigh again. This is my best advice to you. Good luck."

The young couple lived in the new palace for some time, after which they decided to go far away and live in a new country. Together, therefore, they crossed dense forests, high mountains, deep ravines and what not, and reached a city called Visvanchitha. On arrival there, they saw at its entrance a lake distinguished for its pellucid water. Descending from their horses, they washed their hands and feet, drank the pure and clear water to their hearts' content and sat down beneath the cool shade of a big tree with thick foliage which stood nearby.

At that time, the minister of that State happened to pass that way and saw the young couple. So greatly struck was he by the beauty of the woman that he instantly decided that she deserved a choice corner in his master's harem. With that thought in mind, he ran post-haste to the King and said: "My lord, a few moments ago, I saw a woman sitting on the bank of the lake in front of our city. It is not possible for me, nor even for the thousand-tongued *Adisesha*, to describe the beauty of that princess. I have a strong feeling that she does not belong to this world, but comes from the other world. I, therefore, thought it fit to inform Your Majesty about her and suggest her inclusion in your harem."

Stirred, the King, who had a great fancy for women, immediately started for the place where the princess was. On the way, the minister said, "My lord, she is not alone. She is accompanied by a man who, I presume, is her husband. I do not therefore know how far it will be possible for us to achieve our object by straightforward means. I suggest to Your Majesty that you invite the man to join your service so that in course of time his wife may be taken into our custody."

The King agreed, and together they arrived at the place where the young couple were seated.

Reaching them as though by accident, the King asked Pratapa: "My dear man, who are you? Why are you sitting here? You may probably have learned that I am the King of this place. You may fearlessly tell me whatever you want to say."

"Your Majesty, I am a prince from another state. My name is Jagatalapratapa. In search of livelihood, I have come out into the wide world," replied Pratapa.

At this stage, the minister stepped forward and asked Pratapa: "Well, Sir, if that is so, do you have any objection to take up employment under the King of this country?"

"Can you offer me a salary of ten thousand gold *mohurs* per month?" asked Pratapa and the King agreed.

Gratified at this deal, Pratapa, after nodding in the direction of his wife, signified his acceptance.

Asking them to follow, the King and his minister led them into the city.

The minister carefully selected a cosy place for Pratapa and his wife to stay and made every arrangement to make their living comfortable. He then planted servants and maids of his own into that household.

Pratapa woke up very early in the morning. After his bath and *pooja,* he took his food and ate the *tambool* given by his wife. Dressing himself up appropriately, he went to the palace and started work as the personal bodyguard of the King. It was his duty to stand by the side of the King with a drawn sword till sunset when he would return home.

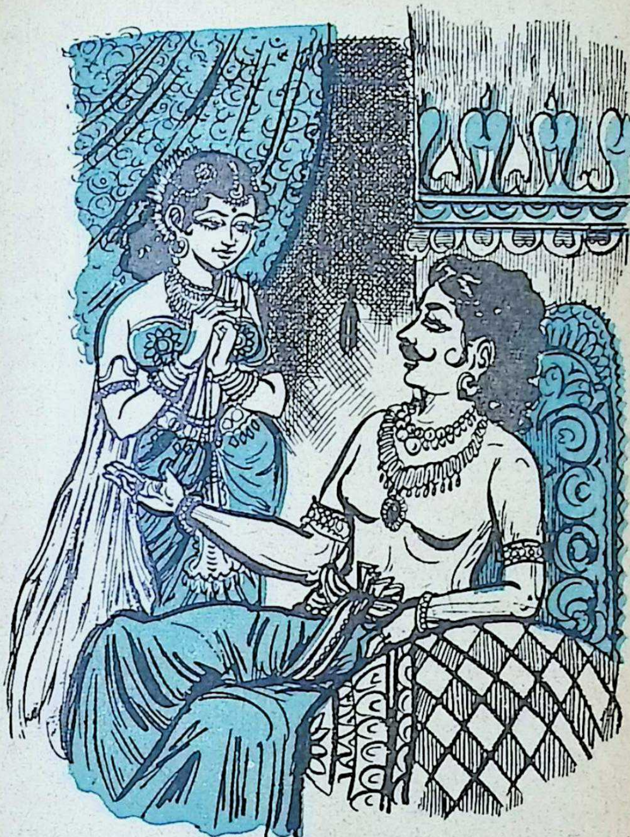
At the end of the month, the minister saw to it that the salary agreed upon was sent to Pratapa's residence through treasury officials. While they did so, he told them, "You know, at the moment Pratapa is in the palace standing beside the throne. Therefore, when you deliver this money at his home, see that you do take a good look at all that goes on in that house and report back to me."

Accordingly, when the officials tapped at the door of Pratapa's house, Indra's daughter sent one of her maids to find out who they were. When she heard that it was her husband's monthly salary that was being brought in, she came out and personally took possession of all the money, and after counting it, gave them a receipt after which she closed the door behind them.

When, therefore, the treasury officials reported how careful the folks at Pratapa's home were, the minister had no delusion about the magnitude of the task before him. He came to the conclusion that unless Pratapa was made short work of, it would not be possible for the King to obtain possession of the divine girl.

With this idea in mind, he came to the King and said: "My lord, from my experience of a month with your new aide and the tight safety measures taken by him at his home, I feel it is going to be a tough job for us to gain possession of his wife. I can think of only one way out, and that is, Pratapa should be disposed of by some subterfuge as otherwise our plan may not work at all. I have the scheme well thought out. It is this: Your Majesty may kindly feign very severe headache and I will put out the news that the *vaids* want the poison of Nagendra for its cure. I will as a matter of course ask your aide Pratapa to go and fetch it. I am quite sure that in trying to bring it, he is certain to be burnt down and will definitely not return alive. Thereafter, you can easily take possession of his wife."

The King patted his minister on the back for his ingenuity. Falling in with the suggestion, he went into his room and dropped down on his bed as if stricken by a very severe headache. *Vaids* flitted in and out of the palace, and the news, as pre-planned, was put out and it spread far and wide. The minister came running to aide Pratapa. In an apologetic tone he asked, "My dear Sir, our master is suffering from a severe headache and the *vaids* say that nothing but Nagendra's poison can cure him. And who can bring that if not you? Please, therefore, hurry up and save our King."



Pratapa briefly told her all that had happened in the palace.

Pratapa doubted the truth or the genuineness of this statement just a second only; for, the next moment, he decided that he should fetch that medicine at all costs. Promising, therefore, to quickly return, he went home.

The truism that the face is the index of the mind cannot find better applicability than in the case of the wife who can easily detect from the husband's face that all is not well in his mind just as surely as the mother can in the case of her child. When Indra's daughter, therefore, saw her husband look somewhat unusual, she asked him, "My lord, something seems to ail you now. I can see that from your face. Won't you please permit me to help you? I dare say something has happened in the palace which has upset you, and I do tell you that although a woman, I can still be of help in dispelling your gloom and setting your mind again at ease."

Looking at his wife for a moment and taking courage from the gleam of confidence visible in her eyes, Pratapa briefly told her all that had happened in the palace and the King's commission to him to bring Nagendra's poison. He did not however, at that time, suggest foul-play.

Indra's daughter, on hearing this, smiled and said, "My lord, is that the reason for your gloom? I shall certainly help you get the poison but in the meantime, have your wash and food. Let us talk about the poison later."

Half-inclined to be sceptical, Pratapa however did what his wife desired him to do and by the time they settled down comfortably to eat *pan* after meal, Indra's daughter pressed a chit into his hands with the following lines written on it:

"My dear Uncle,

The bearer of this letter is my husband. Please help him in his mission, and if you so feel, give him a daughter of yours too in marriage.

Yours sincerely,
Indra's Daughter."

And the letter was addressed to King Karkotaka, Lord of Serpents.

When Pratapa had finished reading the letter, she told him, "Take this after their meal, Indra's daughter pressed a chit into his hands with the following lines written on it:

Greatly pleased, Pratapa took the letter and walked into the nearest forest. There he succeeded in finding a large snake-pit into which he thrust the scroll. It fell on the hood of a huge serpent which, noticing the address of the person to whom it was meant, hurried to the presence of Karkotaka, and gave it to him reverentially.

Karkotaka glanced through the letter and recognizing the signature, called his servants and ordered them to bring a palanquin made of pearl. He said to them, "Take this palanquin to the forest where this Nag will take you. At the mouth of its pit stands a Prince. Ask him to sit on this palanquin and bring him to my presence."

The servants, carrying the palanquin, hurried behind the Nag. When they arrived, Pratapa was greatly surprised. When the Nag-servants asked him to accompany them in that palanquin, he did so thinking that the rest of his journey was going to be just as fruitful.

Soon he was brought into the presence of King Karkotaka at whose feet he made obeisance. Karkotaka patted him fondly and after enquiring about his wife, asked him about the nature of his mission.

Said Pratapa: "Sir, my master, the King, wants an ampoule of cobra poison to cure him of his severe headache. I have, therefore, come to you at the suggestion of your niece, Indra's daughter. Please help me."

On hearing this, Karkotaka laughed outright and said: "Oh, that is very simple. Let that wait. I have a happier function to perform now. Look! They are my daughters. Choose the most beautiful from among them and I am presently going to give her in marriage to you."

Pratapa selected one and, on the spot, she was made to marry him in a grand manner.

King Karkotaka gave Pratapa all sorts of gifts and at the time of his departure, also gave him in a securely-locked ampoule a small dose of cobra-poison.

Bidding him adieu, Pratapa returned to *bhooloka* with the *nag-kanya.*

By the time he arrived, the sun had set in the west. Stopping his retinue outside the precincts of the city, Pratapa entered his home in the company of his new bride. Indra's daughter received them and embracing the *nag-kanya,* took her inside, and all the three of them spent the night happily.

With the rise of the sun next morning, Pratapa got up, took his bath, did his morning ablutions, ate his food and after receiving the *tambool* from his wife, put on his official robes and went to the palace taking with him the ampoule of cobra-poison.

His familiar steps along the corridor of the palace sent jitters into the minister concerned who could not believe his own eyes at the sight of Pratapa, who could return alive from the Nag world. Probably, Pratapa could not have gone to the Nag world at all, he doubted. Anyway, he wanted to make sure of things.

As soon as Pratapa presented himself before the minister stating that he had brought the *nag*-poison, the minister brusquely told him, "Show me where it is."

Pratapa replied, "Sir, I have no objection to showing it to you. But its slightest exposure will burn this palace out. What shall I do?"

The minister agreed, and together they left the palace and went to a forest a few miles away from the city. On reaching the place, hardly had Pratapa slit open the cone of the ampoule when a whole mile of the forest burnt out.

Assured, therefore, that Pratapa was telling the truth, the minister returned to the palace and reported to the King.

They could not help praising Pratapa for his valour, and for a month more, he continued to work in the palace as the royal orderly.

At the expiry of that period, the minister, as usual, had Pratapa's salary counted and delivered at his home.

As on the previous occasion, this time too he gave instructions to the officials taking the money to have a close look at the interior of Pratapa's home and report back to him.

When, accordingly, the officials tapped at the door of Pratapa's house, a maid admitted them inside. At that time both the wives of Pratapa came out and after counting the coins, gave them a receipt. The officials then returned to the palace and reported to the minister that now there were two damsels at Pratapa's home who were peerless in their beauty.

The King sighed.

[*To be continued*]

NEWS AND NOTES

SEND OFF TO JUSTICE SHELAT

THE President and Members of the Bhavan's Council gave an 'at home' on 14th May to the Hon'ble Sri Justice J. M. Shelat, a member of the Council of the Bhavan, on his transfer to Gujarat as a Judge of the High Court in Ahmedabad. A large number of legal luminaries including the Chief Justice of Gujarat High Court, the Hon'ble Sri S. T. Desai, Judges of Bombay High Court, Members of Parliament and other distinguished citizens of Bombay attended the Party.

Kulapati Munshiji, the President of the Bhavan, who presided, paid glowing tributes to the work done by Sri Shelat in the cause of the Bhavan since its inception. He said that Sri Shelat had taken keen personal interest in the affairs of the Bhavan and had successfully steered it during the initial periods first as its Hon. Secretary for about a decade and then as its acting President when Munshiji was away in Hyderabad and the Vice-President, Sir H. V. Divetia, was away in Saurashtra as Chief Justice. The administrative reforms introduced by Sri Shelat as its acting President at that time had materially contributed to the efficient functioning of the Bhavan, he added.

Munshiji continued that everybody was sorry in losing the assistance of such an invaluable colleague as Sri Shelat and expressed the wish that Sri Shelat would work for the establishment of a Bhavan's Kendra in Ahmedabad, now that he has been transferred there.

On behalf of the Bhavan and those present, Munshiji wished Sri Shelat godspeed.

Visibly moved by Munshiji's kind remarks, Sri Shelat recalled his early days when, as a struggling lawyer, he was allowed by Munshiji to work with him. He acknowledged that his devilling in Munshiji's chamber was an education in itself and that a good deal of his legal acumen was due to the fact of his association with a leading lawyer of Munshiji's calibre. That was 27 years ago, he said.

He added the High Court of Bombay had come to regarded as a model among other High Courts in the country, thanks greatly to the good work done by such stalwarts as Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, Sir Jamshedji Kanga, Sri Bhulabhai Desai, Sri Motilal Setalvad, Munshiji and the late Mr. M. A. Jinnah and its traditions were being followed by High Courts elsewhere.

Sri Shelat said that although the parting from friends in Bombay was not a pleasant thought, there were work to be done and traditions in the administration of justice to be built up in the new State of Gujarat. He also said that he expected to see standards set there on the model of those of the Bombay High Court.

He thanked Munshiji for the kind reference made about him, and the function concluded.

OUR BOOK SHELF

TRIPURA RAHASYA OR THE MYSTERY BEYOND THE TRINITY. Translated by Munagala S. Venkataramaiah (now Swami Ramananda Saraswati). Published by T. N. Venkataraman, Manager-Director, Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai, S. India. 1960. pp. 218. Price: Rs. 4.

THIS sacred book, originally in Sanskrit, now translated into many regional languages, was frequently alluded to by Maharshi Ramana as a store-house of Advaita philosophy. It is good to have an English version of the ancient sacred text which may find its way into the homes of the English-speaking people all over the world. The genesis of the text is interesting: Vishnu had learnt it from Mahadeva, and Brahma from Vishnu; and later Sri Dattatreya, incarnation of Vishnu, taught the knowledge of the Highest Truth to Parasurama who dwelt on the Malaya Hill in South India; Parasurama was directed by Sri Dattatreya to pass the knowledge to Haritayana (in previous birth, son of Sumanta, a Brahmin, who lived on the banks of the Sarasvati); Haritayana worshipped Sri Minakshi in the temple at Madurai and was divinely inspired to write the holy book for the benefit of mankind, which in fact was the result of the direct intervention of Narada and Brahma and called *Haritayana Samhita*, also known as *Sri Tripura Rahasya*. The sacred texts over 12,000 *slokas* presented in three sections—*Mahatmya Khanda* (on the greatness of Sri Devi, or manifestations of the Supreme Being as Durga, Kali, Lakshmi, Sarasvati, etc.), *Jnana Khanda* (on Supreme Wisdom), and *Charya Khanda* (on conduct).

The philosophy underlying *Sri Tripura Rahasya* is indistinguishable from Vedanta: The Ultimate Reality is "Abstract Intelligence," i.e., Limitless Luminosity: Cosmos and the Self are but different manifestations of the Supreme Reality. The themes turn on *Satsang*, association with the good and wise, on Dispassion or disgust of worldly pleasures, Faith and Devotion, Harmfulness of Dry Logic, etc.

In chapter XX is told the story of rishis (sages) who, led by Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, approached the Supreme Goddess (i.e., Absolute Consciousness) for advice as to the right path towards Self-Realisation, and they heard the Divine Voice: "I am the abstract intelligence wherefrom the cosmos originates, whereon it flourishes, and wherein it resolves, like the images in a mirror. The ignorant know me as the gross universe whereas the wise feel me as their own pure being eternally glowing as 'I-I' within. The realisation is possible only in the deep stillness of thought-free consciousness...."

In the final chapter XXII we read Sri Dattatreya's holy address to Parasurama which includes a discourse of Hemangada and Vasuman, and we gain the great knowledge that the *Jnani* of the highest order makes no difference between *Samadhi* and worldly transactions, that he involuntarily and naturally abides in *Samadhi* and no lapse is possible for him.

Appendix I presents a useful commentary on Bondage and Release, the subject-matter of chapter V, and Appendix II on Siddha Gita from *Yoga Vasistha*. There is an Index appended.

The absurd egoity and modernity of the world do call for the dissemination of ancient sacred texts.

—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

FLAME OF WHITE LIGHT. By T. V. Kapali Sastry. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. pp. 59. Price: not mentioned.

THIS delightfully got-up volume is the tribute of Kapali Sastry to the Mother of the Ashram whom he regarded as

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the "Flame of White Light". He looked upon the Mother as his *Ista Devata* and as the manifestation of *Maheshvari*, *Mahakali*, *Maha-Lakshmi* and *Maha-Sarasvati*. She helped him to achieve his spiritual goal by her grace. The volume carries twenty-seven photographs of the Mother in the different stages of her life and amidst her different functions, and of them four are in colour. The volume is the result of the artistic devotion and religious feelings of Sri Kapali Sastry for the Mother. It was presented to the Mother on 21-2-1960. A short but valuable preface by Sri M. P. Pandit explains the purpose of the volume.

GURUDEV SIVANANDA. By Sri Swami Venkatesananda. *(The D.L.S. Silver Jubilee Series No. 1)*. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, P.O. Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh. pp. 576+xlviii. 1960. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS sumptuous volume is an authoritative and well-documented account of the life and mission of the saint-savant Sivanandaji. His life and mission from 1924, when he took to *sannyasa*, to this day is praised by all sections of people not only in India but also abroad. His passion for service, his infinite love of all and his broadcasting of the great truths of the *Gita* and the Upanishads through several volumes have touched the imagination of us all and we are grateful to him for his services. The life of Sivanandaji is inspiring. His selfless medical career in Malaya before he became a monk is astounding to all in his profession. He has not only ministered to the needs of men's health but has also healed the diseases in the mind of many a man and the sickness in society. His Divine Life Society, founded some 25 years ago, is doing wonderful work in the field of spiritual awakening. The book gives a detailed account of the interminable pilgrimages and tours of the Swamiji and the miracles he worked. We have several eye-witness accounts graphically given in this book. Thrilling anecdotes are narrated which invoke in us spiritual respect for the Swamiji.

The book contains all that we should know about Sivanandaji's life and the Divine Life Society. The author has given us in a handy volume all the useful information we need about the mission. The volume carries several photographs, extracts from the writings of Sivanandaji, and a complete history of the Divine Life Society. It should be read along with the autobiography of the Swamiji called *Sivananda Gita* —a useful publication.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

SARIRAKA SASTRA. (Indian Science of Palmistry—the Kartikeyan System) with Sanskrit text, English translation and notes. By V. A. K. Ayer. Published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co. (Private) Ltd., 210, Dadabhoy Naoroji Road, Bombay 1. 1960. pp. 4 plus 112. Price: Rs. 6.

WE have many books on Indian astrology but very few on Indian Palmistry. In fact, we have many on Indian Palmistry, too, but they are waiting to be unearthed and published. The present work which is brought to light for the first time, therefore, is a very valuable addition. Let us hope that the editor, Sri V. A. K. Ayer, will not stop at this but will continue to enrich the treasure of our knowledge by bringing out more books on this and allied subjects.

The present book goes as far back as the 16th century A.D. It is representative of the Kartikeyan school, named after its founder, the illustrious Kartikeya.

The present book, unlike any other book of the kind, deals with as many as 153 *rekhas*—the lines on the palm. A significant name is given to each *rekha* which is further described in detail. Minor variations of the lines are then discussed with their results and it is also shown there as to how to time the effect.

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the topic, throwing hints here and there for the guidance of the amateur and the use of the professional. The Sanskrit text followed by accurate English translation and explanatory notes is a clear and strong testimony of the editor's masterly grasp and profound experience in the art of judging the future from the palms. The illustrations are a picturesque commentary of the subject which is otherwise bound to be somewhat intricate and technical. The codification and cross-references go a long way to help the layman.

The editor, Sri V. A. K. Ayer, who is well-known to the readers through his scholarly books, namely, *Palmistry for Pleasure and Profit*, *Everyday Astrology*, etc., has rendered really valuable service to the cause of education and research by the publication of the present book which successfully introduces the student to a new system of prediction. Our heartiest congratulations to the editor.

APHORISMS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By Jyotish-Kalanidhi Pandit Gopesh Kumar Ojha. Published by Kitab Mahal, Zero Road, Allahabad. 1959. pp. xviii+316. Price: Rs. 10/-. Foreign: 21 shillings.

THE book is divided into two parts: the first deals with the subject from the viewpoint of Western astrology and the second from that of Hindu astrology. There is a preface and an introduction containing a resume of the subject and there are five appendices all aiming at the elucidation of the subject one way or the other.

The book under review treats only one aspect of life—love in relation to the opposite sex. The treatment is so exhaustive and balanced that nothing is left unsaid and nothing that is said smells of prejudice or imperfection. It is certainly most desirable that the author should also write on other aspects of life as perfectly as he has done here. The influence of the planets in various zodiacal signs and houses and the complexities of their various conjunctions and aspects from various points of the zodiac, have been so methodically studied and classified and meticulously registered that I have reason to style this book an "Encyclopaedia of Love and Matrimony." Love, Matrimony, Separation, Divorce, Adjustments and Maladjustments, Quarrels and Clashes are all treated so exhaustively in the background of astrological knowledge and experience that the book is almost indispensable to all lovers of the astrological science.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani.*

GUJARATI

KAVYA-NI SHAKTI (The Power of Poetry). In Gujarati. By R. V. Pathak. Published by M. S. University, Baroda. Second edition, 1959. pp. 366. Price: Rs. 3.50 nP.

THIS is a reprint of the collection of the late Professor Pathak's literary studies and reviews, mostly relating to Gujarati poetry. Whether he is delving deep into the vital aesthetic problems like the nature of poetry, music as an art, etc. (as in the theoretical section of the volume), or is reviewing the contemporaneous poetic contributions (as in the second section), Pathak's characteristic perspicacity, balance and clarity are everywhere evident. Even now, thirty-two years after its first appearance, his famous essay *Kavya-ni Shakti* remains quite important and distinctive among the few contributions to the literature on the theory of poetry in Gujarati. It is but inevitable that one familiar with the recent revolutionising developments in the West in aesthetics and theory of literature may find something to say about that essay respecting its modest range, and not-so-high rigour of reasoning and statement and yet he cannot fail to discern Pathak's penetration, originality and clear-headed exposition. The same qualities are evidenced in his studies in classical Gujarati poetry. It is characteristic of Pathak that even in his perfunctory book reviews wider perspective is never lost sight of. Habitually he makes reviewing an occasion for touching upon some relevant principle or problem.

The review section contains Pathak's evaluation of the collections of poems of some very well-known poets of the Gandhian and pre-Gandhian periods of modern Gujarati literature, viz., Kalapi, Nanalal, Thakore, Khabardar, Umashankar, Sundaram, Betai, Manek and Mansukhlal. He was keenly conscious of the inherent difficulties of a critic's task. This ensured genuine understanding and guidance for the authors.

The Baroda University deserves credit for pricing the book cheaply but the misprints popping up from every fourth page are to be highly regretted.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ENGLISH

UNIVERSAL MORAL LESSIONS. By Swami Sivananda. pp. 216. Rs. 2.

SIVANANDA, THE YOGI OF INDIA. (Seventy-second Birthday Commemoration Volume of H. H. Sri Swami Sivananda). pp. 308. 1959. Rs. 8.

SIVANANDA SATSANG AT GENEVA. By Dr. D. K. Viswanathan. pp. 248. 1960. Rs. 3.

IN THE HOURS OF COMMUNION. By Swami Sivananda. pp. 180. Rs. 2.

SRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA (Tape-recorded). By Swami Sivananda-Hridayananda *alias* Dr. Chellamma. pp. 64. 1959. Re. 1.

The above 5 books published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, P.O. Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh (Himalayas).

SINO-INDIAN RELATIONS AND COMMUNISTS. By A. N. Mukherjee. Published by the Institute of Political and Social Studies, 211, Park Street, Calcutta-17. pp. 68. Rs. 2.

KANNADA

SUGGIYA KANA (Lyrics). By Virupaksha. Published by Sri Kotturesha Prakashana, Hagaribommanahalli. 75 nP.

HOSA PRAVAHA (Essays). By Virupaksha Chandrasekhara Patil. Published by Sri Kotturesha Prakashana, Hagaribommanahalli, Bellary Dist. Rs. 1.50 nP.

NAAVU SAHUKAARA KULADAVARU (A One-Act Drama). By Kudpi Vasudeva Shenoy. Published by the 'Prabat' Office, Car Street, Mangalore-1. 25 nP.

KAPPUNEERU (Short Stories). By T. L. Subramanya Adiga. Published by Kala Premigala Sangha, Shimoga. pp. 88. 1960. Re. 1.

SANSKRIT

KANNADA KAVYA TARANGINI. Poems by 'Kuvempu' (in Kannada) rendered into Sanskrit by C. G. Purushothama, Lecturer in Sanskrit, Maharaja's College, Mysore. Published by Jaya Maruti Publishers, 2269/1 Vinoba Road, V. V. Mohalla, Mysore-2. Rs. 2.

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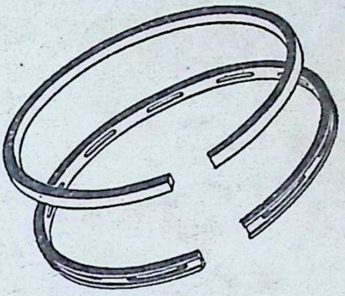

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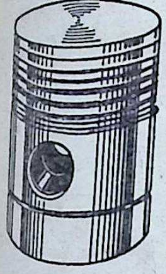

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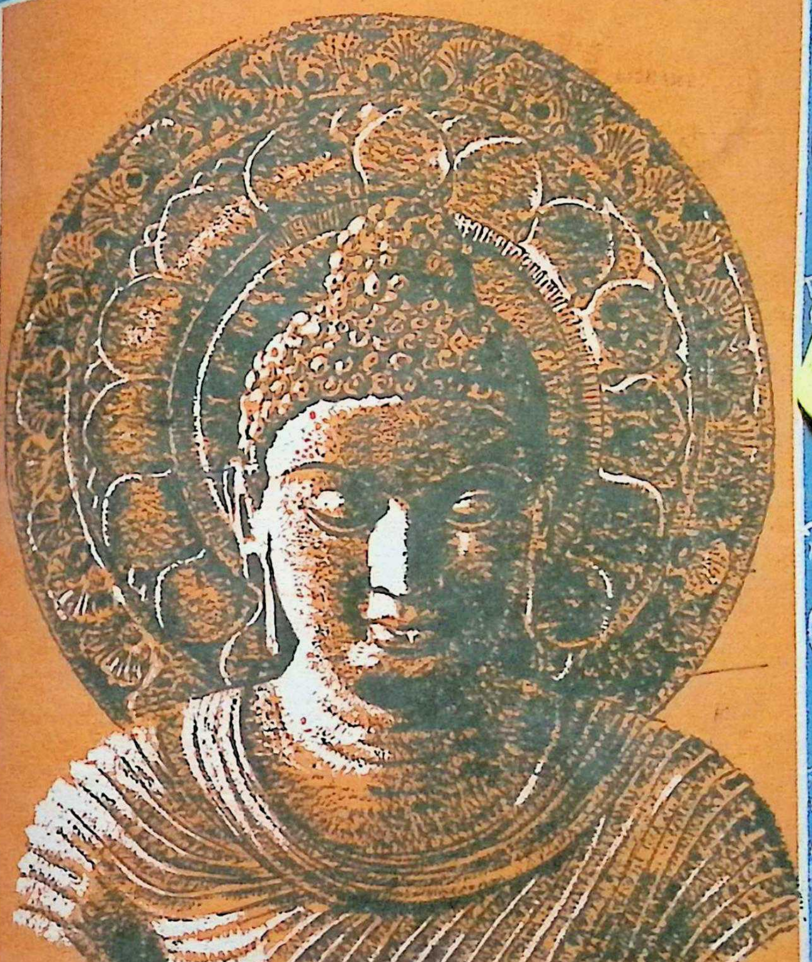

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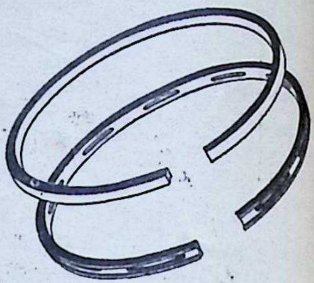

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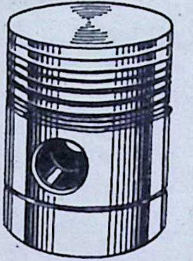

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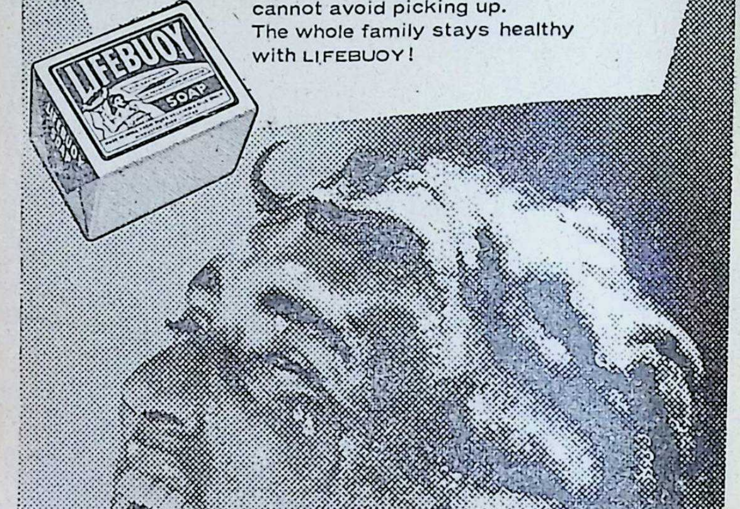

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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Vol. VI MAY 15, 1960 No. 21

ASVATTHA WORSHIP

मूलतो ब्रह्मरूपाय मध्यतो विष्णुरूपिणे ।
अग्रतः शिवरूपाय वृक्षराजाय ते नमः ॥
यं दृष्ट्वा मुच्यते रोगैः स्पृष्ट्वा पापैः प्रमुच्यते ।
यदाश्रयाच्चिरंजीवी तमश्वत्थं नमाम्यहम् ॥
अश्वत्थ सुमहाभाग सुभग प्रियदर्शन ।
इष्टकामांश्च मे देहि शत्रुभ्यस्तु पराभवम् ॥
आयुः प्रजा धनं धान्यं सौभाग्यं सर्वं संपदम् ।
देहि देव महावृक्ष त्वामहं शरणं गतः ॥

Prostrations unto you, O, King of trees, who are Brahma at your root, Vishnu in the trunk and Siva at the branches. By seeing you one becomes free from diseases; by touching you one is liberated from sins. O, blessed One! O, fortunate One! O, beautiful One! Fulfil all my desires and wants! Give, O, King of trees, defeat to my foes. Grant me long life, children, money, cereals and happiness and prosperity inasmuch as I have sought shelter under you.

[Please see page 15 for mode of worship.]

—Brahma-Narada-Samvada.

अमृतं तु विद्या

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 205

★ *VISHNUPADA TEMPLE* ★ *ANCESTOR WORSHIP* ★ *SULPHUR SPRINGS OF RAJAGRIHA*

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
MAY 15, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my Letter No. 203 dated April 17, I wrote about my visit to Bauddha Gaya on March 16. I will now resume the narrative.

From Bauddha Gaya we went to Gaya proper. Gaya is a large town, full of houses in different stages of disrepair or dissolution. Passing through it, we went to the Vishnupada temple; it is the holiest of holy temples in India. It is so called because the footprint of Vishnu is imprinted on the stone-head of the demon Gaya. When you perform obsequies and pour milk over it, you clearly see the configuration of a huge footprint.

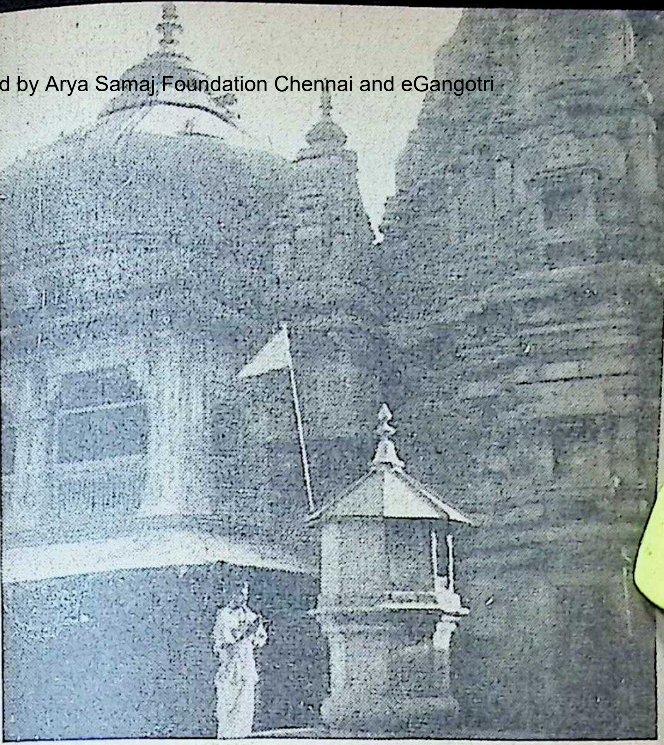
Even Yaska (800 B.C.) refers to an earlier author who had mentioned the sacred place where Vishnu took the three steps—one place on the earth, the other on the heavens and the third in the nether world, the three places being called Samarohana, Vishnupada and Gaya-shiras. The *Mahabharata* also mentions the Phalgu river, Gaya-shiras (head of the monster Gaya) and the *akshayavat*, the imperishable Banyan tree. Evidently, even so far back as 800 B.C., Gaya had attained a high sanctity as a place where *pindas* had to be offered to one's ancestors.

I also saw the Phalgu river which had very little water and the *akshayavat* which was of recent origin. This temple too was renovated by Ahalyabai that great woman to whom Hinduism owes so much.

● ● ●

It is a son's duty to offer *pindas* to his ancestors, and so I was inclined to do so here. But there was no time to take my bath or to offer the ceremonial obsequies. And I had already rendered unto my deceased forbears all that was theirs at Brahma Kapal at Badrinath, another sacred spot of equal, if not greater, sanctity.

The desire to offer reverence in some form or the other to one's forbears is a vital urge which gives self-confidence to man, strength and stability to the family. People all over the world have this urge, even those in Communist countries, where people are sought to be indoctrinated against it.



Vishnupada Temple, Gaya.

Everyone wants the confidence which springs from social as well as emotional security which comes of a sense of unity with those who preceded him. If I am conscious of what my father and mother were and of my family and of my ancestors, I feel strong with the strength which continuity in time gives me.

Again, the family is the greatest and best school of duty, love and service cheerfully rendered. It promotes those altruistic impulses without which our egoism would remain unchastened. But for them personality would disintegrate into isolated selfish impulses.

But more, parent worship is the first step in learning humility and surrender. It leads, if other appropriate steps are taken, to the higher life in God. *Pitru devo bhava, matru devo bhava*—'let your father be as thy God, let your mother be as thy God'—this ancient admonition is the very basis of a life of Love and Beauty.

Ancestor worship is, therefore, indispensable to a full life. I rarely perform the *pinda dana* ritual. But often I think of my father with a feeling that I am offering him worship. Then he rises before me as I saw him fifty-seven years ago: strong, straightforward, brave and loving, all his hopes centred on his weakling of a son; wishing for an old age when this son of his would lead his tottering steps; hoping that this only son would have sons of his own who will project the grandfather's personality into the future.

I remember the day in 1901 when the wire came that I had passed my matriculation examination. My father called me, embraced me and with tears in his eyes said: 'Kanu, I am very glad today. Once I had great hopes of being a matriculate, but that was not to be. My blessings.' And his memory, deeply cherished, unites me to him.

Gaya stands for a fundamental attitude associated with social stability: reverence for one's ancestors. The integrity of a family and the identity of man and wife from which family evolves, are not possible without this reverence. And family, as I pointed out, is the nature's school for eliminating egotism and developing love and the spirit of service.

Unfortunately, in this age, forces are at work which undermine these sublime instincts and break up the family. The so-called 'progressive' or rather reactionary attitude is: 'ancestor worship is superstition; respect for the father and the mother is out-of-date; identity of man and wife is a fiction.' This 'insectification' of the human individual leads to breaking up those attitudes which make him divine.

In Communist China, the family is sought to be broken up; members of the communes are called upon to dig up the bones of their ancestors in a land where ancestor worship has been rooted in antiquity to convert them into fertilisers. In U.S.S.R., children are taught to betray their parents in the interest of totalitarian rule.

However, it is no use blaming the Communist doctrine alone. In countries which have abandoned themselves to the luxuries of materialistic comforts, the same thing is happening though in an indirect way. In U.S. and European countries, family life is breaking up; 'good-time' marriages bring easy sex relations; sex obsession, induced by cinema, television, novels and newspapers, are making farm-yard morals respectable; families are being broken up; teen-age crime on a nation-wide scale prevails.

India, in spite of its strong family tradition, which has been the source of its vitality, is trying to catch up with these nations. Legislative and fiscal policies disrupt the family. To this is added the unsettling effects of hasty social legislation. The Hollywood cult of sex and crime spreads its poison to millions of men and women through thousands of cinema theatres. The distribution of pornographic literature remains uncontrolled, possibly to vindicate our fundamental right of free expression.

Religion is ignored; religious education is frowned upon by educational authorities; religious institutions are being placed under the officials who need not necessarily be religious and who have to act under the direction of ministers to whom power and patronage is the religion of life. Gifts to religion are taxed.

In the so-called advanced sections of society in large cities, 'good-time' marriages are coming into vogue. Social conscience in respect of adultery is blunted. Teen-agers are taking to crimes. College boys and girls are initiated into sex obsession.

A boy student slapped a girl and molested her in a University campus. The boy was rusticated. The leaders of the boys in an interview to the press said that the girls were responsible for the boy's misconduct; they powder their faces, use lip-sticks and dress themselves in clinging clothes!

The way is thus paved for undermining the family and the institution of marriage. We are of course in a dynamic age. We may not go to heaven; the road to hell, however, is opened wider for us.

The question is of vital importance. Are we going to stem this drift towards atomisation of our family life and recapture the Gaya spirit?

From Gaya proper we motored

down to Rajagriha situated in the midst of hills. It was the old capital of Jarasandha, Emperor of Magadha, and I was pointed out the place where Bhima, one of the Pandava brothers, under the instructions of Sri Krishna, vanquished and killed the emperor. In the *Mahabharata*, it is referred to as Girivraja.

Later this capital of Magadha was ruled by King Bimbisar and his son Ajatasatru. Here it was that Siddharth, on leaving home, came first to become the disciple of Alara first, and then that of Udraka. Many places round about it are associated with his wanderings. After he left his mortal body, the first Buddhist Council was held in the Saptaparna cave nearby. One of the sacred places associated with Buddha is the hill nearby which is called Gridhrakuta or the Vulture Peak.

I was advised by friends to take my bath in the sulphur springs of Rajagriha. But no such luck. There was no time, no spare clothes. But I envied the people who were enjoying the luxury of a bath in the steaming waters.

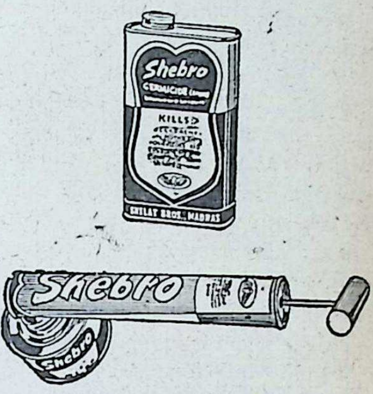
It was getting dark now, so I had to forego the long-coveted privilege of seeing the ruins of the famous University of Nalanda.

Then began the meetings connected with the Swatantra Party Convention at Patna, which in attendance and enthusiasm outdid our wildest expectations.

Yours sincerely.

K. M. Munshi

SHEBRO



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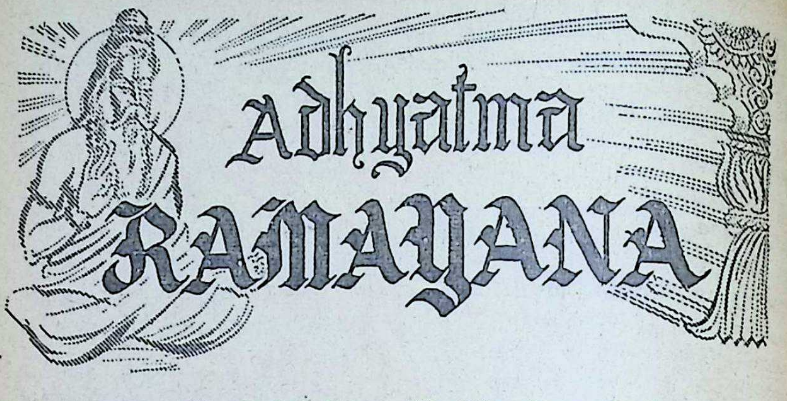


Adhyatma RAMAYANA

THE LORD PROMISES

Expressing Her indebtedness to Lord Parameswara for expounding Ramatatva, Parvati asked her Lord: "Be pleased to tell me the story of Sri Rama in detail." Replied the Lord: "Once Sri Rama Himself told me His story. I shall repeat that to you, hearing which people will be liberated from the triad of difficulties." Said He:

भूमिर्भारेण मग्ना दशवदनमुखाशेषरक्षो-
गणानां
धृत्वा गोरूपमादौ दिविजमुनिजनैः साकमब्जा-
सनस्य।
गत्वा लोकं रुदन्ती व्यसनमुपगतं ब्रह्मणे प्राह
सर्वं
ब्रह्मा ध्यात्वा मुहूर्तं सकलमपि हृदावेदऽशेषा-
त्मकत्वात् ॥

Unable to bear the burden of all the *rakshasas* headed by Ravana, once the Goddess of Earth took the form of a cow and went to Brahma Loka with the Devas and Rishis and unfolded her misery to the Lotus-seated Brahma, weeping. Concentrating for a *muhurta*, Brahma came to know all about it, being Himself the Creator of all.

तस्मात् क्षीरसमुद्रतीरमगमद् ब्रह्माथ देवैर्वृतो
देव्याचाखिललोकहृत्स्थमजरं सर्वज्ञमीशं हरिम्।
अस्तौषीत् श्रुतिसिद्धनिर्मलपदैः स्तोत्रैः
पुराणोद्भवैः
भक्त्या गद्गदया गिरातिविमलैः आनन्द-
बाष्पैर्वृतः॥

From there Brahma, surrounded by the Devas and Mother Earth, proceeded to the Milky Ocean and praised Hari, who is present in the heart of all creation, the Imperishable, All-knowing, with devotional prayers in impeccable words established in the Vedas, choked with emotion and overflowing tears of joy.

ततः स्फुरत्सहस्रांशुसहस्रसदृशप्रभः।
आविरासीत् हरिः प्राच्या दिशो व्यपनयंस्तमः॥

From there appeared on the east Hari, shining like thousand suns, dispelling darkness.

सर्वविद् दृष्टवान् ब्रह्मा दुर्दर्शमकृतात्मनाम् ।
इन्द्रनीलप्रतीकाशं स्मितास्यं पद्मलोचनम् ।।
किरीटहारकेयूरकुण्डलैः कटकादिभिः ।
विभ्राजमानं श्रीवत्सकौस्तुभप्रभयान्वितम् ।।
स्तुवद्भिः सनकाद्यैश्च पार्षदैः परिवेष्टितम् ।
शङ्खचक्रगदापद्मवनमालाविराजितम् ।।
स्वर्णयज्ञोपवीतेन स्वर्णवर्णाम्बरेण च ।
श्रिया भूम्या च सहितं गरुडोपरि संस्थितम् ।
हर्षगद्गदया वाचा स्तोतुं समुपचक्रमे ।।

Brahma saw with difficulty that resplendent figure which is totally unreachable by less fortunate beings. Lord Hari shone like the *indra-neela* gem (sapphire). He had a smiling face. His eyes looked like lotuses. He shone, adorned with *kirita* (crown) ; *haras* (necklaces) ; *keyuras* (armlets) ; *kundalas* (eardrops) and *katakas* (bracelets). *Srivatsa* and *Kaustubha* (on His chest) added their lustre. Sanaka and others stood around praising Him.

The Lord was surrounded by His attendants. He wore the conch, the discus, the mace, the garland *vanamala*, the golden sacred-thread and *pitambara*. The Goddesses of Lakshmi and Bhumi were by His side as He was seated on Garuda. Overcome with joy, Brahma started offering praise to the Lord in stuttering tones.

नतोऽस्मि ते पदं देव प्राणबुद्धीन्द्रियात्मभिः ।
यच्चिन्त्यते कर्मपाशात् हृदि नित्यं मुमुक्षुभि : ।।
मायया गुणमय्या त्वं सृजस्यवसि लुम्पसि ।
तेन न ते लेप आनन्दानुभवात्मनः ।।
न शुद्धिर्न दुष्टानां दानाध्ययनकर्मभिः ।
शुद्धात्मता ते यशसि सदा भक्तिमतां यथा ।।

"O God, I prostrate at Your Feet with my breath, intellect, senses and body, Which are being concentrated on by those who desire to be free from bondage. By Your threefold qualities, You create, protect and destroy the universe. Yet You Who are the embodiment of wisdom-bliss are not affected by it. Lord! Not all the gifts, study of the Vedas and other *dharmic* activities of the man who is evil at heart, may attain the purity of your devotee who constantly revels in the contemplation of Your glory.

* * *

अतः त्वत्पादकमले भक्तिरेव सदास्तु मे ।
संसारामयतप्तानां भेषजं भक्तिरेव ते ।।

May you therefore be pleased to bless me with constant devotion to Your lotus feet. Is not that devotion the panacea for the disease called *Samsara* and all those who suffer from it?

इति ब्रुवन्तं ब्रह्माणं बभाषे भगवान् हरिः ।
किं करोमीति तं वेधाः प्रत्युवाचातिहर्षितः ।।

Hearing Brahma praising thus, Lord Hari, immensely pleased, asked Brahma: "What can I do for you?"

भगवन् रावणो नाम पौलस्त्यतनयो महान् ।
राक्षसानामधिपतिः मद्दत्तवरदर्पितः ।।
त्रिलोकीं लोकपालांश्च बाधते विश्वबाधकः ।
मानुषेण मृतिस्तस्य मया कल्याण कल्पिता ।
अतस्त्वं मानुषो भूत्वा जहि देवरिपुं प्रभो ।।

Said Brahma:

"Lord! The great lord of *rakshasas*, Ravana by name, grandson of Pulastya, becoming arrogant by virtue of the boons conferred on him by me, torments the three worlds and their rulers. Indeed he is a menace to the entire universe. Auspicious One! I have ordained his death at human hands only. Therefore, Lord! Becoming a man slay this enemy of the Devas.

श्री भगवानुवाच —
कश्यपस्य वरोदत्तः तपसा तोषितेन मे ॥
याचितः पुत्रभावाय तथेत्यङ्गीकृतं मया ।
स इदानीं दशरथो भूत्वा तिष्ठति भूतले ॥
तस्याहं पुत्रतामेत्य कौसल्यायां शुभे दिने ।
चतुर्धात्मानमेवाहं सृजामीतरयोः पृथक् ॥
योगमायापि सीतेति जनकस्य गृहे तदा ।
उत्पत्स्यते तया सार्धं सर्वं सम्पादयाम्यहम ।
इत्युक्त्वाऽन्तर्दधे विष्णुः ब्रह्मा देवानथा-
ब्रवीत् ॥

Said the Bhagavan:

"Desiring to have Me as his son, Sage Kashyapa had delighted me by *tapas* and I granted his prayer by agreeing. He is now born in the world as Dasaratha. I shall be born to him as son by Kausalya on an auspicious day. Including his other two queens, I shall be born as a quartet. At that time Yoga-Maya too will be born as Sita at King Janaka's home. In her company I shall accomplish everything."

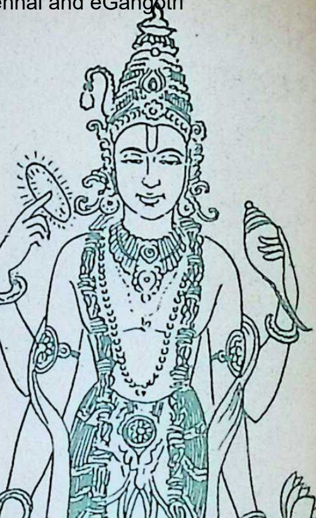
After saying this, Lord Vishnu disappeared. Then Brahma addressed the Devas:

विष्णुर्मानुषरूपेण भविष्यति रघोः कुले ॥
यूयं सृजध्वं सर्वेऽपि वानरेष्वंशसम्भवान् ।
विष्णोः सहायं कुरुत यावत्स्थास्यति भूतले ॥
इति देवान् समादिश्य समाश्वास्य च मेदिनीम् ।
ययौ ब्रह्मा स्वभवनं विज्वरः सुखमास्थितः ॥

"Lord Vishnu will be born as a human in the clan of Raghu. You too create *vanaras* with your part. As long as the Lord stays in the world, help Him in His task."

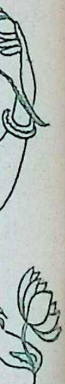
Commanding the Devas in this manner and comforting Mother Earth, Brahma returned to his mansion free from anxiety and stayed happily.

देवाश्च सर्वे हरिरूपधारिणः
स्थिताः सहायार्थमितस्ततो हरेः ।



महाबलाः पवतवृक्षयोधिनः
प्रतीक्षमाणाः भगवन्तमीश्वरम् ॥

Taking the form of *vanaras*, all the Devas stayed here and there for helping Lord Hari. They were all mighty; they fought with mountains and trees as their weapons. Thus they waited anticipating the great Lord.



स्वरम् ॥
as, all the
for help
l mighty;
and trees
ey waited

RISHNA-VATARA

E DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

33

THE SACRED BOW

As the people who gathered in front of the dyer's shop stood awestruck at the miraculous recovery of Trivakra, shouts were heard from the outer edge of the crowd. Clatter of the hoofs of a horse was heard as also the sound of lashes laid on people and the shrieks of those injured. Evidently a horseman was making his way through the crowd, laying his whip across the shoulders of whoever came in his way or pushing his horse through them.

By temperament, Balaram was slow to move and slower still to speak, but when his ire was roused, he was red. He stepped forward in front of the horseman and catching hold of the horse, tried to halt the rushing animal. The rider in temper lashed out at Balaram, but before he could use his whip again, it was wrested from him and the rider was pulled down to the ground. The crowd, which had never seen resistance to those in power, was in a mood to applaud whatever the boys did and cheered Balaram enthusiastically.

Even Balaram's gigantic size gave little indication of the superhuman strength he possessed. He not only halted the horse, but pushed it back. It tried to rear; it tried to resist by throwing its weight on its haunches; all resistance was useless. Step by step Balaram pushed it back right on to the bullocks of the chariot which was following.

The bullocks, frightened by the back-stepping horse and the shouts of the crowd, turned aside, almost overturning the chariot. The two ladies who were riding in the chariot—one, a well-developed woman of about twenty-five and the other, a lovely girl of sixteen—shrieked in terror. The princely rider, though badly bruised, rose from the ground and shouted for the two riders who were following the chariot, but they could not come forward, for the chariot and the bullocks which were now standing across the road proved a formidable barricade. He turned to pursue Balaram, when Krishna caught hold of him by the neck.

The prince turned to him angrily: 'Fool, don't you know who I am? I am Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, and the guest of your master Prince Kamsa.'

'Now that you say it, I know who you are,' replied Krishna coolly. 'You had better go back to your womenfolk and stop molesting the people.'

'You scoundrel!' shouted Rukmi and tried to unsheath his sword. But before he could do so, Krishna had twisted his hand and with expert skill threw the Prince off his balance. Then he pushed him near the chariot, lifted him before he could offer resistance and threw him in the chariot as if he was a sack full of corn. Both the women seated in it began to shout at Krishna in high excitement. 'Let go my brother, you wicked man,' said the beautiful girl.

Krishna smiled in his characteristic way which always won hearts. 'Is this your brother? As a princess, you should try to teach him the manners of a prince,' he said.

'Oh, what have you done to my brother?' cried the girl.

Krishna's eyes showed signs of mischief. 'Don't worry, young lady. Your brother has lost nothing except his conceit. I am sure he will behave better hereafter—even to you,' he said with a laugh. There was no resisting Krishna and in spite of her tears, the princess of Vidarbha could not help smiling in return.

Krishna then walked up to the frightened bullocks which were trying to find an escape from the shouting crowd. He knew the ways of cattle as of men, and approaching them fearlessly, talked to them in a friendly voice. A few pats, some cheering words, and the bullocks became quiet. Then as he began to rub their dewlaps in an affectionate manner, the bullocks outgrew their fear and became friendly. After a little while, he led them back to the place where they had stood before and the chariot was ready to start on its way.

Krishna gave a parting pat to the bullocks, which rubbed their nose against him as if they had found a long-lost friend. Then he threw the reins on to the lap of the driver. 'Look after the bullocks well. They are very fine,' he said, smiling mischievously at the girl. Soon the chariot departed, followed by Rukmi, now a highly chastened person, on his horse.

A very large crowd, which by then had gathered round the brothers, was lost in admiration, not unmixed with respect. A hunchbacked woman had been made shapely; a horse had been pushed aside as if it was a mere toy; one of the royal guests of Kamsa was pulled down from his horse and carried like a sack, and frightened bullocks were tamed by a pat.

Trivakra, now walking straight, was exultant; her life's dream had been fulfilled. She was so full of joy and gratitude that she could not keep the secret any more and whispered it in the ears of a bystander. 'He is Devaki's eighth son. As Narada has prophesied, he has come.'

Krishna and Balaram, responding to the affectionate greetings of the crowd, went their way. A part of the crowd followed them, Trivakra at the head. The streets they passed through were thronged by the notabilities and the villagers who had come from far and near to join in the festivities and who were unconscious of the terrible conflict which was developing. Nothing delighted Trivakra more than to walk with the two handsome boys, particularly with Krishna whom she looked upon as a beloved god, and to point out to them the famous sights of the rich city.

The news of what had happened to the dyer and Rukmi travelled fast and reached the authorities. General Pradyota himself, with a small retinue, rushed to the place where the incident had taken place, and after making inquiries, overtook Krishna and Balaram who were in a leisurely manner moving about in the city. On seeing them, the general got down from his horse and went up to the boys.

'You are the sons of Nanda—aren't you?—who have been invited by my lord?' he asked. 'I have been trying to reach you since the morning. I am sorry I could not do it earlier.'

Pradyota could not help admiring the two boys and immediately fell under the charm of the younger one.

'Who are you?' asked Balaram.

'Oh, I am Pradyota, the Andhaka chief. I am the general of Prince Kamsa,' replied Pradyota.

'You have collected a lot of unmannerly people in the city,' said Balaram bluntly. 'No sooner we came to the city, one man wanted to hit Krishna and another tried to whip me,' Balaram pointed to the scar which Rukmi's whip had left on him. 'You people seem to be very hospitable,' he added and laughed uproariously.

Krishna folded his hands. 'We are happy to meet you, Best among Andhakas. We have heard a lot about you.' The way he said it combined dignity with respect. 'You are a great warrior.'

'Uncle Pradyota, the dyer was very rude to Nanda's sons,' interrupted Trivakra. 'And the Prince of Vidarbha lashed out at Balaram.'

Pradyota turned to the good-looking and shapely woman standing by his side and his eyes widened in surprise. 'Who are you, lady?' he asked.

'Have you forgotten me so soon, Uncle?' Trivakra asked with a melodious laugh. 'I gave you the scents and unguents only this morning. You are getting forgetful', she added with easy familiarity of one whose mother was a favourite attendant of the general.

Pradyota could not believe his eyes. 'Trivakra, what has happened to you? Where is your hump gone? You are now almost a beauty.' Pradyota looked bewildered; he could not imagine for the life of him as to how the 'thrice crooked' woman, who had applied scents and unguents on him this morning, could now become so different a being.

'That is the grace of my lord here,' she said, folding her hands and bowing to Krishna.

Pradyota looked at Krishna with a new understanding. This was Devaki's eighth son whom he was under a commission to kill, while if he cured Trivakra's hump, he was a god and Narada's prophecy was being fulfilled. His mind went back to the scene in the dark corridor which he had witnessed the night before, and bitterness welled up in his heart at what he had seen and what commission he was charged with.

'I would like to show you our city,' said Pradyota. 'Would you like to see some sights?' he asked.

'Yes, everything,' said Krishna.

'We would like to see the great Bow,' said Balaram. 'We have heard so much about it.'

'Come with me. I will take you to the *mandap* where it is being worshipped,' said Pradyota.

They all proceeded to the *mandap*, Trivakra happily chattering about the sights which they came across on the way. When they were near it, Pradyota turned to the brothers. 'Has either of you drawn the long bow?' he asked them.

'We have, but not of your kind. We select our own bamboo or wood, make our own bows out of them and shoot at wild animals.'

On the banks of the Yamuna, next to the inner fort in the middle of which the palace was situated, a large pandal had been constructed. Quite a few people, including several eminent notabilities, who had been arriving all these three days, had been visiting it to see the anointed Bow.

In the middle of the *mandap* was a platform on which the great Bow was lying. On three sides, Brahmans were sitting, worshipping it with appropriate rituals. Several guests were passing by it, admiring its strength. Some of the guests, who were likely to take part in the final ritual of shooting the arrow from the Bow, were trying to feel what it was like; for, according to the rituals prescribed for the *Dhanuryajna,* the man who could lift it and discharge an arrow furthest from it on the last day of the festival, would be proclaimed the hero of the festivities and rewarded as such.

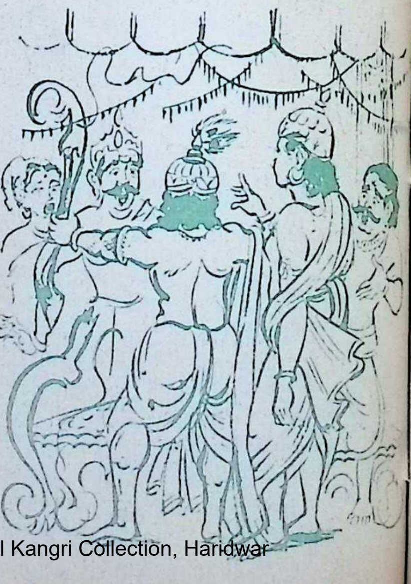
As they neared the place where the Bow was lying, Pradyota whispered something in the ears of Trivakra, who immediately threw a meaningful glance at Krishna. Immediately Krishna felt as if he had sensed its meaning. Whether any man could shoot an arrow from this bow or not the next day was a matter of no consequence. But it was the symbol of Kamsa's power which held his people in fear and if that fear had to be rooted out, the magic of the symbol had to be broken. As he stood gazing at the Bow, he felt a mysterious thrill passing over him.

He heard Trivakra telling him: 'Lord, why don't you try to lift the Bow now? It is a marvel prepared by Uncle Pradyota's experts.'

Was there any significance in what Trivakra was saying, Krishna asked himself. Whether it had any or not, if he had a mission to fulfil, this symbol had to be destroyed.

He made up his mind and turned to Pradyota. 'I am not an expert bowman. I am just a cowherd. But I hope to try to shoot the arrow on the last day,' he said. 'May I try to lift it now to see how heavy it is?'

'Yes, that you can, Nanda's son,' said Pradyota, exchanging a glance with Trivakra. 'But you would not be



able to do it. Even expert bow-men cannot do it.'

A thought flashed across Pradyota's mind. Was he really the Saviour? Or would he fail his people?

'Try it, then,' said Pradyota.

Krishna looked at the bow for some time very carefully, apparently calculating its weight. Others looked on sceptically, some derisively. Then he suddenly bent down and lifted the bow with a sharp jerk. The spectators crowding round him were dumbfounded.

'Is this the bow which we are to handle the day after?' asked Krishna.

'Yes,' said Pradyota, his voice full of a new respect.

'Is it so difficult to handle it?' asked Krishna innocently. Krishna scrutinised the Bow closely to find whether there was anything exceptional about it. Then he saw one of the joints, yes, it was a sign; his mission *will* be fulfilled.

To the horror of all present, instead of placing the bow back on its pedestal, Krishna placed his foot on one end of the bow and bent the other end abruptly, concentrating all the strength of his arms. The bow cracked and broke. Krishna threw away the pieces and laughed.

It was a feat unheard of—an insult to Kamsa—a sacrilege!

However, those who saw the brothers walking away in complete indifference, stood in silent awe. And the heart of Pradyota was full of repentance and of joy as well.

[*To be continued*]

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* Vide page 3.

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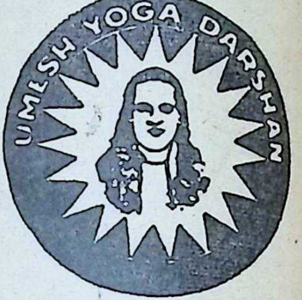

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A UNITED INDIAN BAR:

Powerful Force For Welding Country

M. C. Setalvad

[Attorney-General of India]

THE establishment of a country-wide organisation of lawyers was attempted without appreciable success for many years.

Early last year the Indian Law Institute, of which the Chief Justice of India is the President, sent out a Questionnaire in regard to the desirability of forming an association of the entire Bar of India and the steps that may be taken for the purpose of forming such a body.

The replies to the Questionnaire revealed a widespread desire for the foundation of such a body, and the matter was considered at an All-India Law Conference which was held under the auspices of the Indian Law Institute in these premises in the month of March last year.

That conference resolved upon the foundation of the Bar Association of India and took preliminary steps to found and organise the Association.

Pursuant to these resolutions a draft of the constitution of the Association was prepared and circulated to the members of the Bar all over the country for their advice and suggestions. These suggestions were considered at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Association in the light of the suggestions received by it. The Association was thereafter registered under the Societies Registration Act on the 25th of September 1959.

The objects of the Association are broad-based and aim not only at the furtherance of the interests of the profession but set before it the task of public and national welfare in many directions.

We aim at upholding the Constitution of India, the representative, free and democratic form of government established by it and the promotion of the Rule of Law.

We are to endeavour to apply our knowledge and experience in the field of Law to the promotion of the public good.

We have pledged ourselves to promote the improvement of legal education and to undertake instruction in law and allied subjects.

We are also to take measures for the provision of free legal aid to the poor and the establishment and maintenance of a system of prompt and efficient legal advice for persons irrespective of their capacity to pay.

I have mentioned but a few of our objects which will tend to the public weal. In addition we shall also function in our own characteristic fields, such as the promotion of the science of jurisprudence, the encouragement and conduct of research in legal and allied fields, the reform of administration of justice and law and the promotion of the uniformity of legislation and judicial decision.

Those who considered the question of the organisation of the Association thought that this was an opportune moment for its formation.

Soon after independence a widespread and insistent demand was raised by the members of the Bar in various parts of the country that the Bar in India should be unified. That demand was considered by the Indian Bar Committee presided over by Justice S. R. Das, later the Chief Justice of India, and the Committee unanimously recommended that the Bar in India should be organised on a countrywide basis with a common roll of Advocates. That recommendation was inevitable in the context of the system of administration of justice which had been evolved by us.

Excepting some local legislation our statute law and our uncodified law which has been called the Indian common law rest on a countrywide basis.

We have under the Constitution an integrated judicial system which administers alike the State as well as the Union laws and which has at its apex the Supreme Court of India.

It was obvious that such a countrywide uniform and integrated system of administration of justice necessarily called for an integrated and unified Bar to assist in its administration.

After a considerable lapse of time the demand of the Bar for unification prevailed and as we all know a Bill is pending before Parliament the main purpose of which is to create a common Bar for the whole country with State-wise Bar Councils and an All-India Bar Council at the head.

Not only is the Bar thus on the eve of being statutorily unified but the purpose of the pending legislation is to make it almost wholly autonomous and the master of its own house. It was in this setting that the question of the formation of a countrywide organisation of the Bar fell to be considered.

It was felt that simultaneously with the birth of a unified Bar in India under the statute there should also come into existence a nation-wide organisation of the lawyers themselves for the achievement of purposes which would naturally be beyond the limited scope of the functions of the Bar Councils to be constituted under the proposed legislation.

The Bar Association of India will in many matters supplement and aid the activities of the statutory Bar Councils and work in many wider fields which must remain outside the scope of the statutory bodies.

When we launch ourselves upon new ventures we often pride ourselves on our ancient ideals and achievements. But it is, I think, useful on occasions to set before us the recent record of other nations as an example which we may follow with advantage to ourselves.

I shall, therefore, call attention to the growth and development of the American Bar Association. Born in the summer of 1778 at a gathering of about seventy-five men summoned to a meeting by about a dozen lawyers from eleven States, that body has grown from strength to strength so that today it has over one hundred thousand members embracing more than a third of the members of the Bar in the United States. Notwithstanding its large membership it is felt that "it still does not touch and may not perhaps always speak for the whole profession". Attempts are, therefore, being made to still further widen its membership so that it may like the National Medical Association of the United States have on its rolls as many as two-thirds of the active practitioners.

Apart from its large membership its activities have been wide and manifold. It functions in about thirty standing committees dealing with various subjects of permanent interest, such as American Citizenship, Bill of Rights, Judicial selection, jurisprudence and law reform, legal aid work, peace and law through the United Nations, professional ethics and grievances, and unemployment and social security. It has also formed about seventy-five special committees dealing with non-recurring matters arising from time to time. It has tried to set standards for the profession and the judiciary by formulating canons of professional ethics, an oath of admission to the Bar and also the canons of judicial ethics.

In 1900 the American Bar Association founded the Association of American Law Schools which has, it is said, "for half a century been the centre for discussion and action on the academic development of law." This organ founded by the American Bar Association has been described as "perhaps...the most successful and influential organ among those concerned with any sort of professional training in the universities."

An early outcome of the activities of the Association was the birth of what is called the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. Statutes drafted by this Conference have from year to year been submitted for approval to the annual meetings of the Association. It is difficult to over-estimate the great work achieved by this conference. More than sixty statutes have been devised by it. It has also framed numerous model Acts for adoption by the various States and some of the statutes framed by the Conference have been enacted in a large number of States. The Association has thus rendered notable public service through the activities of this Conference.

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effort and service, there is no rea- n why the Bar Association of India ould not in course of time make a ntribution to national service as out- anding as that of our sister organi- ation in the United States.

The profession in India embraces er 60,000 members. If it set before elf the ideal of service not only to e administration of law and justice t of service to the nation and pro- ced workers devoted to such ser- e it can play an honoured role in e march of the nation to its ap- inted goal.

We have our own characteristic oblems to the solution of which a dy like the one which we have form- d can lend a helping hand. We are new-born democracy striving to aintain the noble objects enshrined in r Constitution at a time when totali- ian Governments threatening the ry roots of law and the Rule of Law e increasingly in the vogue.

Our Governmental regimes have en functioning under the domina- n of parties with huge majorities d without the salutary control of fective Oppositions. There are trends n our body politic which seem to ake for authoritarianism and draw s towards the rule of a few. Impor- t decisions affecting public inter- s are taken not by Governmental encies but by the parties in power ose dictates seem in turn to be fol- ed by the Governments.

There is an unmistakable tendency belittle the functions of the judi- l process and indeed to interfere h its operation.

Corruption is said to stalk at large d we all know how corruption has in many countries led inevitably to the rise to power of autocratic forces.

It should be the paramount duty of a body composed of men pledged to the smooth and impartial administration of justice and the orderly development of a true democracy to earnestly ponder over these and like situations and take active and energetic measures to counter them in so far as such action may lie within its power.

Few in the profession have appreciated the silent and peaceful revolution which has overcome us. The men of the law cannot afford to stand aside when the country is forging ahead along its newly chosen path. We have to adapt ourselves to these new conditions, discard the notion that we are a mere profession and realise that we can regain the influence which we once exercised in public affairs only if we become the leaders of the people in the changed conditions so as to guide them to the new destination which they have set themselves to reach.

Said a distinguished Chief Justice "In a free society every lawyer has a responsibility, that of acting as an intelligent unselfish leader of public opinion—within his own particular sphere of influence." A united Indian Bar fully organised and striving with all its effort after true ideals can, I am sure, be a powerful force for welding the country together combating all sectional, regional and communal trends and taking it forward on its march to Indian nationhood and progress.

[*From his Inaugural Address at the Bar Association of India delivered on the 20th of last month at New Delhi*].

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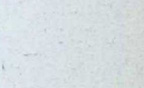

What I Have Learnt of Indian Music

Prof. Howard Boatwright

IT was in the summer of 1958 that Dr. and Mrs. Munshi visited the United States. During that visit, Mrs. Munshi spoke with a number of people about getting Western musicians to come to India to work with Indian musicians, as a means of cultural exchange. At Yale University the Munshi's visited Professor Fowler Harper of the Law School, who had been in India under the Fulbright programme. It was he who suggested that Mrs. Munshi request my services through the U.S. Educational Foundation in India. Mrs. Munshi, being a lady of action, followed through immediately, and I soon received a letter outlining the project.

Although I felt intrigued by the idea of a visit to India, I was not at all sure as to the nature of the work for a Western musician in a purely Indian music school such as the Sangit Shikshapith, nor sure of my ability to cope with it, since I knew nothing at all about Indian music. I had no idea of what I could manage to teach the Indian students, but I did know that the year would not be wasted as far as my learning something of Indian music was concerned. Progress is assured, if one begins from zero! So I decided to come to India, entering the project as innocently as a bride in an arranged marriage!

My short stay in India—now almost exactly nine months—has been a series of revelations.

I knew that Indian classical music is an art music—not a wild flower, but a carefully cultivated bloom, off the shoot of an ancient culture. But I really had no idea of its depth, colour, or variety until I came to India. Even with the greatest interest, one cannot manage to hear an adequate amount of it in the West, or hear it under the proper conditions to gain a true impression of its power to touch the listener.

To become a good—not to say great—Indian musician is obviously a task which requires a lifetime of devotion. It is very plain to me that any Westerner, coming to India in his maturity, could never, even with the hardest work, become more than a good amateur, as far as performing Indian music is concerned. This realization brought on pessimism as to my learning any phase of practical performance during my short stay in India.

I was also surprised to learn of the extent to which music education is accomplished on a group basis, in classroom instruction. I had always heard of the Indian *guru*, but I had no idea that there was such a thing as a systematic school curriculum in music until I received in one of Mrs. Munshi's letters the prospectus of the Sangit Shikshapith. I was impressed with the variety of subjects, and the organization of the catalogue, although the technical names of the types of music taught were at the time completely incomprehensible to me.

Having had so little idea of what goes on in Indian music, and then having been suddenly confronted with the brilliance of Indian concert performers, and an organized educational system already operating to spread culture downwards from the heights occupied by the great specialists, I could not at first see what purpose could be served by my being there, other than to give me the benefit of more knowledge about Indian music.

How could I do anything which would be of value to Indian music and musicians?

Having gotten along without help from the West for hundreds of years, it seemed obvious, even to me, that Indian musicians could manage to get along at this time, also. I could not escape a feeling that I was quite superfluous in the Indian musical scene.

My feeling of being superfluous was the result of an early perception of certain basic differences in the attitudes of Indian and Western musicians towards changes and developments in technique and style.

The Indian musician seems to lay great emphasis on doing justice to the great tradition he represents, given to him by his *guru*. His sense of responsibility for preserving this tradition is so strong that he is usually inclined to place tradition first, and his own personal contributions second.

On the other hand, the Western musician may have a high regard for tradition, but he is usually inclined to place his personal inventiveness first.

In the West, a composer is valued more for the quality of his personal expressiveness, and for new features he contributes to the style than for preserving elements of the past in his work.

These opposite points of view held by Indian and Western musicians may be responsible, on the one hand, for the relatively static condition of Indian music, and on the other, for the rapid—at times, it seems almost too rapid—changeability of Western music.

It is these attitudes of musicians which form the crux of the problem of musical interchange between India and the West.

The Indian classical musician, by his tradition, is not going to be easily inclined to absorb new elements. The Westerner, in his unceasing desire to find something new, may even too readily absorb new elements from a different cultural tradition.

It is a fact that much music in the West, especially within the last half century, has been influenced by Eastern music—sometimes in superficial ways, and sometimes in ways that cut at the very roots of the Western musical tradition. Our receptiveness in the West to any sort of change, for the sake of change itself, carries with it the danger of losing the main line from which our musical culture has drawn its power. Nevertheless, the West does not fear change and innovation as much as India does.

The reason for the Western com

The musical couple: Prof. Howard and Helen Boatwright.

sure in the face of this danger is a mple technical one. We have a good d widely used system of notation, d the music of our past always remains at our disposal. Our libraries e full of the works of composers ting as far back as the twelfth century.

Contemporary composers can do at they like; they cannot destroy e past, and we can ultimately judge m against long existing standards. But in India—despite the ancient ory treatises, and much recent rk on notation—each *guru*, and h performer is himself the main pository or library for India's past ical culture. How could such a musician take lightly someone's suggestion for change? How could he place much value on his own innovations when he carries in his memory the burden of such a vast tradition?

One cannot condemn the Indian musician for tending towards conservatism, if one understands his particular problem.

Nor should one consider a Western musician narrow if he rejects surface influence from the East as trivial, and more basic influences, such as the elimination of polyphony ("many-voiced" music) as too damaging to the main structural bases of Western music.

It would appear that no really res-

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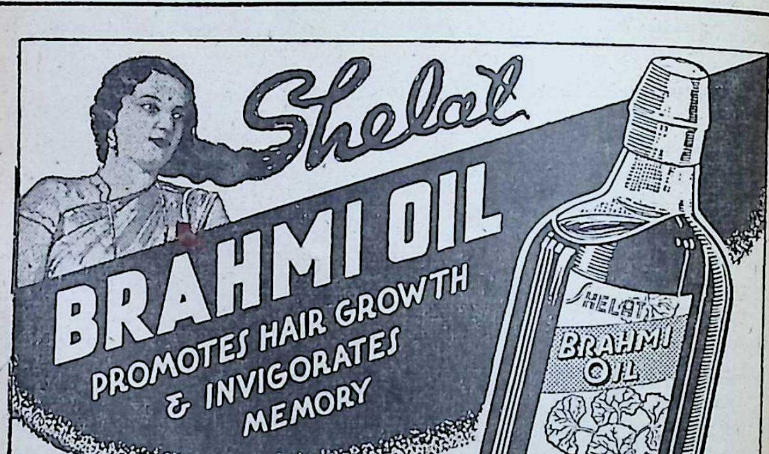
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sible musician—one fully aware of e conditions on which his own musi- al culture rests—could play lightly h the facile formulas of cultural ermingling which have become styl- h nowadays.

It is one thing to learn to appre- ate another culture, for its own sake, d quite a different thing to adopt e elements of another culture indis- minately, losing one's own identity the process.

As a responsible Western musician, have tried to learn to appreciate the ique qualities of Indian music, but have no particular intention of opting specific devices from Indian sic for use in Western composi- n.

The values I feel I have gained are a more general nature but, I think, t less important. Some of them are:

(1) A new sense for the function of continuously articulated rhythm against melody.

(2) An enhanced taste for decoration (graces or *gamakas*) in slow melody. My appreciation of this factor in our own 17th-and-18th-century music has grown through my contact with Indian music.

(3) A new realization of the universality of form types in music. There are striking parallels in the fixed forms, and in the types of development used in Indian and in Western music.

(4) A strong reaffirmation of a principle now severely questioned in the West—often questioned, strangely enough by musicians who cite Eastern music as evidence. This principle is that of "tonality", or the organization of the pitches around a central tone. The principle is more firmly held in Indian music through the use of the drone than in Western music, even in its most thoroughly organized tonal styles.

(5) A fresh perspective on the problems of pitch and intonation. One can observe in India a pure tradition of intonation, since there has been no particular influence, in theory or practice, from the Western system of artificial intonation used in tuning pianos.

This list could be made considerably longer, but it serves well enough to illustrate my point—that one may get a great deal from intercultural contact without indulging in adulteration, either of one's own culture, or the foreign one.

If my attitude towards adopting direct influences from the East is as stated above, then it must follow that I am not the one to try to push Western stylistic influences, as such, into Indian music. What, then, could be the direction of my work in an Indian music school?

After some weeks of meetings with the principal, Professor Nagarker and some of the teachers of the Sangit Shikshapith, in which we exchanged views and got to know each other's minds to a certain extent, it seemed to me that I should apply myself, as a theorist, to that basic technical problem which has so much affected the nature of Indian music through the centuries —notation, or, rather, the lack of notation.

Doing some work in this field did not seem to me inappropriate for a foreigner like myself, because notation in India is a relatively new thing, while for the West it is very old, and has passed through many successive stages, being improved gradually through trial and error. Then, too, I would not be meddling with Indian music itself, as notation is only a tool —not music.

Here at the Bhavan I have had a good opportunity to observe the efficient use made of the Bhatkande notation, and elsewhere I have had some contact with other systems, ranging from highly developed ones which attempt to include every fluctuation of intonation down to primitive script notations jotted down by players in the film studios.

There is one feature, however, that no letter notation has—no matter from what school it hails. That feature is the graph-like background of five lines which characterizes European staff notation.

This graph-like background brings one element into the process of reading which gives it an advantage over any letter notation: tones may be read, particularly at rapid speeds, not by individual tone names, but by the up and down directions which are clearly visible against the staff.

While it is certainly true that Indian musicians find the rapid recitation of individual tone names in *sargam* no great problem, most of those I have observed seem, at present, to use their letter notations more as guides for learning than as documents to be read off rapidly at sight.

The classical musician will consider this objection more or less pointle because he does not have to perfor from notation under the present ci cumstances.

But in the radio and film world, th necessity for fluent reading is alread very apparent. Many a precious ho (and a corresponding number o rupees) is wasted in the studios eve day because of the absence of an notation at all, or the use of clums individual systems in which the mus has to be practically memorized b fore the record can be made.

In the sphere of classical musi notation is mainly a teaching devic and no such pressing demands ar likely to be made upon its efficienc as are made in the studios. But, perhaps, even in the classroom ther might be some use for more fluen reading, and there might be a point i considering a type of notation leadin toward that end.

If I seem to be making too much o of mere fluency in reading, let me als make another observation. If one compares, let us say, a Bhatkande piece or a Tyagaraja *kriti* in notation wit a performed version—even when the performer is using the book—one find that the notation is a proper guide, bu no more than that.

There are rhythmic distinctions, an additional *gamakas* which go beyon the notation.

All of the present notations o Indian music seem to serve a certai purpose in preserving the core of th music, but they are not worth ver much as written records of how th music actually sounded.

I discovered fairly early in my sta that I could make no use of versio transcribed literally from Indian notation into Western notation. I had to have the guidance of a performer in every case to let me know what was supposed to happen in regard to details. I have been fortunate in having Professor Nagarker to do that for me here, and T. N. Krishnan to help me during my visits to the South.

In considering the value of a notation, one should also think of the matter of international circulation.

The vast ignorance about Indian music in the West would certainly have been lifted to some extent by now if all the *pandits* from Dikshitar to Bhatkande had been able to print their large collections in staff notation.*

Naturally, they were concerned more with readability for Indians, at the time. But now that there are institutions giving systematic instruction in music theory, Indian students could learn a staff notation as easily as any other.

If they were to do that, the work of future Dikshitars and Bhatkandes could not only be a truer record of performance details, but it could circulate internationally not just to lie on library shelves, but to be looked at by musicians, whose interest would be stimulated, even though no notation (especially for a music using extensive improvisation) can give the full impression conveyed by a real performance.

It might be held that recordings serve the purpose of spreading Indian music better than notation. That is only partly true. Things often go by the ear at a too rapid pace in actual performance, while one can study the details on a page at great leisure. Both recordings and notated music, supplemented by visits from Indian artists, are needed to give the Western world a better conception of Indian music.

So, in the full realization that Indians do have notations of their own which are in use every day, I propose to throw into the arena a staff notation, speculating on its chances of survival because of a conviction that it has some advantages over even the best developed letter notation, and because I feel that it might eventually bring more Indian music to the West in a generally readable form.

Since a notation gets its shape from the music it represents, the notation I have been working at in the *Bhavan* is not Western notation, *per se*. It uses the principle of the staff, but in many details it is changed to conform to the conditions of Indian music.

I shall not attempt to describe it in detail here, but suffice it to say that those elements deriving from the Western ideas of scale and key have been modified to meet the conditions of Indian *ragas*, while those elements deriving from Western ideas of rhythm

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*The late C. S. Ayyar of Madras did a devoted work on the *kritis* of Tyagaraja, and sent copies to the West. I encountered one of these volumes here, but I must confess that until I came to India, I had neither the time nor inclination to overcome the obstacles presented by the script notation. Even when I did undertake the task, I needed frequent consultation with the author. Such is the fate to be expected for most Indian music publications in the West as long as they do not use an internationally understood type of notation.

and meter have been adjusted to express Indian *talas*.

On one point—the exact notation of every *shruti*—I have taken a stand opposite to that of some of the most serious students of the problem of notating Indian music.

My position is that Western notation has functioned well without becoming involved in notating fractional differences in intonation for a particular tone according to its function in a particular scale.

In the West* these differences are well taken care of by performers with sensitive ears, even though they do not appear in the notation.

For performers without the sensitivity to make these distinctions intuitively, notation will not be a sufficient help.

I feel that having to use a much larger number of notation symbols to take care of every *shruti* would decrease the efficiency of the system without gaining a corresponding increase in results from the performers.

In exceptional and very conspicuous instances of flattening or sharpening a tone, the simple device of a minus or plus sign over the note can be used, allowing it to occupy its normal place on the five-lined staff.

A group of students in the *Bhavan* has been learning to read this adapted staff notation, and on the basis of my discussions with the principal and teachers, supported by my experience with the students, I have prepared a little text called *A Handbook on Staff Notation for Indian Music*, now in production by the *Bhavan* which can facilitate the teaching of the method to future students.

The illustrations contain some twenty short fixed pieces of Hindustani music, and this will make the volume worthwhile in the West, also considering that so little Indian music can be seen there in staff notation.

The extent of the *Bhavan's* vision can be seen in its unhesitating willingness to undertake this project.

I have not failed to realize that there are few schools in India which had either the will or the means to indulge in anything so experimental.

It has been a stroke of good fortune for me that I happened to come to this particular institution, where my year could result in something more tangible than merely a lot of talk about East and West.

The Vedic literature opens to us a chapter in what has been called the education of the human race, to which we can find no parallel anywhere else.

—Prof. Max Muller.

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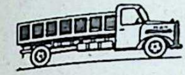
* Having found from my early discussions with Indian musicians that most of them think Western music is limited to only twelve pitches in the octave, I read a paper at the annual Music Conference of the Madras Music Academy (to be published in their next *Journal*) on the subject, "Untempered Intonation in the West", in which I tried to show that except on keyboard instruments, Western music has as great a variety of pitches within the octave as Indian music.



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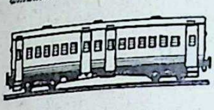

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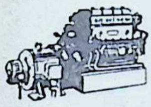

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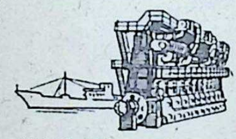

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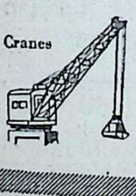

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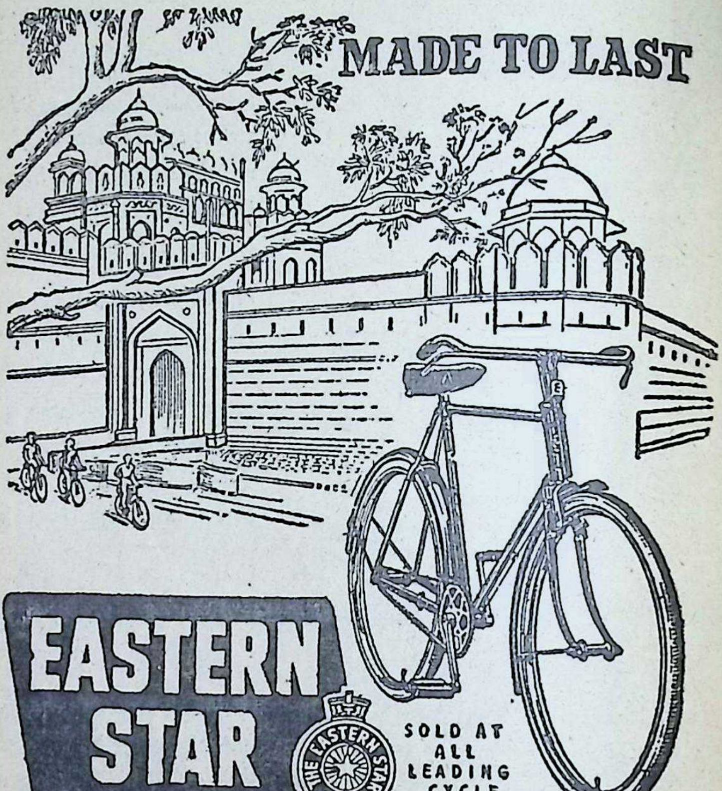
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THE BUDDHA

Dr. P. Narasimhayya

THE sixth century B.C. to which the Buddha belongs was a period of great events and great teachers in many countries, from China to Greece.

It was the period of Confucius and Lao-Tzu in China, of Mahavira Jina and Buddha in India, of the prophets Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Isaiah II among the Jews, of Nebuchadnezzar, the ambitious king of Babylon, of Cyrus, the great and tolerant king of Persia, of Thales, the father of Greek philosophy, and Pythagoras, the Greek religious reformer and mystic philosopher.

In North India at this time, several kingdoms and republics flourished. The prominent kingdoms were Gandhara in the north-west (with its capital at Takshasila or Taxila as the Greeks called it), Kosala, Magadha, Mathura and Varanasi (Banaras).

The republics were those of the Mallas, Videhas, Licchavis, Vajjis, and Matsyas.

Sometimes the republics entered into a union or confederacy like the Vajjian Confederacy.

Important centres of learning had grown up in Takshasila, Varanasi and other cities. Panini, the Sanskrit grammarian, Dhanvantari and Susruta, the masters of Indian medicine, lived at the University of Takshasila. Buddha's doctor Jivaka studied medicine and

Pageant of Great Lives—2

surgery in this University for seven years.

The Vedas with their hymns (*Rik*), rules of worship (*Brahmanas*) and philosophical teachings (*Upanishads*), the epics of *Ramayana* and *Bharata* with their moral teachings of *dharma* and other classical works had spread for several centuries a general culture among all sections and tribes of the Indian people.

Buddha was born* in 563 B.C. (or 567 B.C.), a prince of the kingdom of Kapilavastu (in modern Nepal) at the foot of the Himalayas. His father was King Suddhodana, and his mother Queen Maya. He belonged to the Gautama clan of the Sakya tribe. His original name given at his birth was Siddhartha, meaning "he who has realized his goal".

He was born in the garden of Lumbini as his mother was on her way from Kapilavastu to her father's house at Devadaha, and she passed away soon after his birth. (A stone pillar erected about four hundred years later by Asoka marks this place of Buddha's birth.)

Buddha grew up under the care of his loving father, surrounded by the luxuries of the palace. He received the usual training of an Indian prince in military exercises and the secular and religious teachings of the time. He married his cousin Yasodhara and had a son Rahula.

Though he was very happy in his life, he felt keenly the sorrows and sufferings, the decay, decline and death which beset life. It is said that one day while he was riding through the city, he saw three very sad sights, one after another—an old man bent down with age, haggard, doddering and struggling to walk with the support of a stick; then a very sick man, thin, pale and shivering with a raging fever; and then the funeral bier of a dead man. Prince Siddhartha was deeply moved by these sights and brooded over the reason why life should have so much suffering and end at last in nothing.

He next saw, going along the road, an ascetic sannyasi whose life was devoted to the search for their hidden reason or Truth.

Prince Siddhartha returned to the palace and resolved to renounce every interest and pleasure, and carry on his inquiry. He resolved to go out and meet the best teachers of the time and get enlightenment on this greatest of human problems.

On the night of this Great Renunciation, the Buddhist texts say, "a lamp of scented oil was burning. On the bed strewn with jasmine and other flowers, the mother of Rahula was sleeping, with her hand on her son's head. The Bodhisattva standing with his foot on the threshold, looked and thought, 'If I move aside the queen's hand and take my son, the queen will awake and that will be an obstacle in my path. When I have become a Buddha, I will come back and see him.' And he descended from the palace."

He was twenty-nine years old, and he met the prominent teachers of the time, Alara Kalama, Uddaka and others, and from them learnt philosophical truths and doctrines, yoga-disciplines and modes of meditation. He next went with five faithful disples to a solitary spot in the jungles Uruvela, and for six years engaged severe ascetic practices and pro- nged meditations. He came near to ath, with complete exhaustion of dy and mind, but found no wisdom, solution to his problems.

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* An inspiring account of Buddha's life is given in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem *The Light of Asia.*

At this stage, he felt that a strong d healthy body and mind, well- ed by right feeling and discipline, ould be a better means or instrument r intuiting and discovering the crets of Life, of Nature and of Man. So he turned to this less ascetic "mid- e way" of discipline, and his ascetic iends left him at this stage.

But Siddhartha continued his est, resolved to find a solution. He llowed this path for six years. Many ubts and temptations came into his nd to give up his hard quest and rn back to a life of ease and pleasure. These are represented in Buddhist works as the temptations of Mara. But is mind and will were set on his quest.

On the last occasion, when he sat der the banyan tree, it is said, he rried on his inquiry and reflection eadily, almost continuously, for early seven weeks. A new light dawn- d on his mind, and he saw the answer his problems. He had reached lightenment—Bodhi, the state of ddha. Several times he reviewed s experience for clarification.

The Buddha then wished to share s Enlightenment and the Truth with e world. He went to Varanasi, where s old ascetic friends gathered round m. At Saranath, near Varanasi, in e Deer Park, Buddha gave his first rmon, and thus, as the Buddhist riptures say, "set in motion the eel of Dharma". (At this spot, a pa or dome-like structure was built in later years and has been known as the Dhamekh Stupa.)

Bharhut: Dream of Mayadevi.

Buddha lived here in a monastery which soon grew up at a short distance to the north of this spot. (A marble pillar with a headpiece of three sculptured lions was erected here by Asoka, and is still partly preserved. This headpiece has become the national emblem of India.)

He devoted the next forty years of his life, living as a monk among other monks, to the work of spiritual guidance and teaching. He visited and resided in many places in Bihar—Rajagriha, Vaisali and others. The king of Magadha (Bihar), Ajatasatru, was deeply devoted to him. His followers increased in number and many monastic centres grew up. Ananda, his favourite disciple and cousin, always attended on him with loving care and often took the liberty of asking him for clearer and simpler answers. His other well-known direct disciples were Kasyapa, Sariputta, Moggallana and the nun Gautami. The king of Mathura, Avantiputra, was also an ardent disciple.

Buddha also took into his spiritual fold, his father, his step-mother, wife and son. At his father's wish, he returned to Kapilavastu, and taught them the Way of Dhamma as his loving gift to them. When the Buddha met the princess, his wife, she knelt and embraced his feet. He comforted her and told her that the way he had discovered was equally important for her.

She was of the same age as the Buddha and during the next thirty-five years of her life, she was a revered member of the Buddha Sangha. She passed away two years before Buddha. On the day of her passing, she prostrated herself before him in paying her last homage, and that night in deep meditation passed on to the heights of Nirvana.

At Kapilavastu, he stayed in the Nyagrodha grove outside the palace and gave his teaching and counsel to all his people.

During his long ministration of forty years, wherever the Master had gone, people turned to him for his counsel, teaching and spiritual solace, —a young woman who had lost her child, a depressed courtesan Amara, the lady Visakha of Vaisali who was ill-treated in the house of her father-in-law, the treasurer Migara, and others. When the aged parents of Yasas, a young man of Varanasi, were unhappy at his decision to leave his home and become a monk and religious missionary, Buddha advised him to stay at home and look after his parents. To his disciples, Buddha loved to narrate his hard early struggles towards Enlightenment. (These accounts are found in the Birth or Jataka stories of the Buddhist scripture).

His last illness was caused by a meat dish offered to him by a huntsman, but the Master warned the disciples against blaming him. As he grew worse, he lay down in a grove between two tall and shady Sal trees. He spent his last hours in giving directions and advice to the monks. Subhadra, the wandering ascetic, visited him to become his last direct disciple. The Master then asked his disciples to state their doubts and difficulties that he might remove them. They kept silent.

Then the Blessed One addressed his brethren: "And now, brethren, I take my leave of you. All the constituents of being are transitory. Work out your salvation with diligence." (*Mahaparinirvana Sutta, VI. 1.*) He entered into deep meditation and passed into the state of Mahaparinirvana.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the three primary events of his life—his birth, enlightenment and passing—all occurred on the same day of the year.

Buddha the Enlightened has been known also as the Sakya Muni, the sage of the Sakya clan; and as Tathagata, he who has arrived at the Truth.

His teachings were handed down orally through teachers and pupils, collected and chosen by three councils, and written about four centuries later in Ceylon.

A short time after the passing of the Master, a Council of the Elders

(*Theras*) was held under Kasyapa. Several disciples recited the Master's teachings on the Doctrine (*Abhidhamma*), the rules of the Sangha (*Vinaya*), and the accounts of his birth and early struggles towards Buddha-hood (*Sutta*). These were arranged in three sections (or "baskets", *Pitakas*). Two more councils were held, each after an interval of about a century, at Vaisali (383 B.C.) and at Pataliputra (241 B.C.). About 160 years later (*c.* 80 B.C.) King Vattagamani of Ceylon ordered and helped the writing of the three-fold scripture, the *Tripitaka*.

Many additions to the doctrines were made in later centuries in order to develop or explain the Master's teachings. It is therefore difficult to mark out exactly the *original* teachings and words of the Buddha. Nevertheless, his essential teachings and the spirit of his message are quite clear.

Buddha wanted to teach primarily, not a philosophy (or *darsana*) but Ethic (*Dhamma*), the practical way (*Yana*) or means to the good life, the path to the improvement of the lot of man. When Ananda asked the Master which among his teachings was the highest, he answered "Dhamma." Asked what was the second highest, he answered again, "Dhamma."

Like a scientist reporting facts as they are found in our experience, Buddha describes the facts of life, consciousness and the things of the universe. He states as the first great truth or Arya Satya, that life is full of suffering (*dukkha*). He paints a deeply moving and gloomy picture of life, but he sees also the way to a better life. He is neither a hopeless pessimist nor a superficial optimist.

The second great or "noble" truth, Arya Satya, which he points out, is universal change (*anitta* or *kshanika*). Slowly or quickly, according to their nature, all things change. This universal change is called *samsara*, the realm of phenomena.

Science studies the laws of these changes—the order in which one thing or event succeeds or accompanies another. A scientific law is the statement of this order. A black seed is followed by a particular kind of green plant; it puts forth a cluster of buds and flowers and fruits and seeds; from the seeds, new plants arise; and the same ordered series of events go on endlessly. In the world of physical substance or matter, a heap of black and soft gun-powder, for instance, is followed by a deafening and blinding explosion, and similarly innumerable other physical and chemical changes follow one another according to some law, in some cause-and-effect order.

Everywhere there is the rule of law. One thing arises in *relation* to or *dependent* on another (*pratitya Samutpada,* in Pali, *paticca Samuppada*). Buddha does not say that the first event is the *creator* or cause of the second, nor that it *evolves* into the latter. He points out only their concomitance—their presence together and their absence together.

The causal law operates not only in the material and biological world but also in the realm of consciousness or mind, of thoughts and emotions, desires, habits and character. In this realm of conscious and moral life, it is known as the law of Karma. The moral life and its features were explained by Buddha as the third Great Truth or Arya Satya. He spoke of the moral life and its requirements as an "eight-fold path," comprising Right Belief, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Thinking and Right Rapture or Intuition.

The causal law of Karma has a two-fold result. It forms good or bad habits or character and it has also good or bad external results. If a man insults and injures others and thinks evil thoughts or has mean and wicked desires, he cannot expect others to react to him with gratitude or courtesy or his thoughts and character to be noble and happy. Buddha points out that besides this law of cause and effect, there is in man the *freedom* of will to choose as he likes the right causes or actions and thereby get the results he needs. In himself, he can change his old habits or character and from the external world also he can get better reactions, if he so chooses and makes the right effort.

Buddha urges that since there is *free will* in man, there is no justification for fatalism—for saying that man *must* suffer and cannot change his past habits or character or the course of his life. Stating this truth carefully and precisely, Buddha said, 'it is not right to say a man *must* reap according to his deeds, but only that what a man reaps is *in accordance with* his deeds'. (*Anguttara Nikaya,* III. 99).

Buddha knew that it is a hard and difficult process to change one's character or ingrained habits. He gave several practical suggestions to help his disciples. He advised them to be earnest in their resolution to change and reform, and in their repentance (*samvega*) for their evil actions and habits. To get rid of bad habits of thoughts and desires, Buddha advised his disciples (1) to turn their attention away from the bad thoughts and desires, (2) to think constantly good and noble thoughts of serving others or of compassion, etc., (3) to think of the long train of the evil results of one's habits and conduct to oneself and others, (4) to analyse and trace out the origins of the evil habits and desires, in some early misunderstanding, evil company, jealousy or anger, and (5) to strengthen the will by some physical penance like a fast or some such act of extra discipline.

At the higher levels of discipline, for fully dedicated persons, the monks, Buddha taught the yoga discipline of body and mind, concentration and meditation, which all Indian masters have carefully taught each worthy pupil according to his capacity, age and circumstances. Buddha severely condemned the misuse of such discipline.

He attached great importance to the development of moral qualities and meditation (*dhyana*) on them. He emphasised universal love (*maitri*), compassion and goodwill (*karuna*) sense of equality (*upekka*) and cheerfulness or the optimism of a progressing moral life (*mudita.*)

By following such a path, by living such a life of Dhamma with its eight-fold disciplines, man elevates and ennobles himself, and societies advance in happiness and civilization.

Buddha taught further, as the fourth great Truth or Arya Satya, that through such a life, man develops also a profound insight into life and reality, a higher *intuitive* consciousness which Buddha called Prajna. Its perfection is *bodhi*, the highest enlightenment. It is not only the perfection of knowledge but also of moral development, and the Master called it Nirvana.

The good qualities which a man establishes in his character are conserved permanently and are never lost. Buddha urges that through many lives, the individual who is progressing on the right path, rises to an abiding perfection, the Nirvana. This means that good and evil are not equally real. The good is positive, and evil is negative, the negation or absence of the good. Evil cannot build up and increase life, nourish or evolve it, but only breaks it down, destroys or negates it. Only the good can build, rehabilitate and evolve life. Buddha emphasised this positive and immortal power of the good, its power to conquer evil ultimately in oneself and others.

So, to those who asked him questions about ultimate principles like the soul or self, Reality, the finite and Infinite, the changing and Permanent, he gave the answer that the conquering power of the good is enough as the primary truth and basis of life, or he gave no answer at all but kept silent, or he gave both answers, yes and no.

But Buddha did not really deny the soul or ultimate reality. He declared: "He who holds that there is no soul is a man with false notions." (Warren: *Buddhism in Translations*. p. 161). Buddha was only anxious that the idea of self should not give a wrong twist or bias to the whole of ethical life. The prominence of the self makes the spiritual life a mere struggle to secure something for one's own self. It brings into the ethical life and its progress a kind of selfish atmosphere. Further, Buddha said, the notion of the soul or self is very difficult to define precisely as it progresses and rises from stage to stage.

Buddha taught and exemplified a sublime quality and standard of goodness. It is said that when the gates of Heaven were opened to him and Infinite personal happiness lay before him, he turned away from it, saying he would continue to work for the sorrowing creatures of the world and see the last of them enter the gates of Heaven before him.

It was for the sake of ennobling and purifying the motives of morality and emphasising its primary importance that Buddha set aside and even partly denied some philosophical principles. He was quite aware of this limited range of his own teachings. To impress this on his disciples, Buddha on one occasion took a handful of leaves and showing them to his disciples, said that his teachings were only a fraction of the whole truth, just as his handful of leaves were of the entire leaves in the forest.

His followers, however, some of whom were brilliant thinkers, developed the philosophical principles in the subsequent centuries.

Buddha was not against independent reflection, inquiry or criticism. His appeal was not to blind faith but to earnest inquiry and personal effort. He declared: "And whosoever, Ananda, either now or after I am gone, shall be a lamp unto themselves and a refuge unto themselves, shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but holding fast to the Truth as their lamp shall not look for refuge to any one besides themselves—it is they who shall reach the very topmost height. But they must be anxious to learn."

Buddha emphasised also the value of Beauty and regarded it as co-extensive with the good life. Ananda once said to the Master: "Half of the holy life, O, Lord, is friendship with the beautiful. association with the beautiful, communion with the beautiful." The Master said: "It is not so, Ananda, it is not so. It is not half of the holy life; it is the whole of the holy life." (*Samyutta Nikaya,* V. 2.). Buddha meant not mere physical or external beauty but also, and primarily, the beauty of thought, word and deed, the beauty of the good life.

He thus emphasised the three values of Truth, Goodness and Beauty—*Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.*

His greatest lesson however is the primacy and ultimacy of ethics, and the sublimity of its ideal and fruition. Some of his noble moral maxims are proverbial the world over. They call for profound love, self-control and charity in the face of evil. "Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred, hatred ceases by love." "One may conquer a thousand men in battle, but he who conquers himself is the greatest victor." "Not by birth but by conduct does a man belong to a low caste or high." "To those who have sinned, who would use hard speech, strewing salt as it were upon the wound of their fault?" "Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good."

Buddha organised the Sangha or "brotherhood" of monks and nuns for missionary work as well as for a quiet contemplative and ascetic life in monastic groups. He exhorted his disciples to "go into all lands and preach the gospel and tell them that the poor and lowly, the rich and the high are all one, and that all groups unite in this religion as do the rivers in the sea."

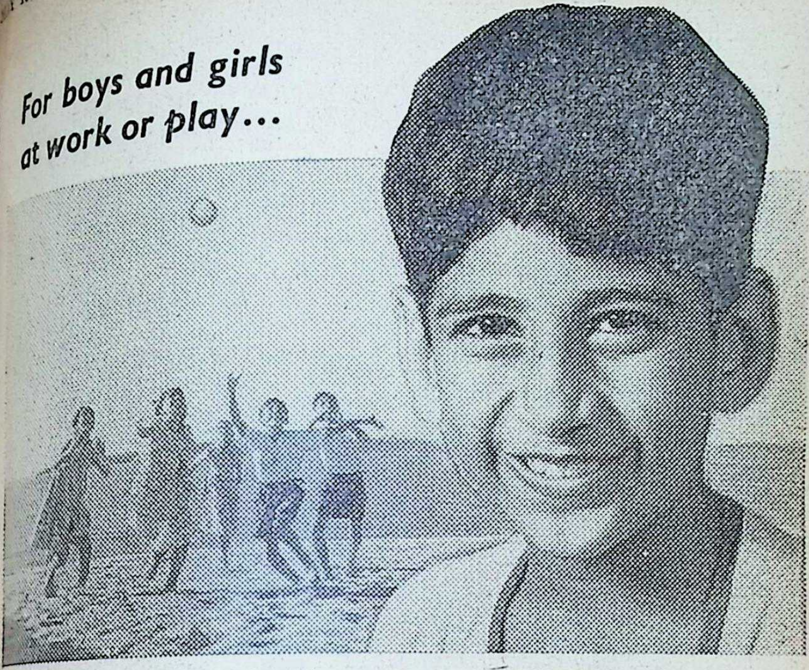
His lay disciples continued their old domestic rituals according to Vedic or customary rules.

The gospel of Buddha spread rapidly all over Asia. Great emperors like Asoka (3rd century B.C.), Kanishka (1st century A.D.) and Harsha (7th century A.D.) gave especial patronage to its propagation. Asoka sent his sister and son to Ceylon with a sapling of the Bodhi tree at Gaya. Other missions were sent by him to Egypt, Syria, Greece and perhaps also to Tibet, China and other countries in Asia.

Buddhism has flourished for centuries in Asia—from Japan to Egypt and Central Asia, from Mongolia to South-East Asia and Ceylon. The greatest Buddhist temple or monument ever built was in South-East Asia in Java—the Borobudur. In Western Asia, in the eighth century A.D., Buddha was presented by a Christian writer (St. John of Damascus) as a Christian Apostle, and in the 16th century, he was received and canonised as a Christian saint by a decree of the Pope at Rome.

In India itself, Hindu religion and philosophy have paid their greatest homage to the Master, as a Divine incarnation. He has become the symbol and soul of Asia, and is a World teacher with a universal message of Dhamma and Sheela.

[In the next issue: LEO TOLSTOY]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WOMEN IN VEDIC AND POST-VEDIC INDIA

• Principal Jogiraj Basu •

(*Continued from last issue*)

IN the marriage ceremony the bride is enjoined upon to utter several Vedic *mantras* and the position will be wholly ridiculous if those hymns are uttered by the priest, bridegroom or the bride's father. In the *uttara-vivaha* known as Kusandika pointing at the pole-star, the bride has to utter the *mantra, 'Dhruvam dyouh dhruva prthivi dhruveyam dhruvaham pati-kule bhuyasam'* which means, 'The firmament is stationary, the earth is stationary, this star (pole-star) is stationary; so also I shall remain stationary in the house of my husband'. One can pretty well imagine what sense will it make if it is uttered by anyone other than the bride. The authors of Grihyasutras have definitely laid down the rule, "This *mantra* should be uttered by the bride". Likewise the bride should utter the *mantra 'Pra me patiyanah kalpatam'* and the couple is to chant the hymn *'Sarasvati predamabe'* etc., jointly.

Panini has framed certain rules for the formation of such terms as *kathi, Bahvrci* etc... The term *kathi* denotes a female student who has studied the *katha sakha* of the Veda; the word *Bahvrci* comes from the words *Bahu rik* i.e. many verses of the *Rig-Veda*. Hence a female student who studied many verses of the *Rig-Veda* was called Bahvrci. These rules of Panini lend support to the fact that females had access to the Vedic study in ancient India.

Not only were there female students but there were also female teachers in the Vedic age. Panini teaches us the formations of the terms Acharya and Upadhyaya as also of Acharyani and Upadhyayi. He notes the difference between these two pairs of words The former two terms denote female teachers whereas the latter two viz. Acharyani and Upadhyayi denote wives of teachers. Acharya and Upadhyaya were learned female teachers whereas wives of male teachers could be illiterate also. Commenting on these rules of Panini, Patanjali in his *Mahabhashya* cites the names of certain female teachers of ancient India as illustrations of the terms Acharya and Upadhyaya. He records the names of Apisala and Audamedhi, two female teachers. That female teacher was called Apisala who used to study and teach the particular school of grammar founded by the grammarian Apisali. There was another female teacher called Audamedhi; her students were designated as Audamedhah (*Audamedhyaschatrah Audamedhah*). The author of *Kasika-vritti,* a commentary on Panini, cites the name of Kasakritsna Brahmani, a female preceptor who used to teach the particular school of grammar founded by the grammarian Kasakrtona.

Many female savants or women scholars are met with in the whole sweep of the Vedic literature covering Samhitas, Brahmanas and Upanishads. The erudite female scholar and ascetic of name and fame, Gargi, the daughter of Vachaknu, stands out preeminently among the band of women savants that flourished in the Vedic age. King Janaka's court was a great seat of learning and important debates. Many such took place between the renowned scholar sage Yajnavalkya and other sages in the court of Janaka. When all other sages were defeated by Yajnavalkya in debates, Gargi took up the challenge. Two important debates were held between Gargi and Yajnavalkya recorded in the *Brihadaranyakopanishad* 3-6 and 3-8. Yajnavalkya, the veteran debator, who defeated all the male sages in successive debating bouts could not defeat Gargi nor could Gargi defeat him. Their metaphysical disputations ended in a draw.

The same Upanishad (2-4) records the interesting spiritual discussion that took place between sage Yajnavalkya and his wife Maitreyi. The sage had two wives Maitreyi and Katyayani of which the former was given to spiritual pursuits and hence is termed Brahmavadini whereas the latter was worldly wise. When Yajnavalkya renounced the world to adopt the monastic order of life leaving his worldly belongings to his two wives, Maitreyi urged by a spiritual hankering asked him, "If this world be filled with riches, shall I attain immortality?" He answered in the negative with the remark, "Wealth destroys immortality" (*amritatvasya tu nasasti vittena*). Hearing this Maitreyi said, "What shall I do with that (trash worldly belongings) which cannot give me immortality" ('*Yenaham namrta syam kimaham tena kuryam*'): this memorable and oft-quoted saying of Maitreyi has stirred the hearts of saints and seekers of truth down the ages. Many western savants and Indologists including Winternitz have highly praised this spiritual illumination of a woman, this spiritual quest that surged up in the heart of a lady in ancient India.

A Gandharva-obsessed learned maiden (*Gandharva-grhita kumari*) is mentioned in the *Aitareya Brahmana* (V.25-4). Once there arose a dispute amongst the priests as to whether the daily sacrifice known as Agnihotra should be taken as consisting of two days or one day. Brahmins had to perform Agnihotra twice daily, once in the morning and once in the evening. The day of the sacrifice may be said to consist of one day, covering the morning and evening ceremonies; again it may be said to cover two days if we count the time from the evening sacrifice of the previous day to the main ceremony of the following day. Hence arose the dispute over the enumeration of the days. The learned maiden referred to as 'Kumari' without her personal name was approached to give a verdict on the issue. She favoured the latter view i.e. two days and observed that the evening oblation should be offered after the sun had set and the morning one after the sun had risen.

Asvalayana Grihyasutra mentions the name of Badava Pratitheyi as a great woman scholar of that age.

That parents longed not only for the birth of learned sons but also of learned daughters is evident from a passage (VI-4-18) of the *Brihadaranyakopanishad* which mentions a ritual to be performed by a parent desiring the birth of a scholarly daughter. "If any man desires that a scholarly daughter having a long life be born unto him ('*atha ya icchet duhita me pandita jayeta*') he should cook sesame and rice and feed his wife with the same mixed with butter!

It goes without saying that the female seers of Vedic hymns were also great scholars.

This ideal of female scholarship and ascetic life,—this tradition of Brahmavadinis—persisted in the post-Vedic age as well. Several learned ladies and ascetics are met with in the great epics. The metaphysical discourse of the female ascetic Bhiksuni Sulabha addressed to no less a learned saint than King Janaka shines like a purple patch in the *Mahabharata*. In the *Ramayana* the well-known female hermit Sabari who met Sri Ramachandra is described as a learned ascetic (*siddha tapasi*). The political and spiritual discourses of Draupadi recorded in the *Mahabharata* and the metaphysical talks of Queen Chudala addressed to her husband Sikhidvaja to awaken the latter's slumbering soul extort unstinted admiration from all. The abundance of Parivrajikas or female ascetics in Sanskrit plays also goes to prove the existence of Brahmavadinis in the post-Vedic age. Megasthenes also during his visit to India in the 4th century B.C. witnessed such scholarly female ascetics observing the vow of perpetual virginity and taking part in learned debates and discourses. He observes, "Women are permitted to share in the philosophic life with the ascetics on condition that they observe sexual continence like the men" (Fragment 40). This is also observed by Nearchus and Strabo.

Besides Brahmavadinis many Brahmacharinis or girls observing the vow of Brahmacharya like boy-students are mentioned in the Vedic and epic literature.

Yajurveda (VIII-1) states that a daughter who has completed the period of Brahmacharya should be given in marriage to a fitting young husband. (*Brahmacharyena kanya yuvanam vindate patim*).

Atharvaveda (XL-6) refers to maidens who have undergone the disciplined life of studentship or Brahmacharya to qualify themselves to enter the second order of life.

In the *Mahabharata* the daughters of Sandilya and Gargya are described as Brahmacharinis.

As to the difference between the Brahmavadinis and Brahmacharinis our submission is that whereas the latter entered the second order of life on completion of Brahmacharya the former observed perpetual virginhood.

Women were taught dancing and music both vocal and instrumental. Music and dance though practised by

The dress of the people...

Costumes, whether they are for occasions or for daily wear, vary all over the world. Climatic conditions, natural materials available, religious demands and individual ingenuity are some of the factors that determine the dress of a people.

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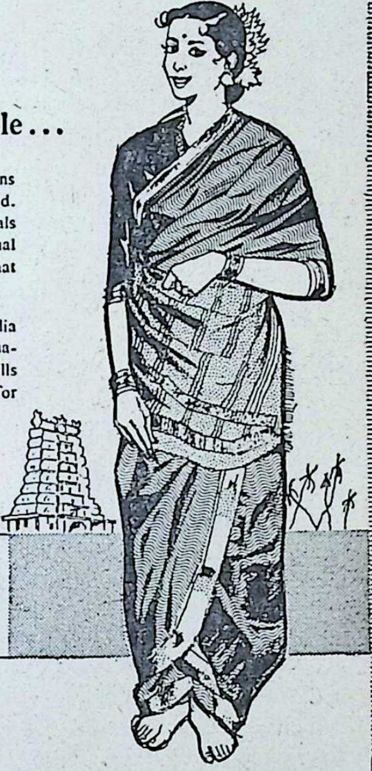

One of the styles in which the beautiful South Indian women wear their sarees is this dexterously worn saree typifying the "Ayyangar Style" preferred by orthodox Vaishnavite women. These colourful sarees are usually eight yards in length.

SHORROCK, Ahmedabad. NEW SHORROCK, Nadiad. STANDARD, Bombay. NEW CHINA, Bombay. SASSOON Bombay. NEW UNION, Bombay. SURAT COTTON Surat and Dewas MAFATLAL FINE, Navsari. GAGALBHAI JUTE, Calcutta.

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both the sexes were considered as fine arts to be practised by the womenfolk in particular in the Vedic age. It is repeatedly stated, "It is the business of the women to dance and sing" (*'Nrittam gitam strinam karma'*). *Satapatha Brahmana* (3-2-4) narrates a story as to the invention of music and dancing. Once the Gandharvas stole *soma* from the gods. The gods mused thus, "Gandharvas are fond of music and have a weakness for ladies". Hence they invented the arts of music and dance and taught Vak, the goddess of speech, those arts. The goddess approached the Gandharvas singing and dancing, playing on her lute (Vina) all the time. The Gandharvas listening to the wonderful music and looking at the heavenly damsel gaudily dressed were thrown off their guard. Thus the goddess easily coaxed and cajoled *soma* out of their hands and brought it back to the gods.

The same *Brahmana* bears testimony to the fact that formerly the wives of Udgatr or Sama-vedic priests used to sing the Sama-chants in the sacrifices; later on they were supplanted by their husbands. "These Udgatr priests actually perform the business of their wives" that they chant the *saman* hymns (S.B. XIV, 4-3-2). *Taittiriya Samhita* and *Maitrayani Samhita* also support this contention.

The arts of knitting, sewing, weaving, embroidery etc. were practised by women and were regarded as feminine arts. *Satapatha Brahmana* (XII, 7-2-11) observes, *'Tat va etat strinam karma yat Urnasutram karma'*, i.e. knitting and sewing are women's tasks. Urna means 'wool' and stands for knitting; *sutra* means 'thread' and stands for sewing. The same *Brahmana* observes, "Vanity is ingrained in women" (*moha-samhita vai striyah*); hence they want to decorate and beautify themselves and this is why they embroider their garments. A perusal of the *Brahmana* texts clearly proves that embroidery was widely practised by the ladies in that age. The art of embroidery or ornamentation was called *Pesaskarana*. *Pesa* means embroidery or ornamentation and bears close affinity to the term 'Vesa' which means dress. A lady who was an adept in the art of embroidery was called 'Pesaskari' in the Vedic age. In the classical age this term came to mean an insect noted for its beautiful colour and attractive make-up. In the post-Vedic age the said term gathered a secondary sense and meant a cour-

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san because courtesans are gaudily essed. *Aitareya Brahmana* which is e of the oldest *Brahmana* texts refers to (3-11-10) high-class fine embroidery practised by the ladies. They sed to "embroider the two borders nd the middle portion of a cloth or garment with multi-coloured threads." The same *Brahmana* mentions the embroidery of beautiful cushions for chairs (*Hiranya-kurcha, Hiranya-asipu*) with golden threads.

There were also female dyers called Rajayitri who used to dye garments and threads. Basket-making, plaiting of mats, rope-making, yarn-making and the like items of cottage industry were also practised by women.

In the *Rig-Veda* we have several instances of heroic ladies going to the battle-field and taking part in warfare. They actually fought with the enemy in the arena of battle. At the command of her husband the wife of king Namuchi took part in a battle. In a hymn dedicated to the twin gods Asvins, the bravery of a woman named Vispala displayed in the battle-field is recorded. While fighting the opposing army her thigh got badly injured ; as a result she had to undergo amputation of the affected thigh and was fitted with an iron thigh (*ayomayi ngha*). This hymn of the *Rig-Veda* is a standing testimony to the military training of women and surgical skill of the age as well.

This military training and physical education persisted in the post-Vedic age as well. Megasthenes speaks of mazon women whom he found guarding the palace of emperor Chandragupta. Later on in the 2nd century B.C., Patanjali in his *Mahabhashya* has referred to women spear-bearers or javelin-throwers by the term 'Saktiki.'

From the above discussion it is crystal clear that the education of women in all its varieties—intellectual, moral, spiritual, aesthetic and physical—had attained a high standard in the Vedic age. There were female seers, female composers of Vedic hymns, women teachers and students, erudite women scholars either married or observing perpetual virginhood called Brahmavadinis. There were female Brahmacharinis who underwent a period of rigorous and highly disciplined student life like *upkurvana* boy-students or Brahmacharins. Women were imparted training in music and dancing and such cottage industries as weaving, knitting, sewing, embroidery, dyeing, etc. They received also military training and physical education. Women had access to the *upanayana* ceremony, Vedic study and sacrifice. The position and education of women in the post-Vedic age is a far cry from what it was in the Vedic age. Gradually the position of women became worse and worse and they were assigned a position of defence in the *Dharmasutras* and *Manusamhita*. Even women of higher castes came to be classed with the *sudras* so far as prohibition of Vedic study is concerned in the post-Vedic age. The social and political causes that are responsible for this deterioration in the status of women in the post-Vedic age are still shrouded in the mists of antiquity.

[*Concluded*]

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

777

Sri M. S. Ramjee, Eluru, Andhra Pradesh.

Q: *What measures do you suggest to root out the widespread corruption in the country today?*

A: (1) Courage to stand up to corruption and to expose it ; and (2) effort to lead an incorruptible life, even in some measure.

778

Sri V. Subba Rao, Masulipatam.

Q: *How to overcome disappointment in friendship, spiritual practices, and secular success in life?*

A: Learn to have faith in God. You will get it (1) if you make *japa*—that is the name of your guardian deity or any inspiring formula, (2) if you recite some part of a scripture, say a chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita* every day, (3) if you time and again practise to develop an attitude of mind in which you leave everything to God.

779

Sri V. Ganeshan, Tellippalai, Jaffna.

Q: *Do omens have any effect in life?*

A: (1) Omens, if you believe in them, have a psychological effect on a man, and therefore on his life. (2) If a man does not believe in them, there is no such effect. But if once you come to feel that you have come across an omen, it will strengthen your mind if you give consideration to it.

780

Sri Ramesh Chandra Jain, Allahabad.

Q: (1) *Will you please give me an ideal routine for a college student who has spiritual aptitude providing, of course, a Sunday rest?*

(2) *Do you think it helps to refresh a student's faculties by seeing pictures?*

A: (1) First he must recite a chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita* every day ; next he must decide to make all his acts as perfect as he can ; then he must develop an attitude of surrender to God.

(2) We should not give up seeing pictures. Some of them are works of art. But seeing all kinds of pictures, instead of refreshing the mind, destroys the spiritual aspiration towards Truth, Beauty and Love.

781

Sri M. K. Shankara Rao, Mysore.

Q: *How did Sri Krishna's teachings get the name* Gita?

A: The name is *Bhagavad Gita*, the song of the Lord.

Our Fortnightly Profile—134

Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta

IF it was an old alumnus of the Maharajah's College at Baroda who popularised the idea of a united Gujarat, it has fallen to the lot of another old boy of the same college to be the first Chief Minister of Mahagujarat. Munshiji coined the phrase "Gujarat-ni-asmita" to rouse the people of Gujarat, segmented by social limitations and fragmented by political necessity, to a sense of their essential homogeneity. And Dr. Jivraj Narayan Mehta has been entrusted with the onerous responsibility of nursing the infant State to full adulthood.

Judging from the composition of his Cabinet and his recent utterances, he has set about his task with grim determination to see it through to success.

Born at Amreli, Jivraj was endowed with exceptional abilities which showed themselves during his scholastic career marked by brilliance of a high order. He graduated with distinction in medicine from the Grant Medical College, Bombay. He went to England for higher studies in medicine and secured his M.D. and M.R.C.P. in London.

His seven years' stay in England was not confined to studying medical books and working in hospitals. He came in touch with the irrepressible Sarojini Naidu and Mahomed Ali Jinnah and with their help and co-operation, tried to reorganise the Indian Association which was inaugurated by Gopal Krishna Gokhale in 1911. Both Gokhale and Gandhiji impressed him profoundly and changed his outlook on life.

While in Switzerland on a holiday, he caught the eye of Maharajah Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda and that lynx-eyed observer of talent appointed Jivraj as his personal physician. Jivraj made his presence felt in Baroda and it was not long before he became the Chief Medical Officer of the State. He introduced several reforms in the administration of medical service.

It was while he was in Baroda that he married Hansa Mehta, the daughter of Sir Manubhai Mehta who had won his spurs as the Prime Minister of the State. Smt. Hansa Mehta has made a name for herself as an educationist and social worker of distinction.

In 1925, Jivraj left the service of the Baroda State and settled down in Bombay. He was the Dean of the K.E.M. Hospital and the G.S. Medical College for the next seventeen years. His tenure was marked by gh efficiency in the organization of ese institutions. Dr. Mehta was ice elected President of the Indian edical Association. For several years, e was a member of the Bombay edical Council.

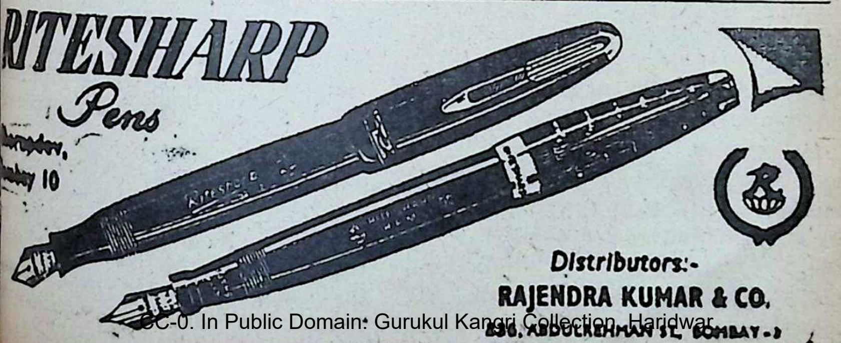
Jivraj mixed medicine with politics s early as 1932 when he joined the Civil Disobedience Movement for hich he was rewarded with a prison ntence of two years in the Bijapur il where he had for his cell-mates Sri Munshi and the late K. F. Nariman. Again, during the "Quit India" ovement of 1942, he was incarcerated for a second time.

It was in 1946 that Jivraj Mehta as appointed as the Director-General f Health Services and Secretary of e Ministry of Health in the Government of India. His enthusiasm, acumen d grip over administrative problems rned him an enviable reputation as administrator. India can never forget the remarkable service he rendered looking after the medical care of llions of refugees who poured into dia in the wake of the post-Partition locaust.

When the demand for responsible vernment reached its crescendo in e erstwhile princely State of Baroda, Sardar Patel selected him to be the Diwan and when goaded alike by the popular agitation and the directive of the States Ministry, Maharajah Sir Pratap Singh Gaekwar of Baroda parted with his autocratic power. And when at long last, the Maharajah signed the merger agreement, Jivraj joined the Bombay ministry of Balasaheb Kher as Minister for Public Works.

In 1952, Jivraj became the Finance Minister of Bombay and has continued in that capacity till the bifurcation of the State. Of his achievements in looking after the fiscal health of the State, it is enough to say that he has ever presented balanced budgets which have turned out to be surplus budgets in actuals. He has also improved the Ways and Means positions of the State.

At seventy-three, Jivraj carries his years lightly. His success as an administrator has been matched by his success as a medico and as much by a mastery of details as by a practical sense. Diagnosis is his forte both in medicine and politics. The new State of Gujarat which has literally to start from scratch could not have been entrusted to abler hands.



K. M. MUNSHI'S

TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

●

In his attic at Bhoiwada, Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Radharaman flew into a rage and felt miserable when he learned that Sheela had been to Gandhiji in Bardoli and offered herself as a freedom-fighter. When his anger subsided he wired to her to return. But it was a new Sheela who came back, for she liked a secluded life and kept herself aloof from him. Finally, Radharaman's entreaties made her relent and come to a compromise.

His mental tension over Rajba's marriage was somewhat eased by Samar Sinh's disappearance, Uday settled down to plan his future. However, he had to gain the cooperation of Alice who seemed to behave strangely after Ramchandani had become a family friend. Alice's remarks about Ganapati Shastri deeply hurt him too. He thus had to choose one of the two alternatives : either leave India for England with Alice, or leave Alice. Either course seemed equally painful. He knew no restful sleep, and the smell of alcohol from Alice's mouth that night was particularly unbearable to him.

21. CONFLICT

It is easy enough to make decisions or to chalk out plans for the future when one is young; but it is very difficult to implement them. This was brought home very forcefully to Uday. From the outset difficulties and disappointments alternately attended his efforts. Shastri's death, Rajba's illness, Alice's misery due to loneliness and the severance of his relations with his uncle's family due to the intrigues of Samar Sinh and the Maharani had all affected him deeply.

Uday thought that by working in Radharaman's chamber, he would become proficient in his profession; he soon found that his hopes had been misplaced. Every evening he would go to Radharaman's chamber and wait until the solicitors left. Invariably he found that Radharaman would either attend to his own work or gossip with Bamanshah. Rarely did he exchange even a word with Uday.

Uday felt that Radharaman was deliberately ignoring him so that he would terminate his apprenticeship with him. Uday, however, decided to work hard. Every evening he would take with him Radharaman's briefs and the next morning he would have prepared notes on all the relevant points. These notes usually found their way to the wastepaper-basket. It hurt him deeply but it also served to stiffen his determination. He decided to learn all that could be learnt from Radharaman whether he liked it or not.

A young lawyer bent on a gay life has no dearth of company. Uday, however, was keen on getting to the top of his profession and hence found himself without any friend. There was none to whom he could talk about his hopes and ideals, his difficulties and disappointments. He had to keep his worries and miseries to himself even as God Siva had to retain the poison in his throat.

Alice was feeling terribly lonely. Uday was away in the Court the whole day and she was left very much to herself. She did not know what to do or where to go. Karan had made friends with the neighbouring children. He never allowed himself to forget that he was related to a Maharaja and that his ancestry could be traced back to God Himself. Alice had the feeling that she had lost Karan.

Among Uday's lawyer friends, none was sufficiently westernised for Alice to feel at home in his company. Ramchandani was the only person she liked. On Saturdays and Sundays, Uday and Alice would take him with them wherever they went—to a cinema or dinner or just a stroll. He was always full of good humour and Alice felt at home with him. He danced extremely well and dancing with him was particularly pleasant.

One day Radharaman surprised Uday by inviting him to dinner at his house. Uday was delighted. He knew that Bamanshah and his wife had also been invited and he felt that he had at last succeeded in winning his way into his teacher's favour.

It was after a considerable lapse of time that Uday was seeing Sheela and he was surprised to see the change in her. When he had first met her, he had been deeply impressed by her beauty and gentleness. Today he found her smile to be devoid of life and her voice listless. Dressed in simple white khaddar and almost without any ornaments, she evoked a new and pathetic interest in Uday.

In the company of his admirers, Radharaman was used to monopolising the conversation. That evening he was in his proper elements and related humorous anecdotes pertaining to the Court. His brilliant conversational powers amazed Uday. He however noticed that Sheela hardly ever spoke directly to her husband. This whetted his curiosity and he wanted to know why the wife of an apparently brilliant and successful man like Radharaman was unhappy.

While taking leave of his hosts, Uday enquired of Sheela whether he could bring Alice with him and introduce her. He added that Alice knew very few people and was finding the loneliness rather trying.

"Certainly," replied Sheela. "But instead of your bringing her here, I will come over to your place one day and meet her."

"It is indeed very kind of you. When will you come?"

"Day after tomorrow is Saturday. I can come at about six straight from Bhagwandas Master's house. Will that suit you?"

"Certainly."

Uday was indeed happy and, on returning home, informed Alice that Sheela would be coming on Saturday to see her. In his enthusiasm he went on to tell her how Sheela had met Gandhiji and how she was as wise and charming as she was pretty.

"Saturday?" queried Alice. "Aren't we going to Juhu?"

"Well, we can postpone that since Sheela herself suggested Saturday. I could not very well say 'no.' Could I?"

"Please ring her up and tell her to come some other day."

"Don't be silly," admonished Uday. "She is the wife of my 'Senior' and when she is coming to see us as a token of her goodwill and affection, how can we be churlish?"

"Well, let's hope she does not stay long. Otherwise, we won't be able to go to the Greens either."

"Listen, Alice," said Uday, suddenly becoming very serious. "Sheela is the wife of a leading Barrister. She herself has a prominent position in society. She and Radharaman have now begun to treat me as a member of their family. You also will have to respond and show them respect and affection."

"Very well, just as you like," said Alice shrugging her shoulders. "Ramchandani was to come with us to Juhu. Have you any objection to my inviting him to tea?"

Uday remained silent for a while. He had hoped that if Sheela took a liking to Alice, they might become good friends and Alice would feel less lonely. It looked as though things were not working out as he had hoped. Alice almost seemed to have set herself against any friendship growing between herself and Sheela.

Sheela came on Saturday and was delighted with the warm welcome of Uday and Alice. When Ramchandani stretched out his hand, Sheela ignored it and greeted him instead with fold-d hands. As they sat down to tea, Sheela asked after Karan and, when he came, drew him to her and gave him a toy.

The whole atmosphere had changed with the arrival of Sheela. Ramchandani and Alice had been till then conversing loudly and laughing heartily. Now the conversation was pitched in a quieter key. Sheela conversed freely with Alice and promised to show her round Bombay.

Sheela invited Alice to come to the Charkha Sangh which she had organised in a flat adjoining that of Bhagwandas. When Uday referred to Gandhiji's arrest, Sheela described her experiences in Rani Vedchhi.

This made Ramchandani remark contemptuously, "The people of this country are madly idolatrous."

"But don't you belong to this country?" asked Sheela.

"I am not such a fool."

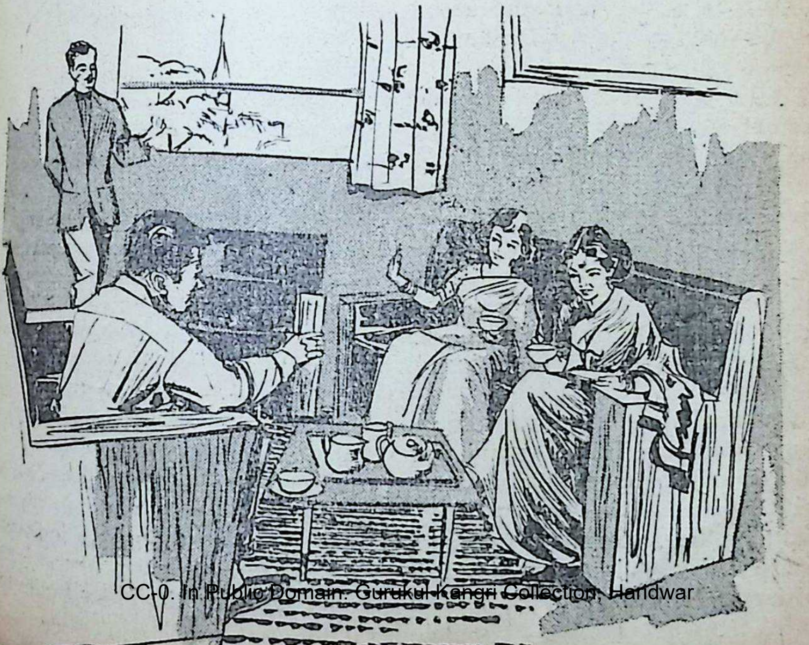
"If we leave out those who worship God, there will be very few people in this country," was Sheela's dignified retort.

But Ramchandani was not to be silenced so easily. He remarked in a contemptuous tone: "I at least have seen God nowhere."

"But what efforts have you made to seek God?" asked Sheela earnestly. There was an implied admonition in her earnestness.

Uday tried to change the conversation and said: "Ramchandani's God is the commission that he earns in his export-import business."

"There is something in India which turns peoples' minds along the path



of devotion and worship. Why else has it been called the land of devotion? And how else could it produce saintly men of Gandhiji's type?" said Sheela.

"Ganapati Shastri was also a great saint," said Uday.

"Yes, I have never seen a more saintly soul. His personality is permanently etched in my heart."

Uday gave an account of the last rites of Shastri at the Sonapur cremation ground. Sheela was greatly interested and for some time they discussed Shastri. Ramchandani could not take any part in the conversation. Alice too remembered how angry Uday had become when she had called Shastri a toothless old man and she was careful not to say anything. The result was that the conversation was confined to Sheela and Uday. Ramchandani and Alice could only wait impatiently. Neither made any attempt to hide their feeling of boredom and before long, Sheela saw the two looking at each other in a way which gave her a hint. She got up as if to go and said, "Solanki, it is already late. I must go. You must be going out somewhere."

Uday had also seen Ramchandani and Alice making silent signs to each other and he was irritated. He said, "No, Sheelaben. Please sit down. We will accompany you and see you home." Turning to Ramchandani, he said, "Perhaps you are in a hurry. Good night."

Alice was annoyed at the abrupt manner in which Ramchandani had been dismissed but she could do nothing.

Just then the postman had handed a letter to Uday. Alice enquired if it was from Majiba. "Yes," replied Uday and opened the letter and started reading it. His expression changed and his face fell.

"Is it bad news?" asked Alice.

Uday regained control over himself and said, "Yes, Rajba is ill and the Maharani Saheba wants me at Manigadh. I shall have to go to Rajkot."

Sheela noticed that the letter had affected Uday deeply. "Do sit down and take things calmly. Is Rajba seriously ill?"

"She is behaving very strangely. All day long, she is in a semi-conscious state. She keeps singing devotional songs like Meerabai and frequently loses consciousness."

"Well, I think I had better go," said Sheela as she stood up.

"Alice, come along. Let's see Sheelaben home."

"But aren't we going to the Greens?" asked Alice, looking at her watch.

Uday could no longer control his anger. "To dinner and dance today? You can go if you wish to. I will accompany Sheelaben home."

Sheela was apprehensive that the husband and wife might start quarrelling in her presence. She said: "Solanki, thank you but please excuse me. I have to go to one or two other places. Good night. Do look me up."

Uday accompanied Sheela to her car and when he returned Alice could see that his face was red with anger. She had been openly rude to Sheela. Uday sighed, sat down on the chair, took out Majiba's letter from his pocket, read it again and put his hand to his head as though to indicate his helplessness. Alice left the room. Uday started reading the letter again:

"My dear Uday,

"Rajba's condition is worsening day by day. Every second or third day she has fits; she becomes unconscious quite frequently and when she regains consciouness speaks in a very strange manner. Day before yesterday, for instance, when she became conscious after one of the attacks, she said that a diamond-studded woman was going to make you unhappy. Of course, I laughed it off.

"Yesterday, I received a letter from Basaheb. She wants you to go to Manigadh forthwith. Bapu is on his death-bed. She wants me to accompany you, but how can I leave Raj in her present condition?

"Today Raj had a bad fit. When she regained consciousness, she started weeping and kept repeating that some kind of trouble was going to overwhelm you. She said she saw you being attacked by a person of great charm who drinks heavily. Raj keeps asking for you. I suggest that you come here first and from here go to Manigadh. I have sent a telegram to Basaheb. I do not like the idea of your being mixed up in any way with their affairs but in view of our relationship, I am afraid it is not possible to say 'no' to her request. Majiba's blessings."

A charming person who drinks? Could she be referring to Ramchandani? He thought of the growing friendship between Alice and Ramchandani. Was it something more than mere friendship? If so, it would explain many things which had puzzled him. What should he do? He could think of only one course of action at the moment and that was to take Alice with him to Rajkot and leave her with Majiba when he went to Manigadh.

By this time, Alice had changed and was ready to go out.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going out to dinner."

"All right, go, but tomorrow we are going to Rajkot."

"I won't come. Have you forgotten that tomorrow is my birthday. U...Uda, how can you forget?" Alice was overcome with emotion and burst into tears.

"I have not forgotten. But what am I to do? Bapu is on his death-bed. Raj is seriously ill and keeps asking for me. In any case, we will be together in the train tomorrow."

"I will not come. You can go by yourself. Otherwise, I will go mad. I am tired of everything."

"Yes, I see that you are tired of me. You don't care for me," said Uday in an angry tone. "I work all day long in the Court. You don't seem to care for it. You do not know how worried I am that you have to be alone most of the time. You also do not realise how worried Majiba is over Rajba's illness. It was to please you that I invited Sheelaben to come over and you did everything short of driving her out because of your anxiety to attend the dance at the Greens." In his anger, Uday went on enumerating all his grievances even though he saw that Alice had broken down and was sobbing.

"Am I to sit at home in order to make

you happy? If I take you out to dinner and dance every night, when will I do my work? Why don't you think a little? How can we live as though we are English? We are Indian and we have to live like the people on Sandhurst Road, in Chowpatty and on Girgaum Road. Unfortunately, you do not want me to take a flat close to Bhupat Mama's."

"I cannot and will not live in such surroundings."

"I do not see how we are to organise our future life. Do listen and come with me to Rajkot tomorrow. Stay with Majiba for a few days. You will like Raj and enjoy her company. Raj is very intelligent. Staying with them will enable you to learn something of our way of living and thinking. It will then be easier for you to live here happily."

"If I come there, I will go mad."

"All right, then stay here and spend your life dining out, dancing and going to the cinema. Apart from your own life, you can ruin Karan's and mine. Alice, dear, I cannot allow you to do so. We are destined together to live here happily and eventually die here." Alice was sobbing bitterly. "We are definitely going to Rajkot tomorrow," concluded Uday.

"I shall not come tomorrow. I may come after five days."

Uday thought he understood the reason for this obstinacy. He remembered Rajba's prophecy and could not help remarking sarcastically, "You will come after Ramchandani leaves for England by the next mail steamer."

Alice stood up in anger. "Yes, what have you to say about it? I will not come." Saying this, she looked at the clock and stormed out of the house.

[*To be continued*]

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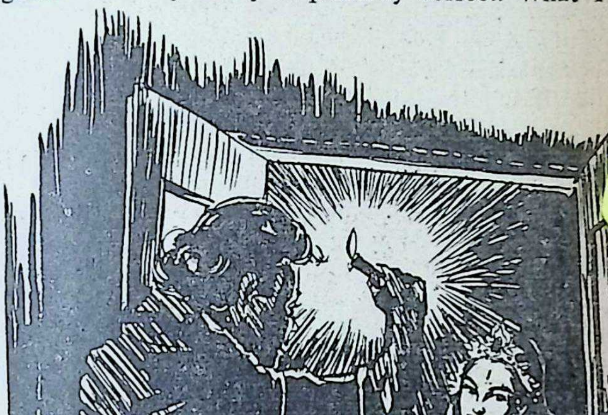
Madanarekha Vindicated

KINGS of those days were kings not in name only but kings in fact. They had a sense of *dharma* which knew of no differentiation. Their claim to fame rested only on the observance of *dharma* in which they were deeply ingrained.

Although Prince Tantri was faced with an unprecedented situation, he did not fumble. His sense of *dharma*, which ran through every fibre of his being, made him look at the problem objectively and in its proper perspective. First of all, he dissociated himself from the personal equation, and the solution of the problem appeared to him simple. He was quite clear in his mind that his wife was very learned in the Shastras. Coming as she did from a family well known for its observance of *dharma* he could not associate any evil design with her pleadings so powerfully put forward. Nor was she an ordinary type of girl inasmuch as her birth was divine.

This trend of thought made him clearly see the point in her arguments and, as a king, he had to adjudicate the issue on its merits.

Rubbing his eyes as though waking up from a short nap, he said to her: "My dear, I am now convinced what you say is perfectly correct. What I



mean to say is that your first obligation stands foremost. Apart from that, I am pretty certain you know how to take care of yourself. In the circumstances, I am very happy to permit you, since you have asked for my permission, to go to your friend right now, and fulfil your promise."

With a twinkle in her eyes, Madanarekha bowed before her husband and immediately departed from the nuptial chamber, tearing through the darkness of the night.

While Prince Tantri felt relief at having done his duty, Madanarekha was feeling grateful to her husband for his broad and clear vision and large-heartedness. But Fate had its own designs on their lives. For, when Madanarekha was half-way through a forest, a hideous-looking Brahmarakshas, laughing uproariously at her appearance, accosted her. But single-minded as she was, Madanarekha did not even as much as look in the direction from which the noise came and walked vigorously on towards her objective. That, however, was not to discourage the Brahmarakshas who stretched out his hands and seized her apron.

Stopping at this, she turned back and looking at him nonchalantly, replied: "Great man, I am the devoted wife of another man. Do you think it proper to touch me? Shouldn't you regard me as your sister? Please leave me."

At this, the Brahmarakshas laughed boisterously. Said he: "Oh, my dear chaste sister, what makes you hurry all alone at this dead hour of the night? Who are you? What is your name? Who is your husband? And where are you going now? Tell me truly."

Hearing the Brahmarakshas speak thus, Madanarekha relaxed and told him truthfully all about her, and the reason for her present haste.

The Brahmarakshas replied: "I am really surprised that all people in this drama of yours should be living in a fool's paradise. Where is that poor Brahmin boy and where are your status and beauty? Your promise to him is really wonderful. But what beats me is the permission given by your husband to fulfil your promise! Are there people in this world who are so naive as that? That is all by the way. I need not concern myself with them. The stark fact is you are in my hands now. I am very hungry. I want to eat you up now and satisfy my hunger here and now."

"O, Great man! Is there a greater *dharma* than the satisfying of another's hunger? If you wait for a few hours, I will certainly return to you and you can then gobble me up."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" ejaculated the Brahmarakshas. "You seem to be really very clever. Do you think you can pull the wool over my eyes by your sweet words and sweeter stories? I am not such a fool, and I am not going to leave you even if all the Devas and all the Asuras come to your help. I will kill them all and cut you to pieces and eat your flesh."

On this, the doe-eyed Madanarekha replied: "I entirely agree with you that you are a valorous man. Did I say 'no'? But what strikes me most about you, is your sense of right and wrong. Learned people like you will have no difficulty in supporting my se. Having promised to go to a man, uld it be proper for me to go back my promise? When I fail to keep promise, won't I become untruth- And won't the flesh of that un- thful woman reek of foul smell? I not want to contaminate a sacred an like you. Please, therefore, per- t me to fulfil my obligation to the ahmin boy first. I promise to keep y word and return to you, pure of art and mind, when you can eat y flesh. Do not argue further on this ue and give me passage."

Said the Brahmarakshas: "True, e following three categories are ally great among men: those who ep their words; those who repay ir debts in time; and those who e not affected by prosperity or ad- rsity. Even Devas will praise their nduct. But do you really believe that ch people live in this world today? en if they do, they will be one in million. Talking of women, don't u know that they are the source of l untruth? You will kindly pardon y saying that they cannot be trusted all and I cannot give you passage."

"Venerable Sir, you are really wast- g your time and talent on a matter ich does not deserve a minute's con- deration. But why don't you put me the test? Wait for some time as I d you. If you are still not satisfied, wear I will return to you. The earth d the waters, the echo and the ether, e sky and the Aurora Borealis are nesses to my pledge. What more do u want?"

Unable to talk further, the Brahma- kshas replied: "Well, to a certain tent I am satisfied with your assu- ce. But I am not willing to leave things at that. I shall, therefore, add my curse too. If you fail to return as promised, you shall be subjected to that sin that accrues from the killing of a man while sleeping soundly on a public road."

Released by the Brahmarakshas, Madanarekha hurried to the Brahmin boy's home. Reaching there, she tapped on the door when the boy opened it and saw her face by the dull-lit candle and was surprised. Without calling her inside, he asked: "What makes you come here now?"

"Don't you remember my promise to give you the first pleasure of my company on the wedding night?" asked Madanarekha.

"My God! You are a Princess and my father's disciple. What made you become such a desperado? Shiva! Shiva! If well-placed women like you start behaving like you what will happen to the world? Is it right for girls like you to come like this? Won't such behaviour lead to the ruination of the community?"

Feeling embarrassed, Madanarekha thought: "This fellow speaks as though he were a great *shishta*. I should teach him a lesson."

Said she, "My friend, don't you remember how you felt about me the other day? But how long since you have changed your mind? I can understand your trying to pass off as a righteous man if you talk like this to other women. Don't I know what a cad you are? You have indeed become clever."

"You are the Princess. You can afford to talk in any manner you like. I am after all a poor Brahmin boy. I cannot help listening to it. By reason of this fact, I cannot give you a suitable reply. Apart from that, even if I do, will the King and other people support me? Do not try to further unsettle me. Return home," said the Brahmin boy.

"I cannot understand this man's behaviour. If he has developed such a revulsion towards me, what made him extract that promise from me the other day? Apparently, he is turning a somersault. Whatever be the reason for this change, he tries to put on the garb of righteousness. What a lot of trouble have I taken to keep my word? And what does this man talk? How can I possibly tolerate the situation? I shall now try to provoke him. Then he is likely to come round," Madanarekha thought.

Thinking thus, she addressed the Brahmin boy: "I see it all now. O, poor Brahmin! Since when have you been admitted to the *sannyasi* order? Have you taken to dieting with a view to reducing your vigour? Has *yoga*-practice made you repel women? Or, have you got too many girl-friends these days? Perhaps you are afraid of me and fear that my husband will thrash you if he finds out how you have misbehaved? If that is so, my dear friend, I can tell you that I have told my husband everything about you and about my contract with you. Therefore, disabuse yourself of any fear and take me. Hurry up, I have to return as my husband is waiting for me."

The Brahmin boy grew nervous. Thought he; "True, I was mad with lust at that time. I realise it now. The effect of that evil mind pursues me. Otherwise, why should she come here now like a ghost and persist on fulfilling her promise? O, Lord! How sh I put her off?"

Thinking thus, he addressed Mad narekha: "My friend, believe me wh I say that I fully realise now that, a my father was your Guru, you are m sister. I feel ashamed to own that I tried to misbehave the other da having been caught in a fit of lu Even that little mad action i enough sin. I do not know how lo its expiation will take. And now yo want me to fulfil my part of the obl gation, even as you have come here i fulfilment of your pledge. I dread to think of the consequences. Now, wi it do if I tell you that your coming t me first by way of keeping your pledg has been sufficient fulfilment so far a I am concerned? And will you accep it when I say that I completely absolv you from any further obligation? I really congratulate you on your actio by which you have vindicated yo word. May I tell you sincerely tha the people of the land of today an those that come later, will praise yo as the model of chastity and truth! May I in the end bless you, as a brother, for your courage and steadfastness?"

On hearing this, Madanarekha laughed indulgently, this time really as a sister. And bidding him adieu, she returned hurriedly in the direction of the Brahmarakshas.

In the meantime, the Brahmarakshas was getting restive that Madanarekha was not returning in time. Therefore, when he saw her, he was really delighted. But, after scrutinising her face, he said: "My girl, you do not seem to return after meeting your lover at ill! Is it likely that you took fright on he way, and returned before meeting the Brahmin boy? Or, was he not at home? Or, did you quarrel with him and return? Tell me the truth."

Madanarekha replied: "Venerable Sir, none of your theories is correct. By my own good luck, the Brahmin boy had realised his *dharma*. And becoming my brother, he blessed me and bade me adieu. I am now coming straight from him to fulfil the promise given to you. I am sorry for the delay. You may now eat me up without hesitation as I am pure and unsullied."

With a look of surprise, the Brahmarakshas said: "Ha! How many lives have I not killed for filling this cavernous stomach of mine? But never have I, in my experience, come across a truthful person like you. If I too persist in fulfilling my demand, would I not be thrown farther in hell? I beg of you, mother, place your hand on my head and release me from this state, by invoking your Guru's blessings on me!"

Hearing this, Madanarekha replied: "Brother, why do you say all these things? I can see that you are quite famished and are extremely hungry."

She expected that the Brahmarakshas would change his mind, but he did not. Coming near her, he took both her hands and placed them on his forehead, praying: "Mother, pray for my liberation. I am sure by your adherence to truth, by the greatness of your husband and the *vairagya* of your Brahmin colleague, I shall be released from this state. These very hands of yours will give me the bliss that comes

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out of that release. Mother, preach me *dharma* and drive my sins away."

Madanarekha replied: "My friend, you really are hungry. I again request you to eat me up now and take *upadesha* from some great man later. Don't you know that the body is the *sine qua non* of life?"

On hearing these words, the Brahmarakshas closed both his ears and uttered: "Hari, Hari, Hari." Said he: "Mother, does it become you to speak in this manner? By a stroke of good luck, I was fortunate to meet you in person. By your wise words, you have opened my eyes to the ways of *dharma*. Please moisten the plant of my wisdom with your sweet and wise words. Great men never refuse to protect those who seek their refuge."

Madanarekha replied: "I am afraid I am straying off my way. I started for something else and I seem to end up somewhere else. If it is a fact that you are interested in learning *dharma*, I shall say it in a few words. Never indulge in untruth. Keep poised and peaceful. Avoid killing living beings. Be pure. Become egoless. Be kind. Conquer the senses. Catch hold of Hari's lotus feet. Be devoted to Him. Pray unceasingly at the feet of the Lord Who appears as Parameswara as well as Sri Hari in the company of Lakshmi. Pray to Lord Hari Who bestows prosperity both here and hereafter. Failure to do so is the only reason for not getting it. A man devoid of *bhakti* towards Hari has the *rakshasa* element in him. Even a *rakshasa* who nurtures *Haribhakti* takes on *Devamsa*. Don't you know that Prahlada and Vibhishana were *rakshasas?* And yet by their devotion to Hari, they attained unparalleled positions. Can you now call them *rakshasas?* Vaishnava-Dharma demands *satvika* qualities. Birth has no effect. This is the secret truth."

Thus showing the way to the transformed Brahmarakshas to get release, Madanarekha returned to her husband.

From that day, the Brahmarakshas gave up all cruelties, and uttering the prayers of Hari, obtained release in a short time.

[*To be continued*]

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Stories of King Madana Kama—21

JAGA-TALA-PRATAPA

ON being dramatically called upon to explain how he came back to life and to the rescue of his ungrateful brothers, the tortoise-Prince ascended the rostrum and gave, rather apologetically than heroically, a faithful account of all that had happened to him and what he had done.

It is easy to imagine the reaction among the people assembled there including King Venkata who, like a caged lion, fretted and fumed. But, having regard to the fact that he was getting married, he quietly called his eldest son and told him, "My son, I am ashamed that you should have been put to so many difficulties. Both as a father and as a king, I owe you a duty which I hereby accomplish by handing both my younger sons to you with permission to punish them in any manner you like."

The tortoise-Prince replied: "Father, I very much appreciate your attitude. I beg leave of you to let my younger brothers alone. I completely absolve them of any crime they might have inadvertently attempted to commit. Further, I can assure you that I can look after myself quite well. Above all, there is the Omnipotent God Who alone is the arbiter and it does not become me to take His law into my hands. If they had meant ill by me, they will rue their own destiny."

Saying this, he led his father to the matrimonial dais and, as desired by the Himalayan Princess, gave her away in marriage to his own father. His mother looked on with a beam face.

Having brought the audience to happy frame of mind, the Prince w around the nobility assembled th and saw to it that they were adequa ly honoured.

King Venkata, with his newly-w ded wife and all his three sons a daughters-in-law, lived happily e after.

At this stage, Chaturya addres the second Princess: "My dear, do you think you should marry a prin of the type of the tortoise-Prince a not any man of my kind? Look! T night has worn out and the sun rising on the eastern horizon. You h better be gone!"

The Princess, overjoyed at the sto repaired to the harem.

0 0

With the dawn of the fifth d Chaturya put on his best dress a having enjoyed the day in lively bant awaited the evening.

At night, as he sat in the nupti chamber, the elder Princess came, f it was her turn, with all the par phernalia of the newly-wed, and it wa apparent from her manner that s was determined to make him her hu band *de facto*.

But Chaturya was not in a mood t grant her wish.

Not knowing what was passing i his mind, the Princess seated herse beside Chaturya on the lovely cot an tried to embrace him. Chaturya, on th hand, parried her and remarked arly, "My dear, you seem to have atience at all. You know, I am legally wedded husband and am to live the rest of my life with We have waited all these years what harm is there if we wait for days more? Well, if you cannot that long, at least wait until I telling you a very interesting y."

Dejected at what Chaturya was at-pting to do, she nevertheless ed to the temptation of listening e story he was about to tell her. folded her hands and throwing on her lap, resigned herself to ing to him. Said Chaturya:

There was a city called Udayagiri King Lokadhipa ruled over it. He seven sons. As usual with the kings re, he had taught all his sons not the Vedas and Shastras and the -four *Kalas*, but also the royal arts archery and warfare. In course of , they all became adepts and when grew up, he built a separate palace ach of them and housed them indi-ally. He had also provided them ample wherewithal to lead princely s and they lived happily.

th a view to testing how they fared ctually, the King called all of one night to the terrace of his e when the moon was shining in splendour. As they came, he asked rst son, "My son, I want to ask a question. Answer me frankly and ut any reservation whatsoever. at the moon! How beautiful it s. Now, what would you like to do this glorious moon?"

e first son replied, "Father, I think ld be excellent to carry out now an invasion against my enemies with my fourfold armies so that we can gain victory in a trice."

Dismissing him, the King called the second son and asked him the same question. Replied he, "Father, in my opinion, the time is best suited to draw water from wells for irrigating our crop-bearing fields which we can do not only without exertion but also with joy."

The King then called his third son and repeated the same question to which the latter replied as follows: "Father, if you yoke the bulls and plough the fields, you will get excellent results and both men and beasts will not feel the exertion."

After sending him away, the King called his fourth son and asked him the same question. Replied he, "Father, I think the time is most suitable for making journeys. If we travel under this full moon, there will not be any perspiration and the journey will be interesting and enjoyable."

Calling the fifth son, the King asked him the same question to which he replied, "The time is most suited to go out on a hunt and we will be able to bag a lot of wild beasts."

The sixth son replied to the same question, "The time will be excellent for pounding paddy when you won't feel the exertion."

Finally, he asked his seventh son who bore the name Jagatala-pratapa. The latter replied, "Left to me, I would love to set out on a conquest of the entire world under the benign rays of this full moon. Not only will I succeed in conquering the world, but also will I go to the world of *Devas* and get hold of *Indra's* daughter whom I will

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rry. I will make her offer me the -supari. I will make *Agni's* daughter ampoo my tired legs. I will make *aruna's* daughter sing sweet music d *Nagaraja's* daughter fan me gentle eeze."

While the King listened to the re- s of all the six sons coolly, he into a temper as soon as he ard the reply of the seventh son. ared he, "You, cad, aren't you amed of mouthing impossible ngs? Alternatively, you are very eedy. I have now known that it will e extremely dangerous to keep you n my domain. Nor would it help n expelling you from this country, for ou will turn out to be a menace to her countries and kings. I, therefore, n of the opinion that you deserve ly death at the hands of my executioners."

Saying this, he sent for the official ecutioners to whom he handed over s last son with orders to cut off his ad without any compunction what- ever.

News reached the Queen of the fate- l decision in regard to her last son. e knew it was impossible to get the ing to revoke his orders and any eading on her son's behalf would ly aggravate the King's anger and ssibly make it recoil on her. The ly course left to her was to think a stratagem by which she could save r son's neck. She, therefore, took a ousand *mohurs* from her privy purse d tying them up in a bag, ran to e prison under cover and met her n Jagatalapratapa. Seeing him, she braced him and shed copious tears the miserable fate that awaited m. Said she at last, "My darling, your father has ordered your execution at dawn. I know of no other way than to ask you to escape from this prison. Look! Here are a thousand *mohurs*. Take them, jump the walls and run for your life. This is your only chance. I bless you!"

And she returned praying to God that no harm should befall her son.

Jagatalapratapa carried the command of his mother on his head and while the guards were asleep, jumped the precipitous walls and ran through forests as fast as he could.

Early in the morning, when the guards went inside, they found the prison cell empty! With broken hearts, they ran to the King and complained to him about the disappearance of the Prince.

The King's fury exceeded all bounds but seeing that nothing else could be done, he gave peremptory orders to the effect that Jagatalapratapa should be beheaded any time anywhere he was caught.

The young Prince, who ran for his life throughout the night, reached a village by dawn. There the first thing he saw was a hamlet which was inhabited by an old woman. Seeing her, he bowed before her. The old woman asked him, "My son, who are you? And wherefrom have you come?"

Pratapa told her faithfully all about him and why he had to come away from his family.

The old woman pitied his condition and said, "My son, you can safely stay with me. I keep ten buffaloes. You can tend them. You can graze them. You can milk them. You can sell them. And you can partake of such food in my home and under my roof as I am able to provide. In short, you can live as my son without any fear. Now, before doing so, I want to tell you one thing. While taking out the cattle, you can go towards the East, West and Southern directions but not in the North. Do not forget. That is my only warning to you."

Pratapa had a stimulating bath in the brook running yonder, put on fresh garments and after partaking of the meagre breakfast provided by the lady, drove the cattle for grazing.

For the first three days, he took the cattle to the pastures situated in the three directions as directed by her. But on the fourth day, he had the itching to see what lay in the Northern directions which the woman had forbidden. Being adventurous by nature, he could not resist the temptation to defy the ban so lovingly put by the woman.

For a long time, he was driving the cattle. But seeing nothing particular, he was wondering whether the old woman was trying to make a fool of him. Stationing the buffaloes under the cool shade of a thick *jambul* grove, the young Prince took shelter under the cool shade of a tree. He was admiring nature's beauty and tasting the sweet fruits falling from the tree above.

As he was aimlessly looking around, he saw, at some distance, a lake inlaid with nine kinds of gems which appeared to dazzle his eyes. He sat up with a jerk and wondered whether he was not dreaming. After wiping his eyes, he again looked around and there was no mistake about it.

Going nearer the lake, he looked at it more carefully. He saw four divine damsels disporting themselves in its water. One of them was unmistakably the daughter of Indra, judging from the accounts he had heard and read about her, the others being her maids. He further saw that she had stored away her wearing apparel in a corner of the steps leading to the water of the lake.

Without being seen, he crawled to the spot noiselessly, stole the apparel of Indra's daughter, and after crawling back to a safe distance, stood up and ran. But he was mistaken. Indra's daughter had noticed what was going on and she was therefore alarmed. What she did next was to run after him without anything on her body in quick steps and, as she came behind him, pleaded, "Look! Prince, look at me. Why do you feel shy?"

The Prince being young could not resist the temptation of looking back when, lo! Indra's daughter cursed him to become a lump of stone and there he stood as a stone-pillar! Having done it, the divine damsels left for their abodes.

The buffaloes returned home in the evening, but not the Prince. The old woman who thought at first that he had stayed behind and would soon follow was getting worried by his non-return even after a late hour. She waited till the break of the next day and then, too, the young Prince did not return. Confirmed in her suspicions, the old woman went in the Northern direction. When she came near the *jambul* forest, she found the tell-tale statue that was formerly the Prince. "O, Lord!" she exclaimed. "What I feared has happened. This boy has been cursed by Indra's daughter. Well, I know what to do."

So saying she returned home. And

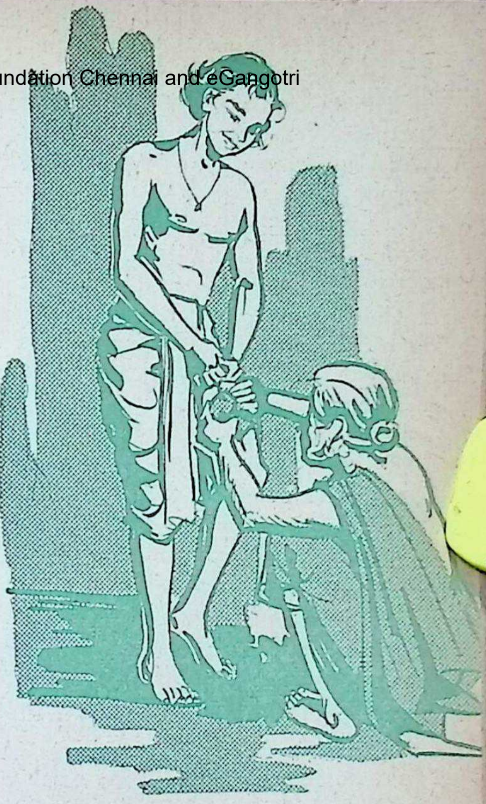
ng with her her magic wand and secrated water, she came back to place and after sprinkling the ter on the statue, touched it with r magic wand. The Prince came back life.

Falling at her feet, he said, "Mother, r three days I drove the cattle to e East, West and South, and on the urth day, foolishly drove to the North. When I was eating the fruits f those trees, I saw a sparkling lake. When I went near it, I saw Indra's ughter sporting in its waters in the mpany of her maids. I tried to steal r clothes away without being seen, ut she noticed this, ran after me and mpted me to look back at her. I d so and afterwards do not know hat happened. I beg of you to forgive me for transgressing your orders. ...Oh! What a beauty she was? Even ow she appears to be standing before y eyes. Mother, you must help me marry her. I don't think I have anybody in this world except you who uld do that."

Greatly pleased, the old woman miled and replied: "My son, do not ar. I shall help you in the fulfilment f your desire. Come home."

Followed by him, the old woman ached home and told him, "My son, morrow you go to the same place the North. While Indra's daughter again having her bath, steal her othes and run to my house as before. She will run after you naked and mpt you to look back on her figure. This time, resolutely refuse to do so d keep on running till you reach y house. I will look after the rest."

As advised by the old lady, Pratapa ove the cattle to the same *jambul* rest on the next day. At the precise oment, he again saw Indra's daughter and her maids sporting in the waters of the lake. Once again, he stole her clothes and ran. Indra's daughter as before ran after him calling him out to look back and admire her youth. But, he did not. She tried her best to induce him to do so, but Pratapa resolutely refused and kept on running, panting for breath.



As soon as he reached home, the old woman received the clothes he had brought, rolled them up into a bundle and concealed them in a pouch cut out of a thigh of the boy. With the clothes thus safely embedded, the old woman, by a magic spell, transformed the boy into a small child, put him on her lap and sang a lullaby. As she was thus fondling him, Indra's daughter entered her house.

Seeing the old woman, Indra's daughter asked her, "Mother, did you see a young man running this way taking away my *sari*?"

Replied the old woman, "I didn't see any young man running with your *sari*. Indeed, besides this child, I haven't set eyes on anyone else. Look! You have no clothes on and you are a grown-up girl. Please step inside and wear this cloth." And she gave her one.

Indra's daughter wrapped the cloth around her body and sat down beside, greatly disappointed.

Drawing her into conversation, the old woman said, "Oh, young one! You are yet unmarried and you say the person who stole your clothes was a young lad. I am sure that since he stole your clothes, he must have been enamoured of you. What makes you refrain from marrying him? Don't you know that young women are meant to be married? And don't you know that in the ultimate analysis women are bound to live with men as wives and husbands?"

In this manner the old woman brought the girl around to agreeing to marry the lad who stole her clothes and whom, apparently, the girl had liked. When she finally agreed to the proposition the old woman transformed the child on her lap back into the young Prince, whereon, the two of them, looked at each other not unlovingly. Not wasting any further time, the old woman made them exchange rings and had them married on the spot under the *gandharva* system. The Prince and Indra's daughter found themselves swimming in the ocean of happiness.

[*To be continued*]

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NEWS AND NOTES

DAVE HONOURED

i J. H. Dave, Hony. Director of the
ratiya Vidya Bhavan and Managing
r of *Bhavan's Journal* and *Bha-*
was awarded the highest Oriental
vi of "Vidya Vachaspati" for his
und scholarship by H.H. Jagad-
a Sri Sankaracharyaswami Maharaj
Dwaraka Sharada Peeth on 26th
l, 1960, at a function held in 'Ma-
Mandir', Malabar Hill, Bombay. Sri
Prakasaji, the Rajyapal of Bombay,
ided over the function. (The *pra-*
-patra is reproduced overleaf).

VAN'S MADRAS CENTRE

S. N. DAVAY, Retired Income-
Officer, delivered an interesting
spiring lecture on the *Gita* on
April 1960 in the new premises
e Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at
Gopathy Narayanaswamy Chetty
, Madras. A distinguished gather-
s present. Sri K. Balasubramania
Hon. Secretary of the Madras
a, thanked the speaker for his

In connection with the Sankara-Ramanuja Jayanti Celebrations, Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao of Karnatak University gave an interesting talk on the lives and works of Sri Sankara and Sri Ramanuja, on 30th April. The meeting was largely attended by distinguished people in Madras and was presided over by Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar.

ADMISSION FORM

It is proposed to commence Easy Sanskrit Classes for boys and girls and also for adults on or about the 20th May, 1960, at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at T'Nagar and other localities of Madras. Applicants may register themselves at the above address on or before that date. Admission Fee Re. 1/- only. (*Please fill in, cut out and post with fee the admission form printed on page* 75).

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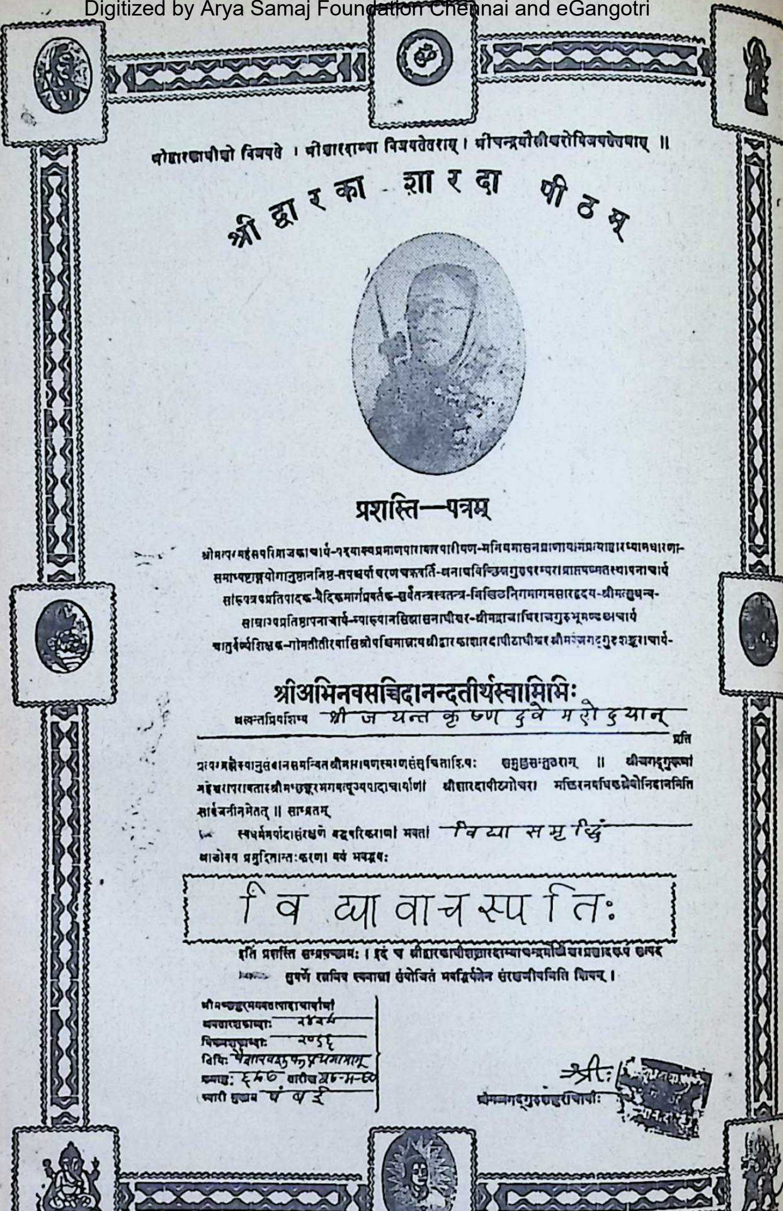

श्रीद्वारकापीठो विजयते । श्रीशारदाम्बा विजयतेतराम् । श्रीचन्द्रमौलीश्वरोपि विजयतेतमाम् ॥

श्रीद्वारकाशारदापीठम्

प्रशस्ति—पत्रम्

श्रीमत्परमहंसपरिव्राजकाचार्य-पदवाक्यप्रमाणपारावारपारीण-यमनियमासनप्राणायामप्रत्याहारध्यानधारणा-समाध्यष्टाङ्गयोगानुष्ठाननिष्ठ-तपश्चर्याचरणचक्रवर्ति-अनाद्यविच्छिन्नगुरुपरम्पराप्राप्तषण्मतस्थापनाचार्य-साङ्ख्यत्रयप्रतिपादक-वैदिकमार्गप्रवर्तक-सर्वतन्त्रस्वतन्त्र-निखिलनिगमागमसारहृदय-श्रीमत्सुधन्व-सार्वभौमप्रतिष्ठापनाचार्य-व्याख्यानसिंहासनाधीश्वर-श्रीमदाम्नायाधिराजगुरुभूमण्डलाचार्य-चातुर्वर्ण्यशिक्षक-गोमतीतीरवासिश्रीपश्चिमाम्नायश्रीद्वारकाशारदापीठाधीश्वर-श्रीमज्जगद्गुरुशङ्कराचार्य-

श्रीअभिनवसच्चिदानन्दतीर्थस्वामिभिः

अत्यन्तप्रियशिष्य श्री जयन्त कृष्ण दवे महोदयान् प्रति

[illegible]स्वानुसंधानसमन्वितश्रीमन्नारायणस्मरणसंसूचिताशिषः समुल्लसन्तुतराम् ॥ श्रीजगद्गुरूणां महेश्वरावतारश्रीमच्छङ्करभगवत्पूज्यपादाचार्याणां श्रीशारदापीठगोचरा भक्तिरनर्घश्रेयोनिदानमिति सार्वजनीनमेतत् ॥ साम्प्रतम्

स्वधर्ममर्यादासंरक्षणे बद्धपरिकराणां भवतां विद्या समृद्धिं आलोक्य प्रमुदितान्तःकरणा वयं भवद्भ्यः

विद्यावाचस्पतिः

इति प्रशस्ति सम्प्रयच्छामः । इदं च श्रीद्वारकापीठशारदाम्बाचन्द्रमौलीश्वरप्रसादरूपं भवद् सुवर्णे रत्नमिव स्वात्मना संयोजितं भवद्भिर्यत्नेन संरक्षणीयमिति शिवम् ।

श्रीमच्छङ्करभगवत्पादाचार्याणां
अवतारशकाब्दाः २४४५
विक्रमसंवत्: २०१६
तिथिः चैत्रवद्यप्रथमायाम्
ख्रिस्ताब्दः: १९६० तारीख २८-४-६०
[illegible] मुंबई

श्रीः

श्रीमज्जगद्गुरुशङ्कराचार्याः

NEW STATES

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aratiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, on
May to offer prayers and invoke the
ssings of the Almighty for the suc-
ss and prosperity of the newly form-
Gujarat and Maharashtra States,
t. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of
Bhavan, said that both the States
e till now one and should continue
function as two limbs of Mother
ia that was one and indivisible.
e added that people of both the
tes will get ample opportunities to
lize their aspirations and work for
betterment of their respective re-
ns as a result of bifurcation. She
o said that language was merely a
dium for the expression of thought
d should never be allowed to become
rrier between man and man. Reci-
s from the Vedas and *Bhagavad Gita*
the singing of hymns and *bhajans*
ed to the solemnity of the occasion.

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NING TALKS WITH SRI AURO-NDO (First Series). Recorded by B. Purani. Published by Sri Au-bindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Pages December 1959. Price: Rs. 8.

volume under review is a record talks that several persons had in evening meetings with Sri Auro- from 1918 to 1926. The meetings place in two places—No. 41, Rue cois Martin and No. 9, Rue de la ine. Sri Aurobindo participated in talks and answered questions. "Far important than the actual talk its content was the personal con- the influence of the Master, and divine atmosphere he emanated; gh his outer personality, it was divine consciousness that he allow- to act" (p. 13). In these meetings comes to feel the divinity in the nality of Sri Aurobindo.

the very first page, the authentic ent and *sadhaka* of Sri Aurobindo's gral yoga, Sri A. B. Purani, quotes testimony of the disciple of Sri obindo who felt divinity in his pre- after forty years. It is none other Sri K. M. Munshi. Sri Purani has been with Sri Aurobindo for 30 years describes to us the traits the Master in the *sthita prajna* stage. gather from the writings of Sri bindo the greatness of his intel- the versatile nature of his genius, the penetrating power of his insight, his extraordinary power of perfect expression, his intense sincerity and his mighty singleness of purpose. The human side to the personality of Sri Aurobindo comes out during these evening talks. For over forty years he lived in aloofness practising his *integral yoga* (1910-1950). He acted on outer events 'solely with a spiritual force and silent spiritual action'.

The talks centre around five topics: (1) Books and Letters; (2) Medicine; (3) Art; (4) Poetry; and (5) Beauty. About 33 persons have participated in the talks. Reading the talks and reflecting on them is a rewarding spiritual experience. It is spiritual-liberal-education. It is difficult to summarise the topics in a short review. In the sixteen pages of introduction to the volume, the editor, Sri Purani, gives us a marvellously compressed summary of Sri Aurobindo's gospel. The volume is an invaluable addition to the writings of Sri Aurobindo. The author has laid the spiritual-minded under a deep debt of gratitude by this devout work.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF RAMANA MAHARSHI. Edited and annotated by Arthur Osborne. Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai, (South India). First edition 1959. pp. 243. Prize: Rs. 5.

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There are two parts in the book: P One contains original works—pr pieces on "Self-Enquiry" and "Who A I?" and poems and *Hymns to Ar chala,* also miscellaneous verses like *Atma-Vidya*, the *Self in the Heart*, e Part Two contains adaptations a translations (by various hands, selec and touched up by the editor), w include *The Song Celestial*, Book verse 20 from the *Gita*: 'I am the S ...I am the beginning and the mi and also the end of all beings,' an selection of 42 verses addressed Arjuna by Lord Krishna), hymn Dakshinamurti, *Atma Bodha*, Sank charya's *Vivekachudamani*, *Vich Mani Mala* (Garland of Gems of E quiry)—a compilation by Sri Ra Maharshi of the gems of thoughts

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version of the original book written Hindi by Mahatma Nischaldas: hout the discussions staged between the Guru and the disciple, Self-tion is the recurrent theme with stress upon attachment and deent, ignorance and wisdom. re is a glossary at the end, which prove useful to readers in countries, also an index. warmly welcome a publication this in the present world steeped ularism.

—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

A. By M. P. Pandit. Published by Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 41. Price: Rs. 2.

beautiful little booklet gives us y fascinating and correct account e place, function and nature of (repeating the name of the Lord) spiritual discipline. *Japa Yajna* is f the oldest forms of worship pred in Hindu and other religions. Krishna, in the *Gita*, declared: ll the sacrifices I am the *Japa Yajna*" (X. 25.). "The *Japa* should rise on the crest of deep emotion. The whole of the heart must beat in unision with the *mantra* which thus gathers strength, acquires a fresh life in the individual and in time begins to repeat itself spontaneously without effort" (p. 9). There must be faith in the *mantra* and its meaning must be known and a Guru must initiate us into it at the first instance. The *Japa Mala,* i.e. the rosary with 108 beads, of which one is bigger than the rest, is rolled using the right thumb and the middle finger of the right hand, uttering the name given to us by the Guru. The large-sized bead is called the *Meru*. *Japa* is of two types: (1) mental meditation *(manasika japa)* and (2) the *vachika japa,* i.e., the discipline in which we pronounce the *mantra* sometimes loudly and sometimes in a low voice. The *Japa Yajna* secures concentration and drives away all our little thoughts and desires and makes us God-minded. The booklet is very useful and instructive to the spiritual aspirant.

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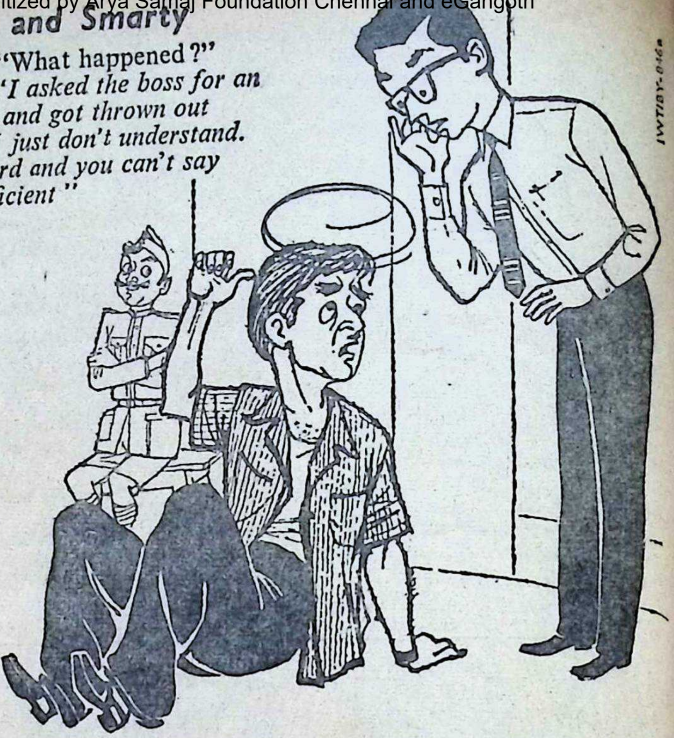

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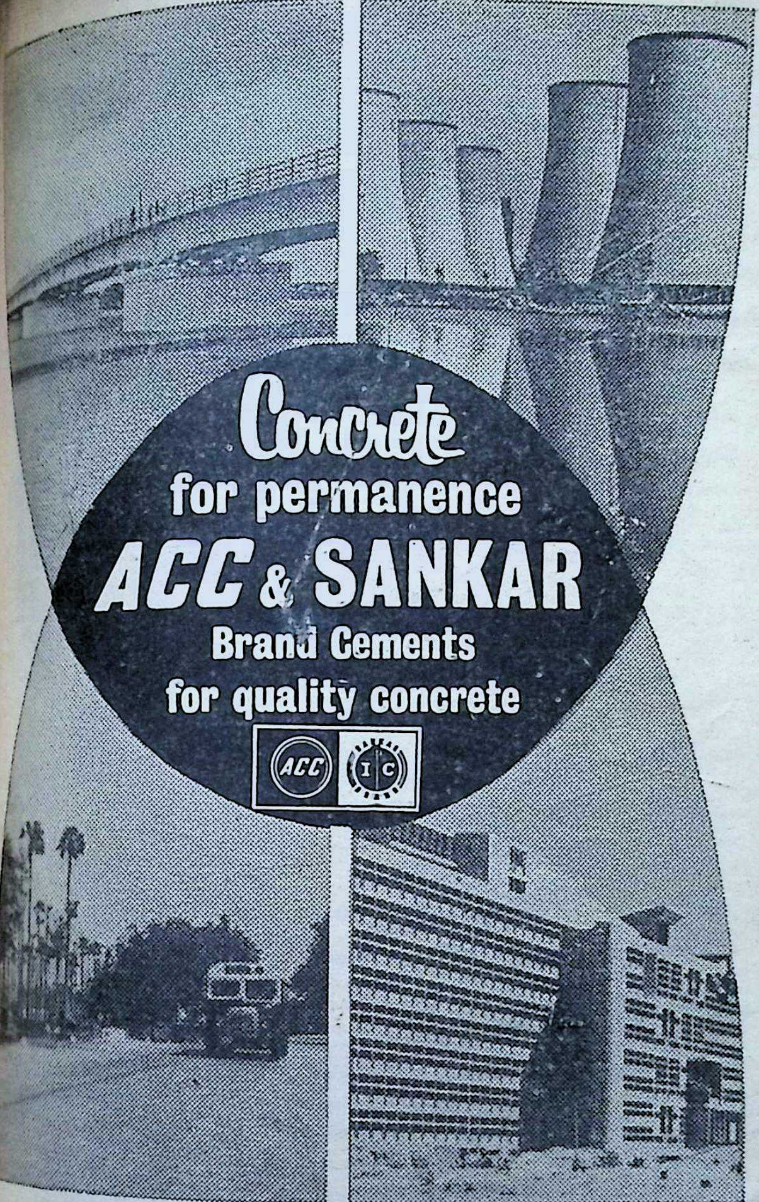
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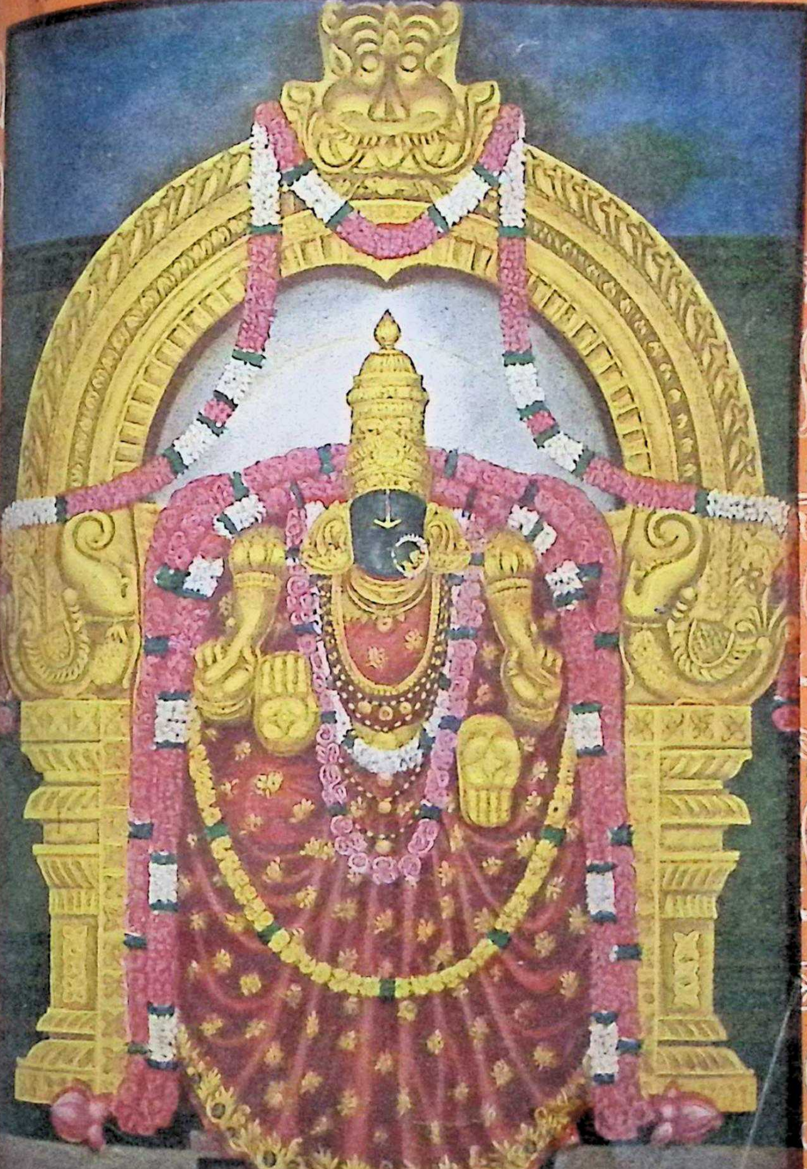

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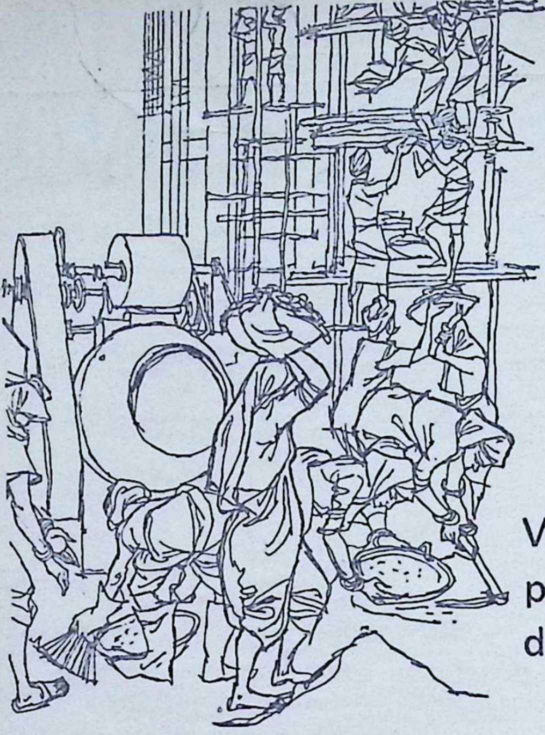

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

SRI PADMAVATI DEVI of Tiruchanur: Consort of Lord Venkatesa, the Presiding Deity of Tirupati.

Courtesy: T. T. Devasthanam, Tirupati.

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VI MAY 1. 1960 No. 20

PRAYER TO MAHA-LAKSHMI

दिग्घस्तिभिः कनककुम्भमुखावसृष्ट-
स्वर्वाहिनी विमल चारुजलप्लुताङ्गीम्।
प्रातर्नमामि जगतां जननीमशेष-
लोकाधिनाथगृहिणीममृताब्धिपुत्रीम्॥

I pray every morning to the Mother of all creation, Who is bathed by the Diggajas by the clear, lovely waters of the divine Ganga carried in golden pots; Her Who is the dutiful wife of the Lord of all creation and Who is the daughter of the Ocean of Nectar.

—Sankara Bhagavatpada.

[See cover illustration.]

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 204

★ RULE OF LAW ★ DANGERS
★ WORLD ORDER UNDER WORLD LAW

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
MAY 1, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON April 15, I presided over the Second All-India Law Conference sponsored by the Indian Law Institute, of which the Chief Justice of India is the President and I happen to be the Chairman. In the course of my speech, I referred to some matters of importance which, I am sure, will interest you. I therefore venture to give below the relevant parts of my address:

When the Institute* started on an active career, it was a novel experiment modelled on the lines of the American Institute where the three sections of the men of law—judges, advocates and teachers—co-ordinate their activities not only in the field of research, but in giving unified direction to the study and promotion of law.

This is a huge task and can only be achieved by the increasing co-operation of the Law Faculties and the Bar Associations in the country. I hope it will be forthcoming in an ample measure.

Naturally for want of funds and personnel, the research carried on at the Institute is confined to the study of a few legal problems. However, it cannot be profitably advanced unless those represented at this Conference in their respective spheres decide to treat law, not as an isolated discipline but as a discipline of many disciplines. Law, at all times, and more so in modern times than ever before, is closely related to the psycho-social conditions and ethical convictions of the time in which it operates and of its native land in particular. Legal research, therefore, would be barren unless it is carried on in the context of such conditions and convictions. Many progressive Law Schools in U.S.A., U.K. and Europe have, therefore, embarked on a study of law, co-ordinated with forensic medicine, psychiatry and psychology and often with political science l social conditions and relations. h the study of ethical relations, it s been always associated.

---

* Indian Law Institute, New Delhi.

Naturally it would take some time ore we are able to enlarge the scope our research activities in all these ctions. But, as lawyers concerned h the orderly progress of our country, our primary interest would lie in study of the Rule of Law as developing in our country.

The concept of the Rule of Law, as erstood by the lawyers in the free cieties of the world like ours, was ropriately defined by the Declaration of Delhi by the Congress of the rnational Commission of Jurists in uary 1959, as springing from the ts of the individual developed ough history in the age-old struggle of mankind for freedom. These ts include ‘freedom of speech, ss, worship, assembly and association and the right to free elections to end that laws are enacted by the y elected representatives of the people and accord equal protection to all.’ The Declaration further recognized t the Rule of Law ‘should be emyed not only to safeguard and adce the civil and political rights of individual in a free society, but o to establish social, economic and ural conditions under which his itimate aspirations and dignity may realized.’

Happily for us, our Constitution odies most of the principles emied in the Declaration and casts n the government, the judges and lawyers, to use the words of the t of Athens, ‘the duty to do their ost to uphold the Rule of Law and rights of the individual under it.’

At the same time we must recognize that throughout the world there are trends which point to the narrowing of the area of free and democratic government. This has had the result of curtailing and in some countries even total destroying of the Rule of Law. It is therefore important to study such trends and in particular the stresses to which it is subjected in our country. Research to be of real value, therefore, should be carried on by the coordinated efforts of our law research centres in the functioning of the Rule of Law in the wider context of the psycho-social conditions that are developing in our country, as also of the tradition and ethical convictions of our people.

As I pointed out in my address at the last year's Conference, the Rule of Law is not the rule according to a law; for a government, however despotic or hostile to human dignity, has to have some law. In fact, no single factor, whether constitutional guarantee of fundamental rights, procedural impartiality, independent judiciary, autonomous legal profession, or a freely-elected parliament, by itself can guarantee the Rule of Law. To take but one illustration, an independent judiciary and a free legal profession can certainly exist in such a manner even if their functions are restricted by statute or convention to doing nothing more than construing and interpreting laws made by a sovereign legislature or a dictator.

The Rule of Law, again, cannot necessarily be maintained even where constitutional guarantees embodied in a written constitution protect individual freedom. The guarantees could be whittled down by well-regimented majorities in a legislature; or by the executive undermining the prestige of the judiciary. But worse, they could be destroyed if certain norms of well-regulated conduct necessary to maintain it can come to be disregarded by organised public opinion in the community either by active support, or passive acquiescence; or, if the judiciary, failing to maintain a broad outlook on the values of freedom, learn to condone deviations or encroachments, however small or well meaning, and thereby endanger guaranteed rights.

In the ultimate analysis, the Rule of Law is, therefore, founded on the conviction cherished by the organized public opinion of a country that it has to be maintained as a fundamental condition of a free society. This conviction, which Prof. Jullius Stone calls 'minimal ethical convictions with the community' can alone prevent the Rule of Law being disregarded.

In England, for instance, where there is no written Constitution and the Parliament can legally do whatever it likes, the Rule of Law is maintained, in Dicey's words, by conventions which are held sacrosanct by the members of the British Parliament to whichever party they belong and rigorously upheld by the Bench and the Bar. This made a Law Lord, Lord Wright, declare in *Liversidge v|s Anderson*:

'In the Constitution of England there are no guaranteed or absolute rights. The safeguard of British liberty is in the good sense of the people and in the system of representative and responsible government which has been evolved.'

One of the major stresses to which the Rule of Law is subjected in this country is the prestige which individual or collective action of defying the law enjoys, when it is claimed to be for a cause, however absurd or imaginary. This feature, peculiar to India, is derived from historical causes. Invented at first by Gandhiji as a non-violent substitute for a war of independence against alien rule, it has, at present, degenerated into direct action of all sorts and kinds (including hunger-strike, if it can be so called) by groups or individuals for coercing authorities to take decisions regardless of their moral, social or legal aspects.

Gandhiji claimed that individual *satyagraha* was constitutional, for, as he said, a *satyagrahi* inviting the consequences of a breach of law, to which he had conscientious objection, on himself, was not breaking the law but submitting to it. But the technique of civil disobedience movement, besides inviting personal martyrdom, becomes an instrument of collective coercion and is totally unjustifiable when particularly it is adopted in a free and democratic country.

Yet in India, such direct action enjoys prestige though in an attenuated form, but more often than not earns public support. Look at student movements in some parts of the country. The law-breaker, no sooner he proclaims that he is taking the action for some cause which he holds dear or for some grievance however imaginary, is considered by some sections of public opinion as a hero. He is, more often than not, backed by some position party for party gains. And e penalty for law breaking, if he at I receives one, is deemed martyrdom m which it becomes everyone's ty to rescue him. If the Rule of Law s to be maintained, such action has be unequivocally condemned; un- ss so condemned, the ethical convic- n to support the Rule of Law may me to be uprooted.

This attitude of the public some- es leads to judicial processes being rt-circuited for political and ad- nistrative ends. For instance, if a mber of persons defy the law, they e arrested, and the investigation d prosecution agencies are put into ration against them. Then a poli- al settlement is arrived at and the cision is taken to withdraw the pro- utions. Politically such action may the wisest thing possible; it may be cessary for a political party to re- n power. All the same it destroys e sanctity of the Rule of Law. It in- riably undermines respect for the urts, for the sanctity of law arises m the acceptance by public opinion at once a law is broken, the judicial ocess will continue till acquittal or nviction.

After the judicial process ends it is ultimately open to the executive to ercise its powers of remission of sen- ce; that is its business and its res- nsibility. But when the judicial pro- s is not allowed to run to its logi- l culmination, the investigating and secuting agencies are demoralised; e Courts are no longer considered e final arbiters in determining whe- r the law is broken or not; and e general impression is strengthened t law can be violated with impunity if sufficient coercion is brought to bear on the authorities to withdraw prosecution.

Another stress on the ethical conviction of the community is provided by certain organized groups which have recently emerged in modern society. Whatever their professions, they are openly or covertly pledged to undermine the Rule of Law with the object of overthrowing free democracy. These groups seek to destroy its sanctity in the public mind by using democratic terminology with entirely contrary implications.

Such groups encourage another psychological factor to the same end. They try to lead the public opinion of a free country desirous of swift economic advance that it is incompatible with freedom of the individual and the Rule of Law; that they have no intrinsic value; that human dignity can be sacrificed to achieve economic development. This propaganda ignores the fundamental on which the Rule of Law is based that individual dignity is sacrosanct; that while economic advancement is one of the essentials for a fuller life, individual freedom, making it possible for everyone to fulfil his potentialities unregimented by State control, is more so.

In this connection, one of the most important subjects of research for us is the evolution of the content and direction of our Constitution since 1950. Without a proper study of this evolution we cannot measure the strength or the weakness of our Constitution, nor can we discover how guaranteed rights have been affected by subsequent parliamentary action or judicial interpretation.

For instance, the decisions on Constitutional issues require to be closely studied in order to discover the limits of the doctrine of constitutionality as regards legislation. Our Constitution is based on the fundamental principle that the guaranteed rights have been reserved by the people to themselves when through the Constituent Assembly they delegated diverse functions to the different organs of the State created by the Constitution. The courts of law as the accredited agent of the people, are charged with the duty to see that they are not encroached upon. Very wide powers of judicial review are provided in order to maintain the balance in a situation where two-party system of parliamentary government is not a near possibility.

There would, however, be substantial deviation from this principle if, for instance, the courts, while examining the constitutionality of legislation, say under Art. 19, were to rely upon the presumption that all 'restrictions' imposed by a legislature, without more, are in 'public interest', or are 'reasonable'. In such an event, between the Legislatures anxious to extend their sovereignty and a Judiciary complacent enough to implicitly trust their wisdom, the presumption of constitutionality generously invoked in a country where there is no effective opposition party in the legislatures, would progressively squeeze out the rights of the people. A thorough study of this problem, in my opinion, is imperative.

'Law's delay' drove Hamlet to ponder whether 'to be or not to be'. It has also been the despair of many wiser men including the members o the Law Commission. With legislatio increased manifold, and the strength o the Judiciary not increased in proportion, arrears would naturally accum late. The layman, however, is anxio to have expeditious justice. But he do not know what we know by experien that 'expeditious justice' is all exped tion and no justice. Justice should n only be done, but must be recogniz as done. Research in law's delay, ho ever, would help considerably in e pediting justice.

The Institute of Judicial Adminis tration in New York City which visited in 1958 has for its objectiv the systematic and continuous study o the organization, administration a procedure of courts at all levels a the collecting and furnishing of info mation on ways of effectuating i provements. Hence the Institute studies are widely utilized by judg lawyers and organizations througho the United States and in many forei countries in carrying forward th programmes of improving and exped ting the administration of justice.

Another research activity pursu by many law faculties in some d tinguished universities of the W deserves to be encouraged in our cou try in view of the pivotal situatio which India occupies among the Afr Asian nations today. Studies thus ma would help the establishment of th Rule of Law uniformly applicable all nations and individuals in the wor and capable of enforcement throug some sort of effective machinery.

Since World War II, many develop ments of far-reaching consequenc have contributed to the growth of On ld consciousness. Science has annated distances ; nations have become inter-dependent in matters econoic and political. And though the ange of ideas and scientific disries are not at present as easy as n national boundaries were not so ed to communications, nations are ly beginning to learn that national ment is possible only in terms of orld-wide co-operation within the ework of a world order.

Certain other factors have also given rete shape to this world-wide conusness. Among them are the emere of nations in Asia and Africa h were once under colonial rule ; influence of the United Nations nization and its Specialised ncies; the active efforts of the N.O. to maintain peace in disturbareas through a world force ; the l felt by nations for closer collaation to escape the global horrors nuclear war ; the urge towards a d force for inspecting nuclear ts and the growing conviction that after security of nations is somecollectively policied, can governts utilize the moneys now spent on aments for meeting the insistent ands of the times, viz. to raise the g standards of under-developed tries.

this situation it has come to be asingly realized by thinking men that the Rule of Law, like peace and welfare, in the world, can only be one and indivisible and therefore can only be maintained as part of a world order. None of the three could be enjoyed by one or more nations to the exclusion of others. The foundations of democracy in any single nation, therefore, cannot be supported except by some kind of universally-accepted framework of world-wide order regulated by internationally accepted Rule of Law.

No doubt there are great difficulties in the way. However, circumstances are shaping events which are sure to hasten to the idea being accepted. Therefore, it becomes necessary for all nations and particularly countries of South East Asia to make a thorough study of the problems of a world order under a world Rule of Law. Provided finance and the requisite personnel are forthcoming, our research centres might embark on a co-operative effort to study them. However theoretical it may look, it is essential for the further advance of human civilization.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

The highest fulfilment of religion requires a giving up of all possessions. I came definitely to the conclusion that if I had to serve the people in whose midst my life was cast, I must discard all wealth, all possession.

—Mahatma Gandhi

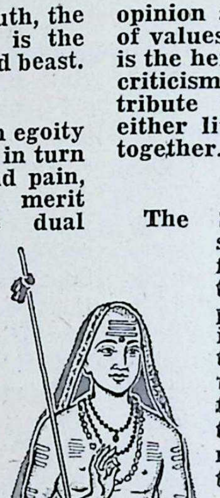
THOUGHTS from SANKARA

The bedrock of truth, the inner being of all, is the same in man, bird and beast.

*

Action linked with egoity leads to birth which in turn leads to pleasure and pain, likes and dislikes, merit and demerit, the dual throng of life. Thus rolls the wheel of the world.

*



Eyes affected by amaurosis see the one moon appearing as many. Deluded vision sees the One, the Self, as many. Duality is the product of ignorance. Where one sees another, as it were, where one hears another, as it were, where one cognises another, as it were, it is finite and it is mortal.

*

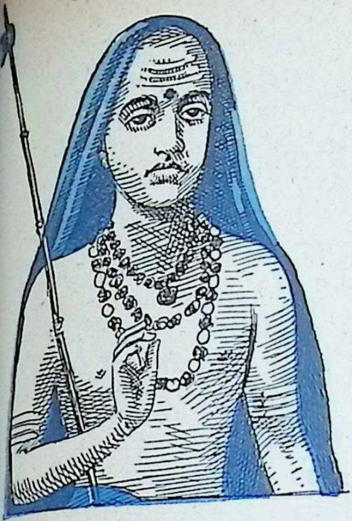
Good and evil are only relative and not absolute. They depend on each one's opinion and on one's sense of values. The depth of hell is the height of heaven. The criticism of one serves as a tribute to another. They either live together or die together.

*

The Self (Pure Consciousness), Its reflection and the intellect may be compared to the face, its reflection and the mirror respectively. The reflection of the face in the mirror does neither belong to the face nor to the mirror. It is not the property of either of the two, because it should continue even if the other were removed.

*

The names and forms and actions seem to make up the world apparent. They are interdependent like a painting and a description of it. Both are indeed unreal. Similarly the whole of the universe is unreal.



A Spiritual Pentagon

Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada

वेदो नित्यमधीयतां तदुदितं कर्मस्वनुष्ठीयतां
तेनेशस्य विधीयतां अपचितिः काम्ये मतिस्त्यज्यताम्।
पापौघः परिधूयतां भवसुखे दोषोऽनुसंधीयतां
आत्मेच्छा व्यवसीयतां निजगृहात्तूर्णं विनिर्गम्यताम्॥

Study the Vedas always. Perform well the duty enjoined in them. By at let God be worshipped. Take your mind off from the duties for material rosperity. Strive against the flood of sins. Consider worldly happiness as ading to sorrow. Develop love for your own self. Get out of your home as uickly as possible.

सङ्गः सत्सु विधीयतां भगवतो भक्तिः दृढा धीयतां
शान्त्यादिः परिचीयतां दृढतरं कर्माशु संत्यज्यताम्।
सद्विद्वानुपसर्प्यतां प्रतिदिनं तत्पादुके सेव्यतां
ब्रह्मैकाक्षरमर्थ्यतां श्रुतिशिरोवाक्यं समाकर्ण्यताम्॥

Seek the company of the pious. Develop strong faith in God. Acquire ith determination peace and such other divine qualities. Give up actions early as possible. Approach the pious who is learned in the Vedas. Wor-ip at his sandals daily. Pray for knowledge of Brahman which is the ne-letter (AUM). Listen to the Vedantic words of the Vedas.

वाक्यार्थश्च विचार्यतां श्रुतिशिरः पक्षः समाश्रीयतां
दुस्तर्कात्सुविरम्यतां श्रुतिमतस्तर्कोऽनुसंधीयताम्।
ब्रह्मैवास्मि विभाव्यतां अहरहः गर्वः परित्यज्यतां
देहेऽहम्मतिः उज्झ्यतां बुधजनैः वादः परित्यज्यताम्॥

Explore the meanings of Vedantas. Align yourself on the side extolled by Vedas. Keep yourself clean out of useless discussions. Think over the logic accepted by Vedas. Often assume the attitude "I am Brahman." Give up pride totally. Abandon thinking the body as the self. Do not argue with the learned.

क्षुद्व्याधिश्च चिकित्स्यतां प्रतिदिनं भिक्षौषधं भुज्यतां
स्वाद्वन्नं न तु याच्यतां विधिवशात्प्राप्तेन संतुष्यताम्।
शीतोष्णादि विषह्यतां न तु वृथा वाक्यं समुच्चार्यतां
औदासीन्यमभीप्स्यतां जनकृपानैष्ठुर्यमुत्सृज्यताम् ॥

Cure the disease of hunger ; swallow the medicine which is in the form of alms. Do not beg for tasty food. Be satisfied with what you get. Endure cold and heat etc. Do not indulge in useless talk. Develop indifference. Overlook the kindness as well as the cruelty meted out to you by the public.

एकान्ते सुखमास्यतां परतरे चेतः समाधीयतां
पूर्णात्मा सुसमीक्ष्यतां जगदिदं तद्बाधितं दृश्यताम्।
प्राक्कर्म प्रविलाप्यतां चितिबलान्नाप्युत्तरैः श्लिष्यतां
प्रारब्धं त्विह भुज्यतामथ परब्रह्मात्मना स्थीयताम् ॥

Stay happily in solitude. Concentrate your mind on the Highest (Brahman). Vizualise the all-pervading Self. See this world as falsified by It. Let your past actions be done away with. Don't be associated with the actions that are done after the attainment of the knowledge of the Brahman. Enjoy the fruits of the Prarabdhakarmas—Karmas that have started. Afterwards identify yourself with Parabrahman and stay in that state.

One day Sankara was returning with his disciples from the temple of Visweswara after a bath in the Ganga. While he was walking, a Chandala, with four dogs following him, appeared before Sankara. Sankara asked him to clear away from the path. Immediately the Chandala replied Sankara in an immortal verse:

"From which, do you want, what, to go where? Do you want this body, which has been built out of food, to go away, from a similar body, which has been similarly built out of food? Or do you want one living consciousness to go away from another? What do you say, Oh! Learned Brahmin? Which do you want to differentiate ; this body of matter or the living Chaitanya?"

Bhavan's Journal Competition No. 8

ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAYS

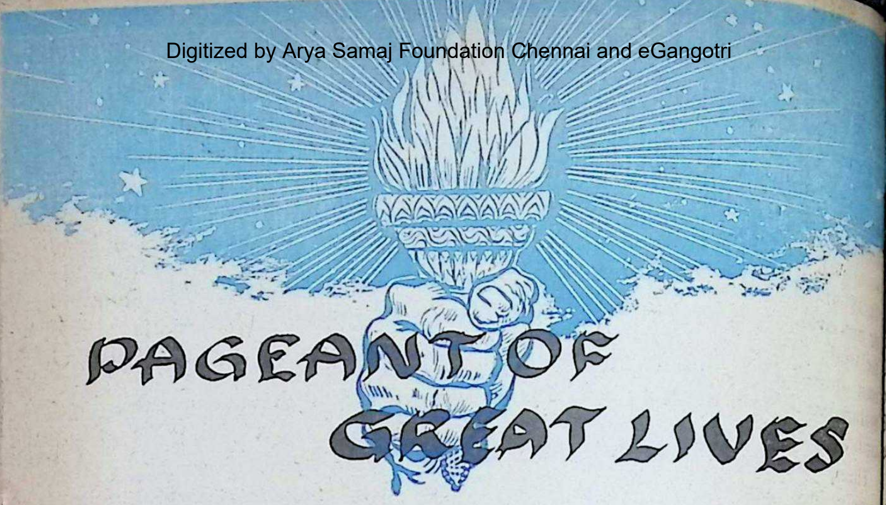
The 3-Act Play Competition recently conducted by the Journal attracted many earnest responses. The enthusiasm displayed by our readers and competitors was very heartening.

We are glad to announce another Competition on One Act Social Plays, such as may foster the growth of social conscience.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Original plays in English, neatly typewritten on one side of the paper, not exceeding 10 pages of *Bhavan's Journal* in length, are invited from readers.
2. Themes should be on social problems of the day.
3. Treatment should be such as to bring out the soul of the present-day Indian society.
4. Technique, style, character-sketching, humour and plot-construction will all be considered in evaluation.
5. A cash prize of Rs. 250 will be paid to the first, Rs. 150/- to the second, and Rs. 100/- to the third in merit.
6. The prize-winning plays may be published in the *Bhavan's Journal*.
7. The panel of Judges will consist of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Dr. A. K. Das Gupta and Sri Prem Nath.
8. Entries should reach us on or before June 15, 1960.

—Editor



PAGEANT OF GREAT LIVES

CHHATRAPATI SHIVAJI

Prof. S. R. Sharma

We have great pleasure in starting this new feature which will give the Life and Teachings of fifty great men belonging to all climes and times, written by competent people.

In view of the fact that the Sri Prakasa Commission recommended the inculcation of this knowledge among students, it is hoped that schools, colleges and educational institutions of the country will take advantage of this feature.

SHIVAJI, the great liberator of Maharashtra, was born on 4th April 1630 at Shivaneri*. He was crowned *Chhatrapati* on 6th June 1674, at Raigad; and he died, at his capital (Raigad), on 4th April 1680—his 51st birth-date.

The fifty years of his glorious life showed how freedom could be achieved in a single life-time under the most discouraging conditions.

Maharashtra was then cut up among three Muslim powers: the Adilshahi of Bijapur, the Qutbshahi of Golkonda, and the Mughals. Shivaji's father Shahji was in the service of one or the other of these, all his life. The people were poor and illiterate, and their natural leaders, the land-lords, quarrelled among themselves. The more ambitious among them sought service as soldiers under the Sultans. There was neither political, social, economic, nor religious freedom—for over three centuries since Allauddin

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* A bronze image of infant Shivaji and his mother Jijabai is now installed at Fort Shivaneri.

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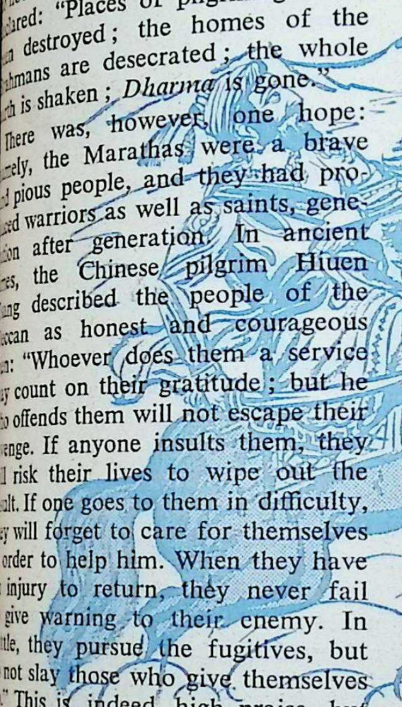
lji conquered Devagiri (Daulata-)) and Malik Kafur overran the can and South India.

The ordinary people were in despair, use even the gods seemed to be less. Saint Namadeva said: "The e gods are broken to bits by the ks and cast into the rivers; they not even cry!" Samartha Ramadas ared: "Places of pilgrimage have n destroyed; the homes of the hmans are desecrated; the whole th is shaken; *Dharma* is gone."

There was, however, one hope: ely, the Marathas were a brave d pious people, and they had pro-ed warriors as well as saints, gene-ion after generation. In ancient es, the Chinese pilgrim Hiuen ng described the people of the ccan as honest and courageous n: "Whoever does them a service y count on their gratitude; but he o offends them will not escape their enge. If anyone insults them, they l risk their lives to wipe out the ult. If one goes to them in difficulty, y will forget to care for themselves order to help him. When they have injury to return, they never fail give warning to their enemy. In tle, they pursue the fugitives, but not slay those who give themselves ." This is, indeed, high praise, but ll deserved.

From the accounts of most foreign vellers we may say that this has al-ys been the character of Indians ce the time of Chandragupta aurya—the first great fighter for our edom against foreign aggression.



The saints of Maharashtra, from Jna-hvar to Ramadas, bear witness to the piety of the Marathas. Jnaneshvar wrote his famous book the *Jnaneshvari* on the eve of Allauddin Khalji's invasion of the Deccan. It is a great commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita* in the language of the people as it was spoken then. Arjuna was dejected and would not fight. But Sri Krishna inspired him to do his duty as a Kshatriya. The *Gita* has been a source of great inspiration to all. Mahatma Gandhi said: "When doubts haunt me, when disappointments stare me in the face, and I see not one ray of hope on the horizon, I turn to the *Bhagavad Gita,* and I find a verse to comfort me, and I immediately begin to smile in the midst of overwhelming sorrow."

Jnaneshvar made the *Gita* very popular by his beautiful and poetic style. The *Jnaneshvari* is even now read, enjoyed and admired by thousands of people, not only in Maharashtra, but all over India. It has been translated into various languages of India and Europe. No wonder that Maharashtra was fascinated and inspired by it over six hundred years ago. Jnaneshvar was only sixteen years of age when he commenced his immortal work.

The saints who lived in his time or followed him during the four centuries (1300-1700) came from all classes. Namadeva was a tailor; Janabai was his maid-servant; Gora was a potter; Sena was a barber; Savanta was a gardener; Narahari was a goldsmith and Chokha was a *harijan* sweeper! They together formed a Democracy of Devotion.

Then came Ekanath Tukaram and Ramadas and a host of others. Tukaram was a farmer-trader. His *abhanga*-songs are chanted to this day, not in temples only, but in the homes of the rich and the poor alike: the labourers sing them as they go to work or lie down tired under a tree in the sultry hours of noon and feel greatly comforted.

Ramadas left home when he was only twelve years of age. He wandered all over Hindusthan up to the Himalayas. His was a countrywide pilgrimage on foot: a *pada-yatra*. He saw how miserable the people were, particularly in Maharashtra. He would not merely sit down and meditate. He organised his disciples and followers in *mathas*. He awakened them from their lethargy. He stimulated them to great endeavours. His *Dasa-bodha* is an inspiring book like the *Jnaneshvari*. His *Manache-Slokas* ("Self-advice to the mind") are one of the first things a child learns at school in Maharashtra even today. His beautiful poem "*Ananda-vana-bhuvana*" gives a charming picture of the aspirations of Maharashtra of his time. It reflects immense faith in God to deliver the people from bondage.

Shivaji was just twelve years of age when his father placed him in charge of his mother Jijabai and tutor Dadoji at Poona. Shahji was too busy with his military expeditions in the far South. These resulted in his acquisition of valuable *jahgirs* like Vellore, Jinji, Tanjore, Bangalore, etc. They were to afford the Marathas safe retreats when their homes in the Deccan were devastated by the armies of Aurangzeb.

But meanwhile, young Shivaji could grow up in Poona under Dadoji who was a trustworthy and efficient estate manager. Shivaji learned his first lessons in administration from his dutiful tutor Dadoji. He also imbibed from his highly cultured mother the spirit of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. The exploits of Sri Ramachandra against the *rakshasas* in the Deccan itself and his war against Ravana (an incarnation of evil) thrilled the boy Shivaji as Jijabai narrated the stories. Most of all, he felt inspired to emulate the heroism of the boys Kusha and Lava!

The atmosphere rang with the cries of distress among the people, mixed with the songs of the saints. They produced in the spirited Shivaji a restless desire to rescue "Sita" (his homeland) from the clutches of "Ravana" (those who held Maharashtra in bondage). The picture of "*Ananda-vana-bhuvana*" later provided him with an ideal to work for. The *mathas* established by Samartha ('the powerful') Ramadas were centres of spiritual activity and sources of inspiration. Shivaji longed to capture the forts in his neighbourhood and make them strongholds of political freedom. Eventually he achieved all that he dreamed.

Shivaji soon gathered around himself young men like Tanaji (of Simhagad fame), Baji Deshpande (the hero of Pavanakhind), and Murar Baji (the saviour of Purandar). All of them sacrificed themselves that Maharashtra might live. Thousands died "for the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods." Their exploits were celebrated all over the land in spirited songs called '*Povadas*'. One mple may be cited here in transla- n. It is only a fragment from the mous *Ballad of Tanaji*:

And ye Marathas brave! give ear,
Tanaji's exploits crowd to hear.
Where from your whole dominion wide
Shall such another be supplied?
O'er seven and twenty castles high
His sword did wave victoriously.
The iron-years are backward roll'd,
His fame restores the age of gold;
When'er this song ye sing and hear,
Sins are forgiven, and heaven is near!

We need not dwell on the well own adventures of Shivaji himself: e his overthrow of Afzal Khan at atapgad (where a national memo- l now stands overlooking the ne); his visit to Agra (to 'beard lion in his own den!'), and his mantic return therefrom; and his toric raids on Surat. It is interesting note, however, that, according to an glish resident of Surat (Mr. Anthony ith, a servant of the East India mpany) "Sevajee told that he was t come to doe any personal hurte the English or other merchants, but ly to revenge him selfe of Oram b (the Great Mogol), because he d invaded his country . . ." (*English ctory Records*, Bombay).

The attitude of Shivaji towards the glish and other Europeans was, on e whole, friendly. He invited them his coronation at Raigad, in 1674, d treated them with becoming hos- ality. The English records state that ir "reception was very kind." They re also assured that "the Rajah uld, after his coronation, act more e a Prince, by taking care of his bjects, and endeavouring the ad- cement of commerce and trade in his Dominions to which he could not attend before, being in perpetual wars with the Kings of Bijapore and the great Mogul."

Historians have, generally, devoted more attention to Shivaji's military career and his exploits than to his civil achievements. Shivaji was, no doubt, one of the greatest military geniuses known to history. His movements were as swift as those of Akbar before him and Napoleon after him. An English *Factory Record* of 1664 reads: "Report hath made him an airy body, and adds wings! or else it were impossible he could be at so many places as he is said to be at all at one time! He is very nimble and active, imposing strange labours upon himself that he may endure great hardships and also exercises his chiefest men that he flies to and fro with incredible dexterity."

He created a powerful army almost out of nothing! For he was the son of a mere *jahgirdar*. In course of time, it comprised a sturdy infantry, a swift horse and an effective naval division. The last in 1680 captured from the English the twin islands of "Henry Kenry" (Underi Khanderi), off Bombay, after a well fought naval action. Dr. Fryer who visited Bombay soon after, writes: "Amidst these wars and rumours of wars, *we quietly laid down our arms*. . ."

Shivaji was not only feared but respected even by his enemies for his noble character. It is not so much power that matters, but the manner of its exercise. The Mughal historian Khafi Khan truly records: "He (Shivaji) made it a rule that, whenever his followers went plundering, they should do no harm to the mosques, the Book of God, or the women of anyone. Whenever a copy of the sacred *Qoran* came into his hands, he treated it with respect, and gave it to some of his Musalman followers."

The last reference is noteworthy. One of Shivaji's admirals was a Muslim; so also was one of his private secretaries. Besides, he honoured Muslim saints like Baba Yakut just as he did the Hindu saints Ramadas and Tukaram. His remarkable religious tolerance and liberal outlook are very well reflected in his famous letter to Aurangzeb. It reads:

> To the Emperor Alamgir,
>
> This firm and constant well-wisher Shivaji, after rendering thanks for the grace of God and the favours of the Emperor. . . . begs to inform Your Majesty that—
>
> It has recently come to my ears that, on the ground of the war with me having exhausted your wealth and emptied your treasury, Your Majesty has ordered that money, under the name of *jiziya*, should be collected from the Hindus and the imperial needs supplied with it.
>
> May it please Your Majesty!
>
> That architect of the fabric of empire, Akbar Padishah. . . . adopted the admirable policy of Universal harmony (*sulh-i-kul*) in relation to all the various sects, such as Christians, Jews, Muslims, sky-worshippers, Brahmans, Jainas, and even materialists and atheists! *The aim of his liberal heart was to cherish and protect all the people.* So, he became famous under the title of *Jagat Guru:* (World's Spiritual Guide).
>
> He who lives with a good name gains everlasting wealth,
> Because, after his death, the recital of his good deeds keeps his name alive.
>
> May it please Your Majesty!
>
> If you believe in the true Divine Book and Word of God, you will find there that God is styled *Rabbi-ul-alamin* (Lord of all men) and not *Rabbi-ul-Musalmin* (Lord of the Musalmans only). . .
>
> Verily, Islam and Hinduism are different colours used by the Divine Painter for filling in the outlines of His picture of the entire human race. If it be a mosque, the call to prayer is chanted in remembrance of Him. If it be a temple, the bell is rung in yearning for Him alone.
>
> *To show bigotry for any man's creed and practices is equivalent to altering the words of the Holy Book: to draw new lines on a picture is equivalent to finding fault with the Painter. . .*
>
> In strict justice, the *jiziya* is not lawful at all. . . . Apart from its injustice, this imposition of the *jiziya* is an innovation in India and inexpedient. . . . To oppress ants and flies is far from displaying valour and spirit! . . .
>
> May the Sun of Your Royalty continue to shine above the horizon of greatness!
>
> (*Condensed*)

How noble, large-hearted and courteous! Such, indeed, was Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj, the founder of Maratha Svarajya: an exemplar of the fight for freedom without hating anybody—not for self-glorification but for the good of all people.

The great Indian historian, Sir Jadunath Sarkar, has summed up the brilliant achievements of Shivaji in these words: "Shivaji's greatness lay in his *character and ability,* rather than in the originality of conception or length of political vision. Unfailing nsight into the character of others, efficiency of arrangements, and instinctive perception of what was practicable and most profitable under the circumstances—these were the causes of his success in life. The imperishable achievement of his life was the welding of the scattered Marathas into a nation, and his most precious legacy was the spirit that he breathed into his people. And he achieved this in the teeth of the opposition of four mighty powers like the Mughal empire, Bijapur, Portuguese India and Abyssinians of Janjira. No other Hindu has shown such constructive genius in modern times. He has proved by his example that the Hindu race can build a nation, form a state, defeat enemies ; they can conduct their own defence ; they can protect and promote literature and art, commerce and industry ; they can maintain navies and ocean-trading fleets of their own, and conduct naval battles on equal terms with foreigners. *He taught the modern Hindus to rise to the full stature of their growth.*" (*Short History of Aurangzeb.*)

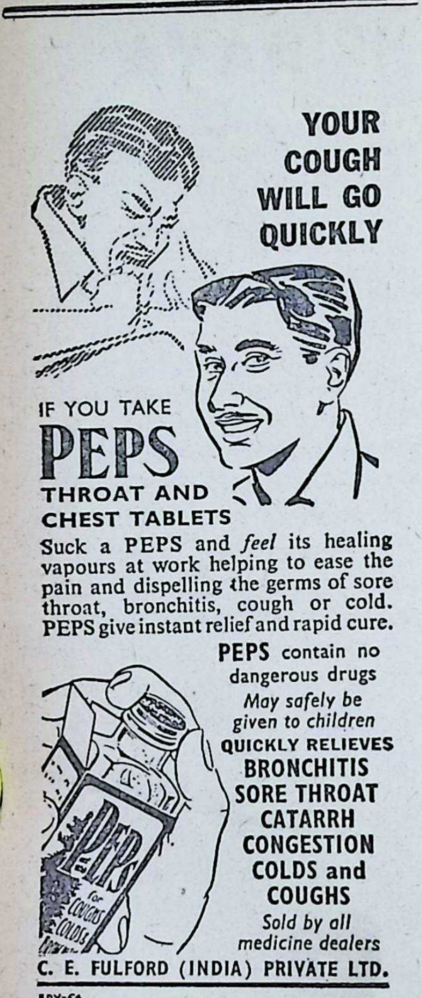
The real test of the vitality of a person, institution, or nation, is its capacity to withstand a crisis. The *Adnyapatra* of Ramachandrapant Amatya (one of the great ministers of Shivaji) observed: "The kingdom was invaded by a powerful enemy in the person of Aurangzeb. He used all his valour and resources, in wealth and materials, for the destruction and conquest of this kingdom. But all his efforts proved futile, *by the grace of God!*"

Prof. R. D. Ranade, in his great book on the Maratha Saints, observes that "Ramadas, more than any other saint of Maharashtra, called people's minds to the performance of Duty, while the heart was to be set on God... No wonder that with this teaching he helped the formation of the Maratha Kingdom, as no other saint had done before."

Shivaji acknowledged his gratitude to Ramadas, with characteristic humility, thus: "Obeisance to my noble Teacher, the father of all, the abode of bliss! Shivaji, who is merely like dust on the Master's feet, places his head at the feet of his Master, and submits: I am greatly obliged to have been favoured by your supreme instruction, in the establishment of *Dharma*, in the service of God, in the amelioration of my subjects, and in their protection and succour... Whatever kingdom I have acquired, I have placed at your feet, and dedicated myself to your service." (Letter written in the fifth year of *Rajyabhisheka.*)

Another unique document, dated 28th January 1677, is a proclamation of the Chhatrapati addressed to all classes and ranks of his subjects. It reads like the Magna Carta of British history or Queen Victoria's Proclamation of last century. Its concluding paragraph runs as follows:

> All sufferers from oppression by selfish and evil persons, creating fresh trouble, contrary to the teachings of the scriptures, should appeal to the Government. Action will be promptly taken against them, in accordance with the scriptures, without regard to personalities and without prejudice for the establishment of *Dharma*. These days, the Yavanas are pouring in from the North. Hence, people of all castes should unite and act with one mind and heart, to defeat the



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enemy. Remember that in this lies your prosperity and that of the State. *God will bless all!*

Shivaji, as we saw, was no doubt one of the greatest warriors and kings known to history. But he was also one of the best and noblest of men. He was a dutiful and affectionate son. Though his father Shahji was away from him most of the time, Shivaji had the highest regard for him. He loved his noble and great mother Jijabai as Napoleon did his own mother, nay, he adored her as a goddess.

The famous goddess Tulja Bhavani inspired and protected Shivaji all through his life. She presented him with the miraculous sword which Shivaji reverently called "Bhavani."

His valiant son Sambhaji was a dauntless soldier and died a martyr fighting against Aurangzeb. His second son Rajaram inherited all the humanity and large-heartedness of Shivaji Maharaj.

The title of "Chhatrapati" (Lord of the Umbrella) assumed by Shivaji was a unique symbol of the kindly protection he afforded his subjects 'in sunshine and in rain': in times of peace and in times of war.

By unrighteousness man prospers, gains what appears desirable, conquers enemies but perishes at the root.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

ections from ADHYATMA RAMAYANA of Vedavyasa—2

SRI RAMA-HRIDAYA

Once Parvati asked Parameswara: "Lord, why is it Sri Ramachandra, although Paramatman Himself, behaved like a human and even suffered the pangs of separation from Sita and on her account?"

"Well asked," replied Parameswara. "I shall presently explain to you Ramatatva in the words of the Lord and Sita. After Sri Rama's coronation, Hanuman stood looking for Enlightenment at which Sri Rama asked Sita to teach His tatva."

This is the conversation that took place.

ोवाच–
रामं विद्धि परं ब्रह्म सच्चिदानन्दमद्वयम् ।
र्वोपाधिविनिर्मुक्तं सत्तामात्रमगोचरम् ।।
ानन्दं निर्मलं शान्तं निर्विकारं निरञ्जनम्।
ंव्यापिनमात्मानं स्वप्रकाशमकल्मषम् ।।

"Know Rama as Parabrahma, Sat-t-Ananda, One without a second, from limiting factors, Existence, ond the ken of senses, Bliss, un-ied, Peaceful, Changeless, free of dya, Omnipresent, Self-of-all, Self-inous and free from all defects.

ं विद्धि मूलप्रकृतिं सर्गस्थित्यन्तकारिणीम् ।
स्य सन्निधिमात्रेण सृजामीदमतन्द्रिता ।।

"Know me as the Original Cause aya), the maker of creation, exis-ce and destruction. By virtue of s presence, I create the universe.

न्निध्यान्मया सृष्टं तस्मिन्नारोप्यतेऽबुधैः ।
ध्यानगरे जन्म रघुवंशेऽतिनिर्मले ।।
ामित्रसहायत्वं मखसंरक्षणं ततः ।
याशापशमनं चापभङ्गो । महेशितु : ।।
ाणिग्रहणं पश्चाद्भार्गवस्य मदक्षयः ।
ध्यानगरे वासो मया द्वादशवार्षिकः ।।
कारण्यगमनं विराधवध एव च ।
मारीचमरणं मायासीताहृतिस्तथा ।।
जटायुषो मोक्षलाभः कबन्धस्य तथैव च ।
शबर्याः पूजनं पश्चात्सुग्रीवेण समागमः ।।
वालिनश्च वधः पश्चात्सीतान्वेषणमेव च ।
सेतुबन्धश्च जलधौ लंकायाश्च निरोधनम् ।।
रावणस्य वधो युद्धे सपुत्रस्य दुरात्मनः ।
विभीषणे राज्यदानं पुष्पकेण मया सह ।।
अयोध्यागमनं पश्चाद्राज्ये रामाभिषेचनम् ।
एवमादीनि कर्माणि मयैवाचरितान्यपि ।
आरोपयन्ति रामेऽस्मिन्निर्विकारेऽखिलात्मनि ।।

"Although all that follow were by my making by virtue of my presence before Him, ignorant men attribute them to Sri Rama. (They were:) His birth in the city of Ayodhya in the bright clan of Raghu ; help to Viswamitra ; His protection of *Yagas*: liberating Ahalya from her curse ; the breaking of Siva's bow ; marriage with me ; vanquishing Parasurama ; life at Ayodhya with me for twelve years ; exile in Dandaka forest ; the killing of Viradha ; the death of deceitful Maricha ; the carrying away of the illusory Sita ; gain of *Moksha* by Jatayu ; similar gain by Kabandha ; the worship by Sabari ; contact with Sugriva ; the killing of Vali ; the later search for Sita ; the construction of a bridge

across the ocean ; the invasion of Lanka ; the killing of the wicked Ravana along with that of his sons ; the gift of Lanka to Vibhishana ; travelling back to Ayodhya along with me in the aerial vehicle *Pushpaka* ; the later coronation—all these acts—although accomplished by me, are attributed to Him who is the changeless universal Atman.

रामो न गच्छति न तिष्ठति नानुशोच-
त्याकाङ्क्षते त्यजति नो न करोति किञ्चित् ।
आनन्दमूर्तिरचलः परिणामहीनो
मायागुणाननुगतो हि तथा विभाति ॥

"Rama neither moves nor stands ; neither sorrows nor desires ; neither fails to do nor does anything ; and yet no one else does any other work. He is the personification of Bliss ; He is permanent ; devoid of dimensions (He is the Supreme Soul) ; He shines in the form of a created being (being the Creator Himself)."

श्री महादेव उवाच ।
ततो रामः स्वयं प्राह हनूमन्तमुपस्थितम् ॥
श्रृणु तत्वं प्रवक्ष्यामि ह्यात्मानात्मपरात्मनाम् ॥
आकाशस्य यथा भेदस्त्रिविधो दृश्यते महान् ।
जलाशये महाकाशस्तदवच्छिन्न एव हि ।
प्रतिबिम्बाख्यमपरं दृश्यते त्रिविधं नभः ॥
बुद्धयवच्छिन्नचैतन्यमेकं पूर्णमथापरम् ।
आभासस्त्वपरं बिम्बभूतमेवं त्रिधा चितिः ॥
साभासबुद्धेः कर्तृत्वमविच्छिन्नेऽविकारिणि ।
साक्षिण्यारोप्यते भ्रान्त्या जीवत्वं च तथा बुधैः ॥
आभासस्तु मृषा बुद्धिरविद्याकार्यमुच्यते ।
अविच्छिन्नं तु तद्ब्रह्म विच्छेदस्तु विकल्पतः ॥
अविच्छिन्नस्य पूर्णेन एकत्वं प्रतिपाद्यते ।
तत्वमस्यादिवाक्यैश्च साभासस्याहमस्तथा ॥
ऐक्यज्ञानं यदोत्पन्नं महावाक्येन चात्मनोः ।
तदाविद्या स्वकार्यैश्च नश्यत्येव न संशयः ॥
एतद्विज्ञाय मद्भक्तो मद्भावायोपपद्यते ।

Continued Lord Mahadeva: 'Then Sri Rama Himself said to Hanuman who was by His side.

"Listen to the truth about the triad of Atma, Anatma and Paramatma. They are like the triple form of *akasha*. There is the great totality of *akasha* in the lake ; there is that *akasha* that appears limited by the lake's surface and thirdly, the *akasha* reflected by the waters of the lake. Even so is *chaitanya*. The one is the totality of *chaitanya*. The other is that which covers human intellect or perceptible to it. The third is what is reflected by the human intellect. As a result of this reflection, ignorant people invest what is essentially Indivisible. Unchangeable and a mere Witness, with doership and life activity. Reflection (as all reflections are) of *chaitanya* is illusion, and perception (born out of it) is the work of *Avidya*. That which is [illegible] ; therefore to sider it as changeful is itself illu-y. The self which is enveloped by illusion is to be established as angeless Brahman by means of Ma-vakyas like Tat-twam-asi. As soon the identity of the self with Brah-an is established by means of the *Ma-vakyas*, then *avidya*, along with its fects, will undoubtedly disappear. nowing this my devotees are enabled become of Me.

मद्भक्तिविमुखानां हि शास्त्रगर्तेषु मुह्य-
ताम् ।
न ज्ञानं न च मोक्षः स्यात्तेषां जन्मशतैरपि ॥

एवं रहस्यं हृदयं ममात्मनो
मयैव साक्षात्कथितं तवानघ।
मद्भक्तिहीनाय शठाय न त्वया
दातव्यमैन्द्रादपि राज्यतोऽधिकम् ॥

Those who do not care for devotion to Me, will struggle in the pitfalls of *Shastras*. They will get neither wisdom nor liberation even in a hundred lives. I have personally revealed this secret of my *hridaya* to you, O sinless one! You should not part with it to those devoid of devotion to me or the dishonest for any consideration even if it exceeds Indra-loka."

Puranas and Upapuranas

According to the *Matsya Purana* Chapter 53), the following are the mes and number of verses of the hteen Puranas:

1. ब्रह्मपुराण 13,000, 2. पद्मपुराण ,000, 3. विष्णुपुराण 23,000, 4. वायु-राण (शिवपुराण) 24,000, 5. भागवत-राण 18,000, 6. नारदीयपुराण 25,000, . मार्कण्डेयपुराण 9,000, 8. आग्नेयपुराण ,000, 9. भविष्यपुराण 14,500, 10. ह्मवैवर्तपुराण 18,000, 11. लिङ्गपुराण ,000, 12. वराहपुराण 24,000. 13. न्दपुराण 31,000, 14. वामनपुराण ,000, 15. कूर्मपुराण 18,000, 16. त्स्यपुराण 14,000, 17. गरुडपुराण ,000, 18. ब्रह्माण्डपुराण 12,200.

The name *Vayu Purana* is given in *Matsya* and the *Naradiya Pura-*; other Puranas give *Siva Purana* place of the *Vayu*. The *Markandeya* *rana* gives *Nrisimha Purana* in ce of the *Linga Purana* as the name one of the eighteen Puranas. As ards the *Bhagavata* some consider *Devi Bhagavata* in place of *Srimad Bhagavata* as one of the eighteen Mahapuranas.

The number of slokas of the *Brahma* and of the *Kurma* is given as 10,000, and 17,000 respectively in most of the collated MSS. of the *Matsya Purana*. In the printed editions of the *Vishnu Purana* the number of its slokas is much less (about 7,000), but if *Vishnudharmottara* be also taken into consideration, then the number comes to about 23,000 (same as given in the *Matsya Purana*.)

The following are the Upa-Puranas as given in the *Devi Bhagavata*, 1.3. 13.16:—

1. सनत्कुमार; 2. नारसिंह; 3. नारदीय; 4. शिव; 5. दौर्वासस; 6. कापिल; 7. मानव; 8. औशनस; 9. वारुण; 10. कालिका; 11. साम्ब; 12. नन्दिकृत; 13. सौर; 14. पाराशर; 15. आदित्य; 16. माहेश्वर; 17. भागवत 18. वासिष्ठ.

हरिवंश is a Parva supplement of the *Mahabharata*.

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HIND

SHNA-VATARA

DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

32

RIVAKRA, HE THRICE CROOKED

TRIVAKRA was one of the attendants of Kamsa's palace. Her duties were to attend to scents which were daily needed for Prince and all his consorts. She a large staff with the aid of which grew all sorts of herbs, supervised preparation of scents and oils, and that the royal family was kept in grance. With the aid of the herbs grew, she also specialised in some ds of herbal drugs.

Her mother attended to the same ies when she was alive. Before she d she had extracted a promise from eral Pradyota, who was then the l authority on all palace matters, t her deformed daughter and the y one should succeed in her place. Trivakra was born a shapely maiden, when twelve years old, she fell ously ill; even her life was des- ed of. When she recovered, her s got locked and she became a rmed, hunchbacked young wo-

Before she fell ill, Trivakra had been married to Angaraka, the son of the chief royal mahout of Kamsa, an officer who, like the royal charioteer, occupied a high position at Court. But after her recovery, her husband, shocked at the strange caricature of a woman that she had become, would not accept her. When denied the opportunities in life which are open to a good-looking, intelligent young woman, she felt frustrated and angry with the world, with herself and with the gods. But she had a loving and genial nature, which soon asserted itself.

Trivakra moved about the whole day, dragging her knee-locked foot from one royal chamber to another, with a hearty joke on her lips and a silver box of scents in her hands.

Everyone laughed—often offensively—at her shape; some made vulgar remarks to her face about her deformity; children often followed her with abuses and shouts of derision; but nothing affected Trivakra's geniality.

At birth she had been named Malini, but after her illness, as everyone called her Trivakra—'thrice crooked'—she quietly adopted that name for herself. She laughed at her own deformity. She joined others in laughing at herself; often she spoke about herself more contemptuously than others could: so everybody liked her. She was a favourite mascot of the women's apartments of Kamsa's palace. Even Kamsa, who rarely laughed or enjoyed a joke, laughed when Trivakra cracked jokes at her own expense.

However, behind this apparent joviality lay a secret known to herself only. She knew that but for the twist in her neck, she would have had a lovely face; but for the stoop, she would have had a graceful body; but for the stiff knee, she would have walked with grace. In her heart of hearts, she knew she was more shapely than the most graceful of princesses; this was her secret, and she did not want to share the secret with anyone.

She also did not want to be shaken out of this belief. So, whenever she passed a mirror, she would keep her eyes closed lest her belief in her own gracefulness be shattered. When she retired to her room by night, she would keep awake for a long time in her bed, dreaming of her own beauty. Then she would pray to her guardian god, Lord Shankar, Who was always generous to those who prayed to Him faithfully, to let others see her as she really was, shapely in every limb.

For years and years, night after night, Trivakra had prayed and had almost come to believe that the great God, who had denied to others the privilege of seeing her as she really was, would accord them that privilege. Now, three days ago, she had heard a rumour that Devaki's eighth son, the promised Saviour, was alive. This made her wild with hope. Perhaps the Saviour would some day come to Mathura and let others see how beautiful she was. With this new-born hope, her prayers acquired a new intensity. 'Lord, greatest of gods, send Devaki's son to Mathura soon. He will make these blind people see me as I really am—and not as thrice crooked.' And she offered this prayer with tears in her eyes.

Then she heard the news from the princesses that Nanda's son was coming to Mathura! She was shocked to find that the princesses were glad that he was coming, for they were sure that Prince Kamsa would give him short shrift. She, however, was transported with joy, knowing that her Saviour was coming.

The news of Krishna's expected arrival in Mathura was hailed by everyone with delight. Men who were loyal to Kamsa felt certain that this arch-enemy would soon be liquidated and the nightmare which hung over their fortunes would be lifted. On the other hand, the Yadavas and the people as a whole, who hated Kamsa and held him in fear, and who had already heard about the miraculous exploits of Krishna, awaited him with eager joy.

From the time she had heard that Nanda's son was coming to Mathura, rivakra kept her ears to the ground r the slightest news about him. The alace was agog with strange rumours. Nanda's son was no other than Devaki's eighth son. He had killed de-ons, defied god Indra and even raised Mt. Govardhan high on the tip of his ttle finger. Many said that according o Narada's prophecy, he was going to ll Kamsa. If all this were true, ought Trivakra, Nanda's son was a d, about whom alone she must have reamt.

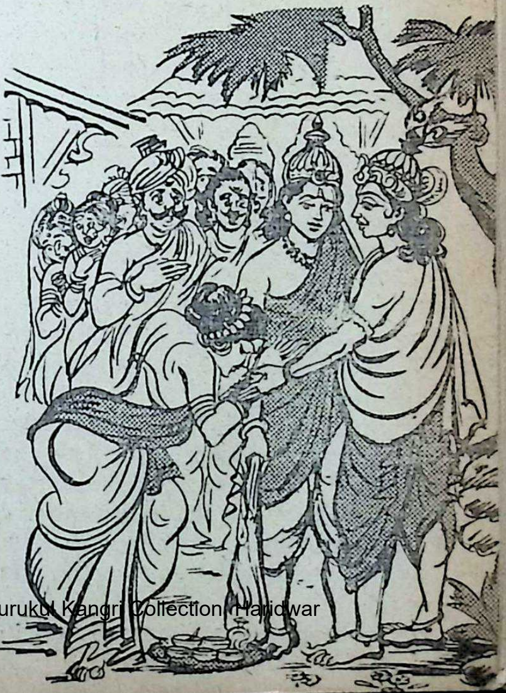
Though for three days Trivakra uld not get any sleep, her step was oyant and her laugh more jovial an ever. Every moment of the day e was dreaming of the god who was ming to answer her prayer. Yes, He as coming—He for whom she had een waiting.

She got ready for the great event f her life. She brought out her rich othes which she had never worn for ar of evoking ridicule. She collected e best scents available and polished e silver box in which she kept them l it shone like a mirror.

One evening Trivakra heard that anda's two sons had already arrived Mathura and were staying with the rishni chief, Akrura. That night there ere strange things happening in the lace. People came and went. Akrura, radyota, Vritrighna and Agha, amsa's trusted henchmen, were seted one after the other in secret nclave with Kamsa. She had her es and dislikes. She had great regard r Pradyota, but she disliked Akrura, r he had refused to accept her nts; she hated the Magadhan Prince, for he always quarrelled with her about the scents and unguents that she offered him, though he did not know the difference between one scent and another.

That night she learnt that arms were freely distributed to some people in the town. The princesses were also very excited. A tense atmosphere prevailed in the quarters where the Yadava leaders lived. A disquieting rumour that old Bahuka Andhaka and his son had disappeared—possibly murdered—in the palace itself had gained currency. All these things, she concluded, had something to do with Nanda's son.

The next morning Trivakra got up very early, offered the scents and unguents to Kamsa and his queens, and leaving her other duties to be discharg-



ed by her subordinates, left the palace. With her silver box of scents shining brightly, she took the road to Akrura's mansion.

On the way, she met crowds which were moving in the direction of the main business centre. Young Yadava men in large numbers were also seen hurrying to the same destination. People who would never miss an opportunity to laugh at her, simply ignored her as she passed by them. Naturally she was curious to know as to what was happening and joined the stream of people.

A large crowd was standing in front of the shop of the palace dyer. He was a privileged person, for it was his duty as well as privilege to see that the clothes of Kamsa, his consorts and other important persons in the palace, were dyed afresh from time to time. Trivakra pushed her way through the crowd. People who were pushed aside had some harsh things to say to the hunchbacked woman, but she did not mind it.

When she was near the shop, she heard some altercation between the dyer and the two boys who were evidently trying to borrow some freshly-dyed clothes.

The dyer was abusing them in furious terms. 'You, village idiots,' shouted the dyer, raising his hand as if to strike the younger of the two boys—the one with the dark blue skin. But the boy stepped aside, dodged the blow and hit the burly palace dyer with unexpected vigour. The blow had a sure aim. The dyer fell down in a dead faint and lay sprawling on the ground.

The people gathered there thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of the bully. Some youngsters even kicked him as he lay unconscious on the ground. Trivakra also joined in cursing the dyer; it was wicked of him, this hefty fellow, to have started a quarrel with these young boys.

The boys quietly entered the shop, selected the clothes they liked and changed into them to the enjoyment of the crowd.

'Who are these boys?' asked Trivakra of her neighbour.

'Don't you know? They are the sons of Nanda, the cowherd chief of Vrindavan,' said a by-stander.

The heart of Trivakra leapt with Joy. 'Why did the dyer abuse them?' she asked.

'The boys wanted him to give them nice clothes to wear. They said they were invited by Kamsa to the *Dhanur-yajna* and could not attend it unless they were well dressed,' replied another.

'Nice boys, they are,' Trivakra commented.

'How handsome! With what dignity do the cowherds bear themselves!' said the first by-stander.

'Oh, it was a neat blow which felled that blackguard,' said another by-stander. 'He always thought that he was Prince Kamsa himself.'

'The prince will be very angry,' said Trivakra.

'The boys are very brave. They don't care who gets angry,' said another by-stander.

The boys came out of the dyer's shop dressed like gods. The elder one was dressed in blue, the younger one with the lovely curls in yellow. They had also put on scarves and headsses of matching colour. The youn- of the two boys was evidently fas- ous about his dress, for he had ken the peacock feather from his old ad-dress and fixed it on the golden e which he wore now.

When the boys came out of the op, the people greeted them with plause. A florist, who had his shop posite, came forward with garlands f rare flowers. The boys accepted em gratefully, the younger boy re- rding the florist with an affectionate t on his back.

Trivakra was already fascinated by e younger boy. The way he looked t all those standing there with a erry twinkle in his eyes was very endly. His lips half-parted in a ile made her feel as if it was in- ded only for her. Pushing aside one r two by-standers, she stepped for- ard, her heart throbbing with in- se excitement. Was her long-de- red hope going to be fulfilled?

'Nanda's son, Krishna, I have come r you, lord. I have been waiting for u—oh, for so long,' she said and her ice was choked by overpowering otion.

People tittered as the hunchbacked oman, with an awkward effort, tried prostrate herself before Krishna.

'Were you waiting for us?' asked ishna. 'How nice! How did you ow that we were coming?'

'I knew you were coming, lord—oh, ght after night, for years and years. d I have brought scents and un- ents for you,' she said.

'Who are you, sister?' asked Krishna.

'I am Trivakra. I am in charge of e scents and unguents at the palace. t the best of what I have are for u alone, Lord,' she replied.

Trivakra's heart bounced with joy as she saw the smile on those beautiful lips. Yes, the smile was for her, for it was a smile of hope and promise. He was the loved one of whom she had been dreaming.

She took the scents and applied them on Krishna's hands and cheeks, and the sandalwood paste on his forehead. Then she smeared Balaram likewise, who enjoyed the unfamiliar smell by sniffing it with childish glee.

Then Trivakra, with some effort, fell at Krishna's feet, buried her head again in his feet and cried piteously: 'Lord, Lord, I am so ugly,' was all that she could mutter. Her pent-up hopes burst out in heart-breaking sobs.

'You are not ugly,' said Krishna in the tone of a loving mother. Krishna bent down and lifted her from the ground. 'Sister, who says that you are not beautiful? You are,' he spoke with authority.

Trivakra rose from the ground and tried to stand up in the way she was accustomed to. But she felt something strange coming over her, a sudden influx of energy. She tried to stand erect. She could do so. She straightened her legs, and they were straight. She straightened herself, and she could stand erect. Almost with a shock, she realised what had happened to her. She forgot the ways of a well-born woman and jumped with joy. The people gathered there stood looking at her, awe-struck.

'Lord, Lord, you have made me shapely and straight,' she muttered and flung herself at Krishna's feet, trailing her long hair over his feet out of ineffable gratitude.

[*To be continued*]

Philosophy of Sankara

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन् मिथ्या
जीवो ब्रह्मैव ना परः ॥

THERE is no greater intellectual giant and master spirit than Sri Sankara in the entire history of Indian philosophic thought.

Born in 788 A.D. of poor parents, Siva Guru and Aryamba, in Kaladi, a village six miles from Alwaye, quite early in life he renounced the world and acquired great knowledge of the Sastras from Govinda, the disciple of the famous Gaudapada.

The more devout sects represent Sankara as an *avatar* of Lord Siva. He performed several miracles like all religious teachers and unlike most of them, had an intellectual approach to the problems of religion and philosophy.

He was of the opinion that the foundations of a true religion are based not on the mere findings of reason and the deliverances of science. He himself had the integral intuitive experience of Brahman.

He set out to preach the truth of his experience to all. He travelled all over North India and defeated many a ritualist priest from the absorption in meaningless rounds of activities. He converted the pure Naturalists to his creed by the power of his dialectics. He, no doubt, believed in ceremonial purity and ethical excellence, but still he did not mistake them for enlightenment.

He valued the art of logic and the power of argumentation, but did not exclusively trust them. By the very method of logic he proved that logic or human reason is not the Madonna that she is made out to be. She is just clay-footed.

Like scientific power and cunning, intellectual alacrity too, Sankara thought, was amoral, i.e., neutral. Its worth is to be judged by the purpose to which it is harnessed. Mere intellectual speculation unvivified by spiritual experience is as vicious and barren as the anti-social use of scientific inventions.

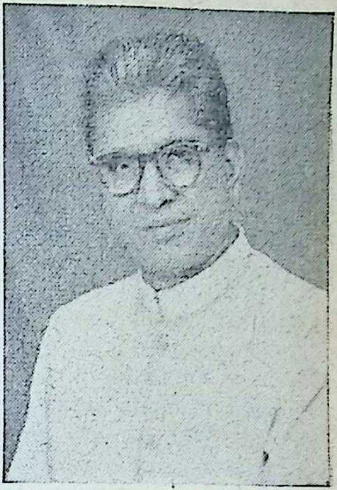
Sankara believed that the final religious experience is a form of intuition. Such an intuition is not anti-intellectual but supra-intellectual. The rich contents of his spiritual experience and its force are revealed in his poetical works. There he describes his experience rather than set forth doctrines. He believes with Euripides "it is not wisdom only to be wise." He wants us not to destroy "reason."

On the other hand, he does not ask us to surrender our reason, but seeks to satisfy it. He proclaims that the ultimate religious experience is open to all that tread the mystic path and that men need not take it at second hand. Realisation is a pure state of our real nature. There is nothing supernatural about it.

The charter of Advaita says "That Thou art" and not "That Thou wilt become." It is not an ecstatic flight to some place. It is opening the way for the "imprisoned splendour" to escape. It is the deepening of one's own life. The real personality shadows over us, steals into the inner recesses of our heart and lifts us up in wonderful joy and peace. Then we gather ourselves into the depths of our being, and our entire being is ploughed through and through with the spirit. At this stage we no longer feel that we are banished strangers on this petty planet. We do not feel the otherness of God. Then we cry out *Aham Brahmasmi*, 'I am Brahman.' This identity of the individual soul and the universal self is the sum and substance of Sankara's idealism.

Sankara promulgated the above doctrines through his works. With unobtrusive humility he calls his works by the unassuming name of commentaries. He says that he is not an innovator but a continuator of tradition. He brings out the above doctrine in his monumental commentaries on the *Vedantasutras*, the ten Upanishads and the *Bhagavad Gita*. The commentary on the *Vedantasutras* is considered on all hands as the greatest philosophical classic of India. It is valued alike for its literary grace and philosophical wisdom. The might and majesty of Sankara's works are hardly paralleled by any and surpassed by none. He is India's great philosophic genius.

All these activities this ascetic prince had finished by his thirty-second year. He finished his life's work before others



begin. He renounced secular life before others enter on it. He did not contradict and throw overboard all the existing religions but only systematised them and formulated the all-comprehensive Advaita system. He established and consolidated six religious faiths and thus earned the title Shanmatasthapanacharya.

All this he did through the force of his personality and the vigour of his intellect. But his loyalty to tradition did not clip his wings of speculative daring.

The metaphysics of Advaita is established by Sankara on the triple authorities (1) the revealed texts, (2) through logic and argumentation, (3) through spiritual experience. The second authority namely power of argumentation has elicited the admiration even of those who do not agree with him. With the aid of his powerful logic he has erected the most impressive philosophical system of India.

Adapting the words of Whitehead one can say 'the general philosophical development and tradition in India is a series of footnotes to Sankara.' Modern Indian thought derives its sustenance from Sankara and adapts his doctrines to contemporary needs.

His Advaita is non-dogmatic, universal and is not contingent on any external fact. Its only apology is experience. It proclaims, "I welcome all prophets for they all tell the same truth."

Sankara was not satisfied merely to have written books. He knew that he must educate the masses. Sankara preached to the public the living Philosophy of the Upanishads in his poetry and philosophical treatises ; he was the real challenge to the heterodox systems of his time and the barren, outmoded ritualism of the Mimamsa. In his travels he defeated many a learned pandit in debate and some of them became his disciples. Many of the stories are apocryphal and some are legendary. To the discerning students the legends are essays in devotion.

The story of Sankara's discussion with Bharati, the wife of Mandana, and his initial defeat and the subsequent experiences of Sankara in the body of King Amaru are not calculated to give us a true stature of Sankara. They neither instruct nor edify.

Sankara established several seats of learning all over India. The famous five Mutts are Sringeri, Kamakoti-pitha, Dwarka, Govardhana and Badrikashrama. After a life of vivid and varied intellectual activities he died at 32 in 820 A.D. Some hold the view that he entered the caves of the Himalayas.

We cannot better conclude than in the words of Dr. Radhakrishnan; "Sankara was not a dreaming idealist, but a practical visionary, a philosopher and at the same time a man of action, what we may call a social idealist on a grand scale. Even those who do not agree with his general attitude to life will not be reluctant to allow him a place among the immortals. There have been few minds more universal than his. The world revolves, in the words of the German philosopher, not round the inventors of new noises but it inaudibly revolveth round the inventors of ideas and values."

A magician moves about, comes and goes on an elephant created by his own magic, though there is no elephant nor its driver but the magician alone standing and different from them. Similarly the Self, devoid of all motion, appears as undergoing conditions such as the undifferentiated, dream and waking states, though they really exist not together with their knower. Magic exists only for the clouded vision and not for the discerning eye nor for the magician himself. The Self (Brahman) is the wielder of maya *for the ignorant but not for the seer and the Self Itself.*

—Sankara

HOW TO OVERCOME
RAGA AND DWESHA

SWAMI SIVANANDA

RAGA means like, attraction, attachment, love. Dwesha is dislike, repulsion, hatred.

Raga and *dwesha* are two *vrittis* at arise from the mind. They are rm of ignorance or nescience. They e products of *avidya*.

This mysterious *samsara* fattens on *a-dwesha*.

Raga-dwesha are the two strong apons of Maya. The individual soul tied to this world by this strong e of *raga-dwesha*.

Raga-dwesha has four *avasthas* or ates, viz., *udaravastha* or expanded te, *vichchinna avastha* or hidden state, *tanu avastha* or attenuated state and *dagdha avastha* or burnt up state.

The *udaravastha* and *vichchinna avastha* are present in worldly-minded persons.

Ragadwesha has its full vigour or virility in the expanded state in worldly persons. It does great harm. It overwhelms the person completely. Man becomes a mere victim or prey to *raga-dwesha*.

In *vichchinna avastha, ragadwesha* is hidden. When you quarrel with your wife your affection or *raga* is temporarily hidden. She smiles and laughs. Again *raga* manifests. Aspirants do *sadhana*. They develop *vairagya* and cosmic love, gradually. In them *ragadwesha* get thinned out. They cannot do any havoc. They may raise their head slowly when they come in contact with pleasant objects, but they are beaten down by the strong rod of *viveka* or discrimination and sword of *vichara* or *atmic* enquiry. In a Jivanmukta or fully developed yogi, *raga* and *dwesha* are burnt in toto through knowledge or *samadhi*.

Go anywhere in the world, you will find *ragadwesha*. Even on Mount Everest or Gangotri of the Himalayas there will be

SANKARA-RAMAYANA

तीर्त्वा मोहार्णवं हत्वा रागद्वेषादि
राक्षसान्।
योगी शान्तिसमायुक्तो आत्मारामो
विराजते ॥

After crossing the ocean of ignorance and slaying the demons of Raga (love) and Dwesha (hate), the yogi attains shanti **(peace) and shines in the Bliss of his own Self.**

—ATMA-BODHA of
Sri Sankara

ragadwesha. Because man carries his *vasanas* with him wherever he goes, human nature is the same in all places. *But if you want to evolve in the spiritual path, you will have to ignore these and create your own atmosphere around you.*

There is intimate connection between *ragadwesha, vasanas* and *gunas*. Ragadwesha themselves are impure *vasanas* that emanate from the bed of *samskaras* of *rajoguna* and *tamoguna*.

Vasanas, samskaras, gunas and *ragadwesha* are products of Maya's jugglery. One thing will assume various forms. One will change its colour like a chameleon. One will change its form like a ghost. *Raga* will become a *vasana*, a *vasana* will become a *samskara* and a *samskara* will become a *guna*. The play is very mysterious. It is very difficult, nay well-nigh impossible, to detect the workings of Maya. The Lord only, the Indweller, the Inner Ruler, knows the ways of Maya, His inscrutable Sakti. If you destroy ignorance, all the links of the chain of *avidya* will be broken at once, at one stroke.

The worldly man thinks of the objects of the senses and develops an attachment to these. From attachment arises desire, from desire anger, from anger delusion, from delusion confused memory, from confused memory destruction of reason, from destruction of reason he perishes. But the disciplined self of the Sage moving among sense-objects with senses free from attraction and repulsion, mastered by the Self, attains everlasting Peace.

Wherever there is *dwesha* there is anger. Anger is a long-standing associate of *dwesha*. Fear is another friend of *raga*. Wherever there is *raga* there is fear. Man is afraid of losing his objects of possession, as he is intensely attached to them. Wherever there is pleasure there is *raga*. Wherever there is pain, there is hatred. You love your wife because you derive pleasure through her and so you are attached to her blindly. You love sweetmeat or mangoes because you derive pleasure from them and so you are attached to them. You hate a scorpion because it gives you pain.

Ragadwesha is real *Karma*. Trees, rivers and other objects do not constitute the world. Ragadwesha is the real world. The world does not exist for that sage who has neither *raga* nor *dwesha*.

The mind runs into the same grooves cut by *ragadwesha*. As soon as you get up from bed, the *ragadwesha* begins to play. You take tea, put on your suit and hat and begin to do the same actions of eating, etc., again and again.

u are a mere toy in the hands of -dwesha.

But those who do self-analysis, in- spection and meditation, go above -dwesha and attain eternal bliss d immortality.

Through *raga* you love a man or a man, you favour some; through sha you hate a man or a woman d injure others. Now the *samsara* has rted. Through *raga-dwesha* you do tuous and vicious actions. You reap arvest of pleasure for good actions d pain for wicked deeds. You are ght up in the wheel of births and aths. This six-spoked wheel of *raga- sha*, virtue and vice, pleasure and n is revolving from the eons. Only yogi or a sage or a Bhagavata stops s wheel through meditation and rship.

The tree of *raga-dwesha* is deep- oted. It ramifies in all directions. It anches out on all sides. The mind ngs tenaciously to objects. Mark, a monkey is attached to its baby. carries its dead body even for a nth. If you go near a baby-monkey, the monkeys attack you violently.

Repetition of acts intensifies *raga* d *dwesha*. If you have *raga* for some e, all your family members like him. you dislike the same man for some son or other, all family members like him without any cause.

Sometimes you dislike a man with- t any cause or reason whatsoever. ere is hatred among family mem- rs, among clans, among different ts or creeds or religionists, among tions, among people of different ools of philosophy. You may be attached to a man or a woman, a cat or a dog, a stick or a cloth, a house or a town.

Raga-dwesha, affection and aversion for the objects of the senses abide in the senses. They are obstructions in the path of truth or spirituality. Do not come under the domination of these two. Crush them through the method of *Pratipaksha-bhavana* of Raja Yogis. Develop the opposite virtues, viz., *vairagya* and cosmic love. Vairagya will crush *raga*; cosmic love will crush *dwesha*. If you have inner spiritual strength and strong will, extract them altogether through knowledge of Brahman just as you extract the tooth with the forceps.

Egoism or *ahamkar* is the commander. Raga-dwesha, pride, anger, hypocrisy are his constant attendants or soldiers. If you kill egoism, the commander, the soldiers will at once make ungrudging, unconditional surrender.

From *avidya* is born *aviveka* or non-discrimination; from *aviveka* is born egoism, from egoism *raga-dwesha*; from *raga-dwesha, kama*; from *kama*, body; from body, pain and death. If you destroy *avidya*, the root cause of *samsara* and all evils, through knowledge of Atman, then egoism and *raga-dwesha* will die by themselves.

Reduction or thinning of egoism will only thin out or attenuate *raga-dwesha*.

The *atmic* bomb or knowledge of Brahman will destroy *avidya* and *raga-dwesha* to the very root.

THE LORD CLAIMED HIM AS HIS BOND-SLAVE !

SUNDARA MURTY NAYANAR, the Tamil poet-saint, was born at Tirunavalur in Arcot District. His parents were known by the names of Sadayanar and Isaignaniyar. While young, he was known by the name of Nambiyarurar. He came to be known as Sundarar because of his extraordinary beauty which captivated even the local king whose pet he became. He was brought up well and everything was done according to the custom prevailing. The sacred thread was also given to him at the proper age.

The Nayanar grew into adolescence. The parents wished to see him married. Therefore, alliances were sought for and finally it was decided to get him married to the daughter of one Sadang Kavi Sivachariar of Puthur.

The marriage arrangements were elaborate. As it is the custom to celebrate the marriage in the bride's home, the bridegroom and his party went to Puthur. On the day of marriage after the preliminary functions were over, there remained the chief function of tying the sacred Mangala Sutra. Both the bride and the groom were seated in the decorated 'pandal' in great spirit.

At that juncture an old Brahmin learned in the Vedas came. His body was smeared with the sacred ashes all over. He went straight to the dais where the couple were seated. All of them welcomed him and made kind enquiries of him.

Addressing Nambiyarurar, the bridegroom, he said: "We have got a dispute to be settled. After settling it you can proceed with your marriage."

The embarrassed Nambiyarurar agreed to it.

Questioned what the dispute was about, the old man said: "This Nambiyarurar is my slave. His grandfather has executed a bond to that effect."

On hearing this, Nambiyarurar mocked at the old man and said: "Have you ever heard of a Brahmin becoming a slave of another Brahmin? I hear it only today. Are you mad? Go away from this place."

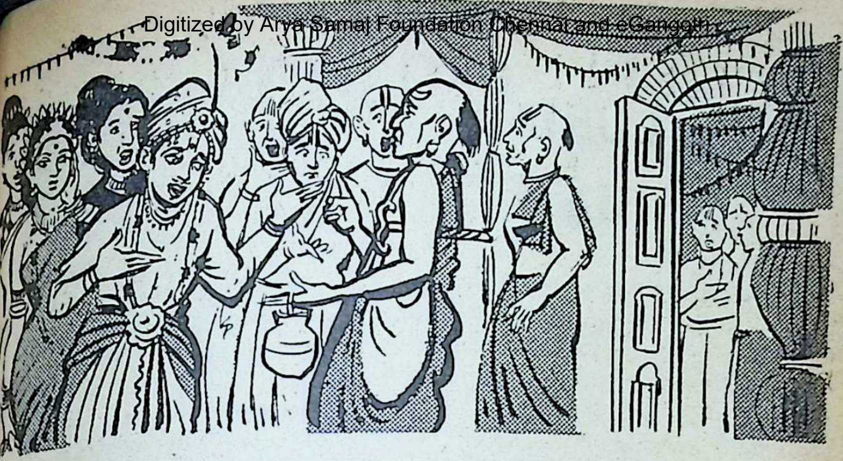
The old man retorted: "I have the documents right now with me."

Nambiyarurar was naturally taken aback. He had not known such a thing as having taken place. Therefore he wanted to snatch the document from the old man. So he pursued him as the old man ran. At last he snatched the document away from the old man's hands and tore it.

The old man naturally burst forth in anger and asked those who had assembled there: "Is it right and just to tear the document?"

Then the guests consoled the old man. They asked him: "Where do you come from?"

He replied that he came from Tiruvennainallur.



Therefore, it was decided by all to ettle the dispute at that place. All f them including Nambiyarurar went Vennainallur.

So the marriage had to be stopped r the time being.

At Tiruvennainallur the matter was quired into by the local *panchayat*. ambiyarurar said that such a cus-m of a Brahmin becoming a slave f another was unknown. On hearing is, the old man drew another docu-ent from his body saying that the e the defendant tore was only the uplicate and that this one was the iginal!

The *panchayatdars* read the docu-ent. It ran thus: "I, Aruran, Adisai-a of Tirunavalur, do hereby give in riting to *Pittan* (mad man) of Tiru-nnainallur to the effect that myself d my heirs will be your slaves for er."

Convinced by this self-revealing do-ment they returned the verdict that ambiyarurar was bound by that do-ment and hence was a slave to the old man whom Nambiyarurar called as *Pittan* (mad man).

Bound by that decision, Nambiyarurar followed the old man. The people also followed them till the old man entered the temple. To the utter surprise of all, the old man suddenly disappeared inside the precincts of the temple, never to come out again. Nambiyarurar went alone into the sanctum sanctorum of the temple.

There he had the vision of Lord Siva who was in the company of Parvati. Said the Lord: "You originally were my devotee in Kailasa. Due to your love of the two women who served Parvati likewise, you were made to be born on earth and marry them. At your own request that the love may not stand in the way of your devotion to Me, I came to Puthur to prevent the marriage and set you on the right path."

Such was the face-to-face meeting of Nambiyarurar or Sundarar with the Lord on whom he immediately sang the famous hymn *"Pitta-pirai-sudi."*

[From a script by Sri S. Natarajan]

Glimpses Of
BHARATI KRISHNA TIRTHA

Bramhachari Santi Prokash

I HAD the good fortune of enjoying Guruji's constant company for about three months from May to July, 1959. Guruji left Puri for Nagpur *via* Calcutta on 10th July 1959 and that was his last journey from Puri.

During the above period the Jagadguru passed most of his busy hours in writing an "Ecclesiastical Edict" and passing a resolution facilitating the entrance of foreigners into the Jagannath Temple.

Ecclesiastical Edict.

The Edict had been written with progressive outlook and with a view to help the Acharyas of different religious schools, top-rank Sannyasis and reformers to modernize Vedic religion. The Edict was dictated by the Jagadguru extempore in English and I took the notes. It contained 91 pages of foolscap-size paper and it took him about a week's time to complete.

He has clearly proved in the Edicts, by quoting *slokas* and instances from Vedas, Upanishads and *Bhavishya Purana* etc. the bountiful idealism and accommodating spirit of Hindu religion. For instance he quoted from *Bhavishya Purana* that during the tour of the great sage Kashyap to Mishra Pradesh (now known as Mishar) about four thousand years ago, some people of Mishra Pradesh wanted to be initiated into Brahmanism and Kashyap, without any hesitation gave them proper initiation.

The Edict supports the entrance into the temple of all castes including the foreigners, under certain lenient conditions.

He has written the Edict in English, Sanskrit and Hindi. The manuscript copies of different languages are, according to the information gathered by me from reliable sources, are with the Raja of Puri and with a distinguished disciple of the Jagadguru in Bombay and that attempts are being made to get it published. An effort is also being made to get the foreword written by Dr. Rajendra Prasad.

It is known to all that Swami Vivekananda was not permitted to enter the Jagannath Temple when he came back from America on the grounds that he crossed the seas. Even a few years back Acharya Vinoba Bhave was also refused entrance into the temple as he was accompanied by some of his American divotees. But now our Guruji has put an end to these unfortunate rules and usages. He, as a president of Jagannath Temple Mukti Mandap (Council dealing with religious affairs) conjointly with the Raja of Puri, passed the resolution that all Hindus, irrespective of whether they were Hindus by birth or conversion and whether they were Indians or non-Indians would be allowed into the temple. Even if a foreigner comes through any religious Institution and clares formally to the Temple Office at he has faith in Hindu religion, ven he is now permitted to enter into e temple.

His age and birth.

Although the Jagadguru did never ll anybody about his age or birth-lace yet in course of various conver-ations, many of us here got the hint hat he took Sannyasa at the age of 5. According to Sri B. P. Singh and ther sources, the year of his taking Sannyasa is 1908 and therefore he was born in the year 1873 and died at the age of 87. He belonged to an orthodox Brahmin family in Karnatak. He became Sankaracharya of Dwarka Pith in the year 1920 and continued upto 1925. Thereafter he was in charge of Govardhan Math, Puri, till his death i.e. for long 35 years, and he was the 143rd apostolic successor from Padmapada according to the records of Govardhan Math, Puri.

Mathematics.

In demonstrating the calculation of difficult sums, specially recurring decimals and factors, he used to apply the following formula:

"एकाधिकेन पूवण"

(*Ekadhikena Purvena*)

That is, by adding one (1) to the foregoing digit. He used to apply very swiftly more than one formula in working out a sum. The above is one of the sixteen formulae he discovered from the *Atharva Veda*.

He used to maintain regularly a diary from which many valuable information can be gathered.

His Vedic Conceptions.

He had a vast knowledge of all sections of the Vedas and wrote a masterly foreword of about 25 pages to the three big volumes of *Brahma Sutra Bhashya* published by the Calcutta University about thirty years ago. In a striking passage in the foreword he has counted the wise and the fool alike, saying:

> "The whole difference between the wise man and the fool is that the former goes on constantly studying, meditating, reflecting and pondering over the problem until it yields up its secret to him, whereas the latter, not having the requisite mental and intellectual calibre to solve such problem soon tires of them and gives them up in despair. But there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that thinkers and fools alike have always felt and will ever feel the question thrusting itself on them. The only difference is the result."

Again he has very nicely solved the general question, "Why we do not attain Ananda Swarup automatically?" He explained in said foreword thus:

> At this point you may ask 'Yes, if we are God, i.e. Satchitananda Swarupa and if death, ignorance, and sorrow are only उपलक्षण which come from extraneous causes from outside, why then should we do anything for ourselves? Will not ignorance and unhappiness like the heat of the hot water gradually go on decreasing and finally leave us off altogether?' And our answer is this: 'Yes, hot water left to itself will certainly cool itself automatically down in due course but we never said that if it is kept on, on the fire, yet it will cool down. No, on the other hand it will become hotter still. So also if the causes that are responsible for unhappy life are kept up and continued i.e. if the ignorance अज्ञान and sins दुष्कर्म are to be retained, how will the resultant sorrow and suffering diminish and how can we automatically go back to our मूलस्वरूप मूललक्षण of Ineffable and External Bliss?'

. . . . History is incomplete if it excludes from its purview the efforts of man to penetrate the veil of mystery by which he is surrounded . . . .

NEW DIMENSIONS IN HISTORY

●

Dr. SRIKUMAR BANERJEE

●

IF we consider history to be all-embracing, all-comprehensive, whatever pertains to man should be in the domain of history, just as Bacon has said that he is interested in whatever pertains to man, whatever man is interested in.

Similarly, if we postulate that history should be all-embracing and all-comprehensive then it should comprehend and include all those branches of knowledge, all those departments of human thought and activity, which ultimately lead to the well-being and progress of mankind.

That will again mean a re-allotment of our conception of history, a re-adjustment in our ideas of how the ideal history ought to be written.

Let us ask then what are the main departments of human interest in the daily life of man.

There are three broad divisions into which the life of man can be split up. The first is the relation of man to that ultimate power that rules the world—we may or may not bring in the word 'God'.

Somehow or other, man is encircled by a sphere of mystery which has to be unearthed, which has to be eliminated, which has to be illuminated, and no history of man can be complete that does not throw light upon the efforts of man to penetrate that veil of mystery by which he is surrounded.

So the first point is the relation of man to the ultimate mystery by which human life is surrounded.

What has man done to pluck the heart out of this mystery? What has he done to get a clue in the labyrinth of confusion by which he is surrounded? Has he tried to determine the ultimate purpose of life? Let there be no mistake about it, the final history would concern those facts of life which conform to the ultimate purpose of existence.

Intermediate facts, ancillary facts, assistant facts, these deserve their proper share of importance, but they ought not to supersede the priority, the importance of the ultimate purpose of creation.

History must throw light upon the ultimate purpose of creation. For, all mankind is moving not towards a self-appointed goal, not towards the goal which the historians of the present century have set before us, not towards material and industrial progress only, but towards that final progress, that final adjustment without which all material progress is a snare and all industrial progress is an entanglement.

So, the first point of priority should be given to the efforts made by man to penetrate the veil of mystery by which he is surrounded and to find out the ultimate purpose of existence, as far as that is possible.

The second division in the life of man is the relation of man to his environment.

Man has to live in a certain environment, so he ought to know the laws of that environment, he ought to adjust himself to the laws of that environment, he ought to make that environment more and more subservient to his purposes, he ought to exercise control over that environment and make it favourable to his efforts at self-improvement.

So the next part that history should deal with should be the adjustment of the relation of man to his environment. Here, of course, scientific progress, technical progress, would be in their proper place.

The third division in the life of man is the relation of man to his neighbours. This will include social history, political history, the history of the growth of social relations, and the history of the growth of political relations.

No history can be complete unless it embraces the three broad divisions which I have enumerated: the relation of man to his Maker, to the ultimate purpose of existence; the relation of man to his environment; and the relation of man to man, the relation of the different sections of mankind to each other.

So far, history has not included the first division. Most books of history fight shy of the efforts of man to adjust himself to his Maker, to discover the ultimate laws of his being, the ultimate purpose of existence and to adjust himself to these laws and this purpose.

History leaves that to ethics and to philosophy. This gives us a fragmentary and truncated history, history with the most important human relation excluded.

It may not be possible to arrive at definite conclusions with respect to this particular part of history; this particular aspect may not be favourable to the formulation of categorical conclusions; but no history of man can be complete, no history of man claim comprehensiveness, no history of man can be said to go to the root of the matter, if it does not include the efforts of man to solve the ultimate mystery, the efforts of man to adjust not merely to his neighbour, not merely to his environment, but to the great mystery by which he is surrounded and which ultimately determines the relation both to his environment and to his neighbours.

We have heard the cynical remark that God is on the side of the big battalions, but at the same time we have heard prayers in churches for victory when days were darkest, invocations to God to lend strength to the army that fought for the cause of righteousness, and we have heard hymns of thanksgiving and praise when ultimately victory came to be won.

So even in the midst of the most momentous struggle, even in the midst of the greatest clash of science and technology, the most complicated political entanglement, mankind cannot cease to think of the ultimate mystery.

Somehow or other man feels that all his efforts in the field of battle and in political negotiations will be ultimately determined by the great Arbiter of the world.

So what is at the back of the mind of all men? What is behind the written words of the historical page? What is in the secret consciousness of the historian when he talks of 'the decline and fall of the Roman Empire'?

He was conscious that the laws of God were violated and that the violation of the laws of God was one of the most important factors in the disintegration of the Roman Empire. But these things are not included within the compass of history, they are kept outside, in the background, and sometimes they find expression only in isolated ejaculations.

So if we come to the conclusion that, ultimately, virtue will prevail, if the belief is sedulously preached during war that the righteous cause will prevail, if the morale of men is sought to be kept up by the theory that God is on the side of virtue and righteousness, if divine assistance be invoked in the most critical periods of history, that only goes to show that God is a vital factor in politics and you cannot eliminate God from your account of political movements given in history.

Moreover, since every nation is growing stronger and stronger, since every nation is developing its strength, since every nation is fostering a spirit of combativeness and a spirit of competition, since a clash seems to be imminent, is it not the function of history to emphasize the great restraining influence by which alone a catastrophe can be prevented?

The whole history of mankind can end in a cataclysm; all history may go up in smoke if the restraining influence is not properly emphasized.

So if we want to write history and place things in their proper perspective, we ought to attach the supreme importance to this particular factor and emphasize all those elements of the human mind, all those impulses and thoughts in the mind of man which lead to restraint, which lead to a consciousness of a higher destiny, which lead to a conviction that, after all, there is an ultimate Arbiter over his destiny, however political people may plot and manoeuvre, however generals may make military preparations, there is one Arbiter who will ultimately determine the fate of mankind.

If that is the sincere conviction, there can be no justification for keeping out this chapter from the pages of history and for not giving it the most prominent place, the prior place, to which it is naturally entitled since we are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that progress depends upon the arrest of annihilation.

Whatever progress has been achieved, that depends now only upon the arrest of annihilation, and annihilation can only be arrested by developing the religious spirit of man, by developing the fact of the kinship of man, because all are children of God, because all are presided over by the inscrutable destiny which we give the name of God.

[*Extract from a lecture delivered at the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta.*]

That which is neither subtle nor dense, neither short nor long, which is unborn, immutable, devoid of form, quality, caste or name—that should be understood as Brahman.

—Sankara

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WOMEN IN VEDIC AND POST-VEDIC INDIA

Principal JOGIRAJ BASU

THE education of the boys is stated in clear and unmistakable terms in great details in the Veda. Student-life was called the period of Brahmacharya which constituted the first order of life and forms an important topic of discussion in the sacred lore. But the education of women is not so explicitly stated and we do not know whether there were schools for imparting instructions to girls like those of the boys in the Vedic age.

Nevertheless the high standard of female education can easily be inferred and proved beyond a shade of doubt from the following discussion. Females of the three higher castes, viz. Brahmana, Kshatriya and Vaishya, had access to Vedic study and also worked as teachers. We come across the names of female seers of Vedic hymns, female teachers, female students, female ascetics, Brahmacharinis and Brahmavadinis.

A good number of female seers is found in the Samhitas. To them some Vedic hymns were revealed. In the *Rigveda* we come across the names of female seers who composed Vedic hymns such as Visva-vara (V-28), Apala (VIII-9), Romasa (1-126), Lopamudra (1-179), Amvrni Vak (X-125), Kaksivati Ghosa and the like. These seers are termed Brahmavadinis in *Brihaddevata,* a work on Vedic gods; *e.g.* seer Romasa is stated as Brahmavadini Romasa, the daughter of Brihaspati (*Brihaspatiputri Romasa Brahmavadini*). Besides these seers, we also find many female characters taking part in the *samvada* or dialogue hymns of the Veda such as Urvasi, Yami, Sarparajni, Indrani etc.

Since the days of Rigvedic Samhita down to the age of Sutra literature, females of the three higher castes were invested with the holy thread, they uttered Savitri or Gayatri mantra, tended the holy fire and studied the Veda along with other subjects. Yama, the author of one Smriti, says,

> Purakalpe Kumarinam maunji-
> bandhanamishyate
> Adhyapanancha Vedanam Savitri-
> vachanam tatha.

The maidens were entitled to investiture with the holy thread or Upanayana Samskara in the days of yore; they studied all the Vedas and uttered the *Savitri-mantra*. Another author of Smriti Harita also records the selfsame *sloka* quoted above, with the only variation of '*Purakalpe tu narinam*' in place of '*Kumarinam*'. He makes the following observation also. "There were two kinds of women, *viz.* Brahmavadinis and Sadyovadhus. Amongst these the Brahmavadinis were entitled to Upanayana; they tended the holy fire, studied the Vedas and begged alms in their own homes.

The other type, *viz*, the Sadyovadhus were given away in marriage after a brisk ceremony of investiture with the holy thread ('*Sadyovadhunam tu Upasthite vivahe kathancit Upanayanam kritva Vivahah karyah*'). From this memorable observation it is crystal clear that females of Dvija or the three higher castes were invested with the holy thread like the boys. This was a compulsory feature.

Though this custom has become obsolete in the Indo-Aryan branch of the Aryan family it still persists in the Indo-Iranian branch of the Aryan family. The girls of Zoroastrian community are invested with the sacred thread to this day, *i.e.* they undergo Upanayana ceremony which is termed 'Navajot' (Newbirth) ceremony in Zoroastrian religion.

Of the two classes of females enumerated by Harita, the Brahmavadinis did not marry; they observed a vow of perpetual virginity like *naisthika* Brahmachari boys. Whereas the Sadyovadhus may be compared with Upkurvana Brahmachari boys, who on completion of the period of study in the preceptor's residence came back to their paternal homes and got married or entered the second order of life known as Garhasthya.

This custom of Upanayana of women persisted in the age of Sutra literature. Gobhila, the celebrated author of a Grihyasutra, observes, '*Pravrtam Yajnopavitinim abhyudanayam japet somo dadat Gandharvaya*', i.e. the bridegroom should catch hold of the hand of the bride who has been invested with the sacred thread and utter the hymn '*Somo dadat Gandharvaya*' etc. Even in the epic age, stray instances reminiscent of this custom are met with. In the Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata* it is recorded that a Brahmin invested Kunti, the mother of Pandavas, the sacred thread and taught her the Savitri hymn recorded in the Atharva-siras of the Veda.

Tatastamanavadyangim grahayamasa
sa dvijah
Mantragramam tada rajan atharva-
sirasi srutam! (305-20)

It seems the custom persisted in some parts of India even in the seventh century A.D. because Banabhatta, the noted author of *Kadambari* and *Harshacharita,* refers to a maiden whose person has been sanctified with the sacred thread ('*Brahmasutrena pavitrikritayam*').

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Smrticandrika, *Nirnayasindhu* of Kamalakara and the like authoritative works on Hindu Law support the view that ladies in the Vedic age were invested with the holy thread and studied the Veda like the males of the Dvija class. This practice became almost obsolete when Manu was compiling his code but he seems to be thoroughly conversant with this age-old custom. Observes P. V. Kane in his *History of Dharmasutras*, "Manu seems to have been aware of this usage as prevalent in ancient time if not his own. In the day of the *Manusmrti*, Upanayana for women had gone out of practice, though there were faint glimmerings of its performance for women in former days" (Page 295).

Panini teaches us the formation of the term Patni in the *Sutra*, *"Patyurnah Yajnasamyoge"* which means, "the suffix '*na*' should be added to the word Pati in the sense of helping the husband in the performance of the sacrifice." Hence the very term Patni which is one of the synonyms of wife etymologically signifies the wife's co-operation in sacrifice. Without a wife one could not perform sacrifices. The great epic *Ramayana* tells us that Ramachandra had to build a golden image of Sita to be eligible to perform Rajasuya sacrifice as Sita was in exile at that time. The *Satapatha Brahmana* (5-2-1-8) remarks in unmistakable terms, 'wife is one-half of the sacrifice' ('*Ardho va esha yajnasya yat patni*). In every sacrifice there was a ceremony called Patni-samyaja in which the wife of the sacrificer (*yajamanapatni*) had to utter Vedic *mantras* and play an important role. She used to take her seat within the sacrificial altar along with other priests. The *Brahmana* referred to categorically asserts (5-1-6-10) that gods do not accept the oblations offered by a bachelor.

[*To be continued*]

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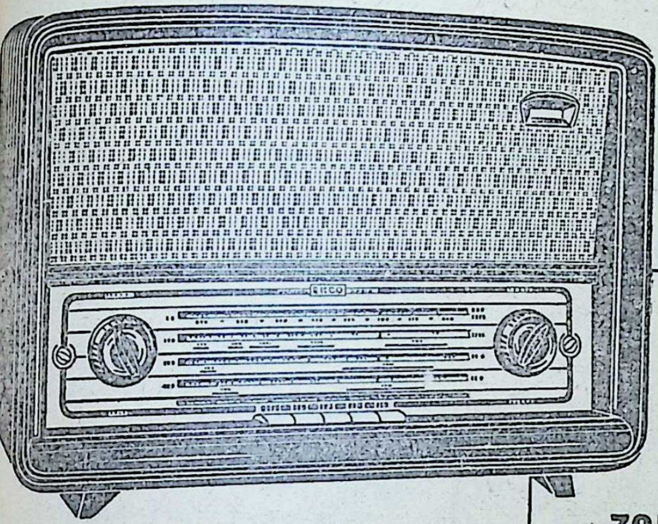

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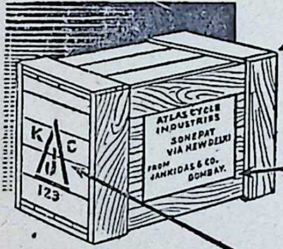
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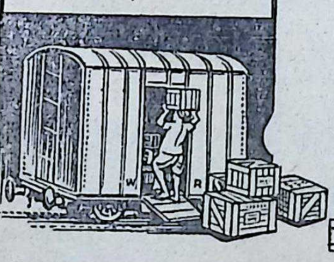

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

774

Sri P. Vishwanath Aithal, Hyderabad.

Q: *According to the Vedas, the earth is said to be an egg of Brahma and all the living beings of the world come from Brahma. But, according to Biology, the sun, the moon and the stars, etc., are forms of fire. Please give your opinion in this regard.*

A: The Vedic imagery was a poetic expression for the process of creation. It only describes the idea that creation came out of some cosmic seed.

775

Sri V. S. Krishna Murthy, Bangalore.

Q: *I have great faith in truth, purity of the heart, righteousness, justice and kindness, and faith in God. I dislike envy, greed and selfishness. I don't have full faith in the Vedas, Puranas, Sannyasis, etc. Do you think my attitude is right? In fact I hope that social and economic upliftment is a better way to achieve greatness than by taking to Sannyasa. Please enlighten me.*

A: I am glad you have that faith. You are on the right path.

If you have faith in God, then you need not have faith in any scripture. But it will be very difficult to have full faith in God, unless you continuously recite some scriptures. True Sannyasis are persons who have dedicated themselves to God. If you meet a true Sannyasi you must respect him. That will give you humility and lead you to God.

Working for economic and social uplift of people can only give you freshness, if you come to believe that God lives in all, and all in God. Social and economic uplift as a career or a publicity does not lead to true love and bring greatness.

776

Sri K. P. Somasundaran, Bombay.

Q: *To a person who has got an inborn aptitude to become a Yogi by leading a simple life and high thinking and his family affairs obstruct him in doing so, what would be the quickest and easiest way for him to attain* Nirvana, *the everlasting bliss?*

A: A person with an inborn aptitude for becoming a Yogi has to perform his *swadharma*. This *swadharma* has to begin by conquering *raga* and *dwesha,* attachment and wrath. This he can best do by making first experiments in the family circle.

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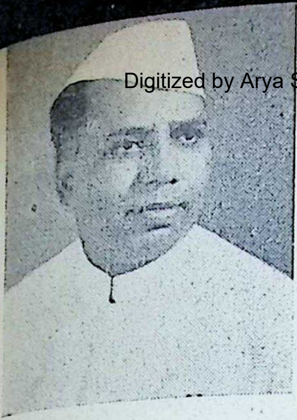


Yeshwantrao B. Chavan

ADMIRERS and critics alike have paid high tribute to Yeshwantrao Balwant Chavan for decisive role he has played in per-ding the Congress High Command the Central Cabinet in unsettling settled fact of bilingual Bombay bifurcating it into the States of jarat and Maharashtra. There can no two opinions that he has been resounding political success of the order.

He has successfully demolished the thical fear expressed by Cassandras camisoles of a dearth of talent ong the younger leadership in the ntry. By steering the bilingual State ough the three years of storm and ss, he has proved his mettle as an ministrator. He is one year younger n the Congress President, Nilam jiva Reddi, and along with maraj forms the triumphant tripod the younger leadership thrown up the country after the advent of dom.

Born at Devrashtre in Satara Dis- t on March 12, 1914, young hwant had a brilliant academic er. He participated in the varied vities of school life and made a k as a fluent and forceful speaker, bagging several prizes in elocution competitions. The urge to join the Swaraj Struggle came to him early in life when he was in his teens. He participated in the Salt Satyagraha of 1930 and the Civil Disobedience Campaign of 1932. At the age of eighteen, he found himself in prison with a sentence of eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment. Back from jail, he continued his studies and graduated from the Rajaram College, Kolhapur; he took his law degree from the Law College, Poona.

Chavan has sometimes been described as a political paradox. Rugged like the peasants of Satara, he is also an intellectual who toyed with "Royism" in the thirties, having immersed himself in the discussion groups which threshed out the abstruse theoretical formulations of Radical Humanism. But a man of action like Chavan could not be imprisoned for long in the sterile political meanderings of Royism. When the Second World War broke out and M.N. Roy pleaded for all-out support to the British Government in the war-efforts Yeshwant Chavan parted company with the intellectuals who were devoid of roots in the soil.

Chavan rejoined the Congress at a critical juncture when Gandhiji had initiated the "Quit India" struggle and had appealed to the people to "do or die." He went underground and directed the campaign for ten long months.

He won the distinction of having a reward of Rs. 1,000 offered by the British Government for his capture and arrest. He was arrested at Phaltan in May 1943 and was detained for over a year.

In 1946 were held the elections to the Bombay Legislative Assembly and Chavan was elected from Satara with effortless ease. He was appointed as a Parliamentary Secretary in the Kher cabinet and he took a prominent part in organising the Home Guards. His interest in the organizational side did not wane and he served as the General Secretary of the Maharashtra Provincial Congress Committee for three years. After the first General Elections in free India in 1952, Chavan was appointed as Minister for Civil Supplies. He displayed initiative and courage and succeeded in introducing progressive decontrol. After the closure of the Civil Supplies Department, Chavan became the Minister for Local Self-Government and Forests.

Towards the end of 1955, the States Reorganization Committee submitted its Report and this led to a furious controversy in Bombay. There was outbreak of violence and ultimately it was decided that Bombay should be a bilingual State. Sri Morarji Desai was the Chief Minister and he declined to stand for re-election unless he was assured that there would be no contest. Sri B. S. Hiray insisted on contesting the election and Morarji Desai withdrew in favour of Chavan who was elected by a clear majority. He became the Chief Minister of bilingual Bombay in 1956 at the early age of 42.

After the General Elections of 1957, Chavan was unanimously re-elected the leader of the Congress Party and automatically continued as Chief Minister. In 1958, Chavan was nominated to the Working Committee of the Congress and continues in that capacity. He is the Treasurer of the Indian National Congress.

Thus having held important positions in the ministerial and organizational wings of the Congress, Chavan wears the toga of leadership with effortless poise. Though he gave a serious and sincere trial to the bilingual formula, he made no secret of his preference for a separate, compact and unified Maharashtra. It is worthy of note that even at the height of the agitation sponsored by the Samyukta Maharashtra Samiti, Chavan kept in touch with such Samiti protagonists like Datta Deshmukh.

No prude or puritan, Chavan finds relaxation in poetry, music and fine arts. He is a keen sportsman and loves nothing more than watching an exciting game of football or hockey. He confesses to a weakness for thrillers and his favourite author is the inimitable Peter Cheyney.

He is very happily married to Venutai; but the couple have no children. Venutai Chavan is of a retiring disposition and rarely appears in public. But she is a genial personality and has considerable charm.

With his impressive background of kinetic activity during the Freedom Struggle, his thorough grasp of the theory and practice of government and his political dexterity, Chavan will assuredly give the new State of Maharashtra the mature and confident leadership it will require during its teething stage. And who knows to what greater heights he may not ascend?

K. M. MUNSHI'S

TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA :—The young daughter of Majiba : Uday's sister.

BHEEM :—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH :—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS :—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW :—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN :—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

In his attic at Bhoiwada, Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Inspired by what Jagjivan and Bhagwandas had done, Sheela met Gandhiji in Bardoli and offered herself as a freedom-fighter. Her absence from home made Radharaman feel miserable. Contrary to her expectations, Sheela, who had returned to Radharaman consequent on his urgent telegram, found his behaviour unbearable. In despair, Sheela took to austerity hoping that Radharaman would realize his erring ways and correct himself. The situation thus presented by Sheela became unbearable to Radharaman who yielded finally to Sheela's moral pressure. The whole episode ended in a compromise.

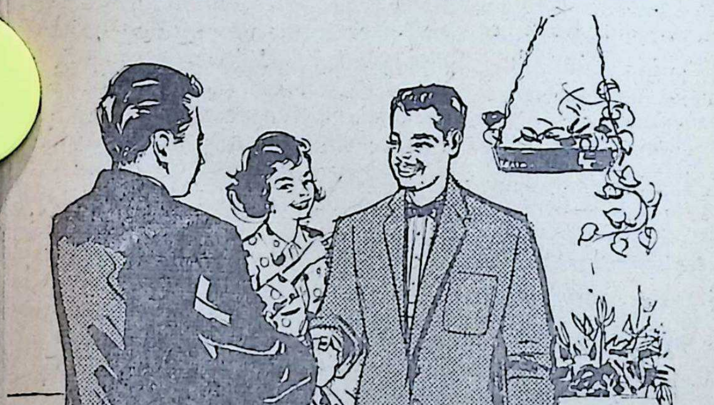
20. Uday's Ideals

AFTER leaving the house of Bhupat Sinh, his uncle, Uday proceeded to the Court. He could not help being amused at the way in which they had all foolishly succumbed to the temptation of getting Rajba married into a good family. He was glad that he had withstood the temptation of becoming a ruler.

On arriving at his chambers in the High Court, he drew up a programme of what he should do in order to make his mark in the profession. And he solemnly vowed to keep faithfully to this schedule. He decided to begin it straightaway and went to the hearing of an important case in progress in order to study the technique of successful counsel.

When he returned in the evening to the hotel, his mind was preoccupied with schemes for making rapid progress in the profession. In the balcony on the first floor, he saw Alice talking to some person, who was introduced to him by her as one Mr. Ramchandani. Ramchandani was a tall, well-built, handsome young man. He had modelled himself after Douglas Fairbanks and, in fact, he looked like a film star. He was a good mixer and within an incredibly short time, Uday and he became good friends. Ramchandani was in the export-import business, had been to Europe twice or thrice and had been completely westernized in outlook and mode of life. He was a good raconteur and made a good impression on Uday and Alice.

Ramchandani invited them to dinner at the Greens. Alice, who had been lonely and bored all day long, was ready to accept but Uday refused since he had to prepare a brief for Radharaman. When Ramchandani learnt that Uday and Alice intended to go flat-hunting on Sunday, he told them that there was a flat vacant in his own building and offered to



show it to them. Alice agreed to go with him the next day after Uday had left for the Court.

Uday was in high spirits; he had resolved to work hard and rise high in the profession. He gave Alice a vivid account of the day's events, his meeting Samar Sinh, the happenings in the Court and his ambitious programme of work. It did not take long for Uday to realise that Alice was not in the least interested in what he was telling her.

When Alice was in England, she had visualised India as an exotic Oriental country, attractive and extraordinary. Married to the nephew of a ruling prince, she had dreamt of living in splendid palaces, riding elephants and hunting tigers. When Uday talked to her about his ambition to succeed in his profession so as to earn a lucrative income as well as a good name, her vanity was tickled. But she did not bother to understand what would have to be done in order to acquire such success. Uday had talked to her of his keen desire to participate actively in the social and political life of the country. Alice had never given a moment's thought to the efforts she would have to make to achieve complete affinity with the country's life.

The events of the last three days had convinced Uday that Alice was superficial in her attitude and had neither the strength of character nor the depth of mind to acquire identity of ideals with him. She had not been able to appreciate Majiba's affectionate nature. When they had gone to the temple, she had viewed everything through the eyes of a supercilious Anglo-Saxon, to whom it was no more than the exhibition of a primitive people's culture. She could never realise how learned Ganapati Shastri was and what a life of self-sacrifice he had led; all she could see was a toothless old man in a torn and dirty *dhoti*.

Now when Uday was waxing enthusiastic about his ambitious plans for the future, she was so bored that she could hardly suppress her yawns. Even so, Uday made allowances for her and changed the conversation to topics of general interest. Soon after, she retired to bed. Uday sat down to study his brief but found it difficult to concentrate.

Three days later, Uday and Alice moved to the flat they had taken in Ramchandani's building. Ramchandani proved a useful and resourceful friend. He assisted Alice in selecting the furniture and the equipments for the flat. For a few days, Alice was engrossed in the task of furnishing and decorating the flat; she almost forgot her sense of loneliness and discontent.

A few days later, Bhupat Sinh informed Uday of the death of Ganapati Shastri and asked him to attend the cremation and pay his last respects to the old man. On arrival, Uday found that Shastri's corpse had already been laid on a pile of wood, ready for the cremation. In a little while, Ravi lit the fire even as the Brahmans chanted the sacred *mantras*.

From his childhood, Uday had been taught to look upon Ganapati Shastri with great respect. No wonder therefore that he should be stricken with deep grief at Shastri's death. As the fire grew and consumed the mortal remains of Shastri, Uday could not help thinking about the unbroken continuity of India's age-old culture. Even today, the custom of cremation continued as in the days of the Vedas. Ganapati Shastri had chanted the thrice-sacred *mantras* in the same manner as Vasishtha had done many centuries earlier.

Recollections of the various episodes in Shastri's life presented him with a panoramic view of India's history of the last hundred years. There was the epic war which Maharani Lakshmibai had waged for the sake of freedom. There was Shastri's inflexible determination to work for the revival of the supremacy of religion in India and the single-minded manner in which he had struggled to fulfil that pledge. Uday remembered the readiness with which Shastri had sacrificed his only son at the altar of the country's independence, the rigid observance of his self-imposed vow of poverty and finally the determination to remain true to his ideals all his life. "This," Uday thought, "is verily Bharat. Will I ever be able to show such unflinching devotion to the ideals I have set before myself." Uday sighed as he realised his own shortcomings.

When the crowd started to disperse, Uday left the cremation ground. On his way out, he saw Ravi and went near him. "Ravi," he said, "let me be a brother to you. I will come and see you tomorrow. If there is anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to tell me. It will be my privilege."

Ravi just stared at Uday who could not help noticing a hint of hostility. "Thank you," replied Ravi in an offensive tone. "I do not want anything and I will not be at home tomorrow." Ravi then walked away. Uday took a lenient view of Ravi's rudeness and attributed it to the undoubted shock he had received by his grandfather's death.

Uday's mind was engrossed in the various episodes in Shastri's life of sacrifice until he returned home late in the evening. They were to dine with Ramchandani, and Alice was already dressed up and ready. "Uda," she said, "it is very late; do run up and change quickly."

"Late?"

"Yes."

"I had forgotten," replied Uday. "Yes, I had completely forgotten. I am really sorry. I had been to the cremation ground."

"Anyway, hurry up. Ramchandani is to take us to the Greens. He will be waiting."

"I shall not be able to come today. I have just paid my last respects to Shastriji and I am in no mood to go out."

"What! That toothless old man?" blurted out Alice in her impatience to keep her dinner appointment.

Uday was deeply hurt and he became angry. "Alice, don't you ever speak in that manner again. He was my father's teacher."

"Oh, I am so sorry."

Uday had lost his temper partly because Alice had failed to realise how grief-stricken he was by Shastri's death. "Majiba had the most profound respect and regard for that toothless old man. I regarded him as though he were my own grandfather. He symbolised in his person the very essence of India's culture and learning. Can you think of nothing else but dinners, dan-

s. drives, cinemas and clubs? When l you realise that none of these ngs mean anything to India? They e no more than pastimes and diversions foisted on us by our alien rulers. They are completely un-Indian."

"Let's not quarrel; if I don't go ut, what else am I to do?"

"What else are you to do? What a uestion! Really I cannot understand hat has come over you. I want to get on in my profession and you show ttle interest in it. My aunt has come ver from Bhavnagar and you have o time to look her up. You do not vince any interest in finding out about ow our people are."

Alice restrained herself and merely emarked, "Don't be nasty."

Just then Ramchandani came in saying, "Come along, it is time we left." As if to emphasise that it was late, he ook out his watch from his pocket.

"Ramchandani," said Uday, "I have ust come from the cremation ground nd I do not feel like dining out. Alice ill keep you company. Please excuse e."

Uday left them immediately. He had a bath and changed his clothes. He ate whatever was left in the pantry and sat down near a window. He was soon engrossed in deep thought. Things seemed to have gone wrong ith him from the very outset. If he as to make Alice happy, he would ave to adopt the Western way of life, ive up his ambition. In that case, it ould be better to return to England nd then Alice would certainly be appy.

When he was in Europe, Uday decided to participate in public life on is return to India. From his childood he had heard his father talk of ational service and the heroic sacrifice of Shivukaka, son of Ganapati Shastri, and there was implanted in him a deep desire to serve the motherland. His father had been a follower of Sri Aurobindo Ghosh whose writings he also had read. The very idea of leaving India due to Alice's shallow outlook and superficial attitude made him miserable.

Uday got up and took a letter from his despatch box. The letter contained an extract from Sri Aurobindo Ghosh. He read it with interest and re-read it.

"There is a place for love in politics, love of one's country, love of one's own countrymen: love for the glory of one's people, for their greatness and for their happiness: for the extraordinary pleasure that is derived from self-sacrifice: love for the effort to remove hardships and difficulties of one's countrymen: for the readiness to sacrifice one's life and one's blood

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for the country and its independence: love for the desire after death to join one's ancestors. The source of this love lies in the physical contact with one's motherland: in the breeze blowing over the Indian Ocean, in the rivers flowing from the mountains down to the plains of India, in the Indian languages, music and poetry, in the familiar sights, sounds, clothes and manner of Indian life, the pride of our mystics, the deep dissatisfaction at our present situation and our confidence in our future, all these spring from it, and constitute its significance. To it also we owe the ability to see God in our motherland and the determination to render service to her with all our might and mind."

Uday put down the letter and told himself, "If I were to leave India, these will remain mere words." He picked up the letter and pored over it several times; and he asked himself: "How can I leave India? But how can I leave Alice either? Can I not keep my link with both of them? Alice is a loving wife. Cannot my love for her change her outlook?" Uday attempted to sleep but sleep would not come.

Late at night Alice returned. Her mouth smelt of sherry. It was a smell familiar enough to Uday. He had no objection to drink but he could not understand why the smell was unbearable to him today. Alice was his wife and it was in his own interest to make her Indian in outlook and thus show his determination and love. Uday stretched forth his hand and patted Alice lovingly. Then he dropped off to sleep. But the sleep was not undisturbed. In his dreams, he saw bright sparks emanating from Ganapati Shastri's dead body.

[*To be continued*]

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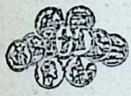
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MADANAREKHA'S POSER

READERS may be reminded at this stage that we are listening to the anecdote related by the cheetah to the cow when the latter pleaded that she be permitted to go home to suckle her calf before being eaten up.

Said the cheetah, "Now, friend cow, did you not see from this story that although an accomplished yogi, that man perforce had to take another birth as a pig, and when he did so, he did not at all feel that it was contemptible? On the contrary, he wanted to enjoy that life too? Hence, I feel pretty sure that you plead in the manner you do just to escape death at my hands. I am more than ever convinced that even if you are sincere in your plea, when you actually start suckling your calf, you would much rather prefer to stay back. Therefore, I am determined to eat you up to my fill right now. What do you say?"

The cow reflected, "Alas! How tragic that the cheetah shows little discrimination?"

Thinking that no amount of persuasion will be of avail and despairing at the same time that if she did not return to her calfling she would feel her loss very much and her grief become immeasurable, the cow addressed the cheetah thus: "O, cheetah, I promise to return as quickly as possible ; however much I assure you and swear to that effect, you do not seem to believe me. Do you think it is the mark of a gentleman to go back on his plighted word? Do you really believe that I am one of those who will do so? Don't you know that the mere listening to the stories of truthful persons destroys all one's accumulated sins and bestows a meritorious after-life? Listen to one such story."

Said the cow: A king of Magadha by the name of Ambhira lived issueless for a long time. On the advice of learned Pandits, he performed a sacrifice for the birth of children. From the sacrificial fire a glorious angel appeared bringing with him a boy and a girl whom he handed over to the King. The King felt overjoyed and named them Pavaka-roma and Madana-rekha respectively. He brought them up nicely. He taught them all the royal arts and they soon became the beloved of the people. The royal couple too were quite happy.

When Madanarekha came of age, she looked extremely pretty. It so happened that the son of the royal priest became infatuated by her. One day when all the other students had departed, the priest's son took her to a lonely place and tried to rob her of her virginity at which Madanarekha replied: "My friend, does it become you to behave in this manner? You are born of Brahmin parents. You have excellent qualities. Yet, is it proper that you should misbehave towards me, a co-student? Don't you know that when my father hears of your improper conduct, he will nalise you? What will the people of s country think of us? If you really ve any regard for me, you should pproach my father first and after taining his consent, marry me. To o otherwise will be ruinous. If I se my virginity before marriage, hat will happen to me? Would anyody touch a flower that has been nelt by another? Please, leave me ow and go your way."

The priest's son, overwhelmed by st, persisted, "I know all that, but I am not going to leave you now witht fulfilling my design."

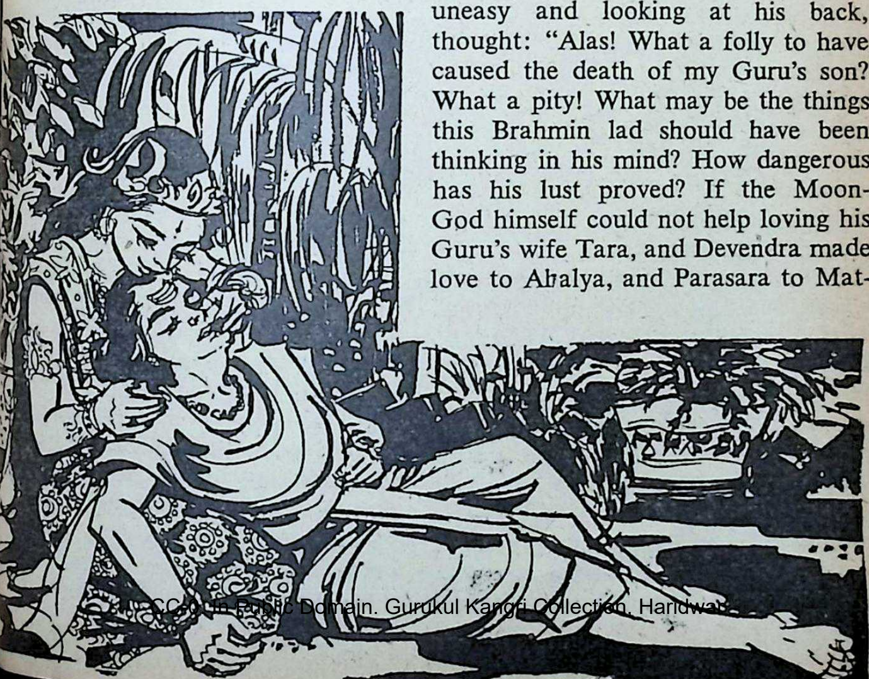
So saying, he seized her hands and ade overtures of love.

At this Madanarekha became enged and pushing him aside, thunderd: "Get away from here! If I had so r been soft to you, it was because u happened to be my Guru's son. But, without appreciating my attitude, you try to harm me, I shall now inform my people and see that you pay dearly for your evil design."

On hearing this the priest's son kept mum for a time, but soon worked himself up into a frenzy and pulled her to the ground without, however, having the courage to look at her in the face. Like a wounded tigress Madanarekha roared: "You, fool! Why do you pull me thus? Who planted this mad idea into your small head? Don't you know that I am your sister? Is it proper to make love to one's sister?"

These words went home and the priest's son breathed hard as he fell down unconscious.

But Madanarekha on seeing his condition held him by her hands and let his body down. She then felt his breath. Unable to find it moving, she became uneasy and looking at his back, thought: "Alas! What a folly to have caused the death of my Guru's son? What a pity! What may be the things this Brahmin lad should have been thinking in his mind? How dangerous has his lust proved? If the Moon-God himself could not help loving his Guru's wife Tara, and Devendra made love to Ahalya, and Parasara to Mat-



syagandhi, how much more difficult should it have been for this youngster not to have loved me? I shudder to think of the amount of sin that will besmirch me for unwittingly causing his death. If, on the other hand, I had consented to his designs, I should have brought immeasurable harm to my family and my own clan. O, God! What shall I do now?"

Just then a thought flashed across her mind.

She pressed the body of the dead Brahmin boy to her breast and holding him thus, called him by his name. At this, strange to say, signs of life appeared in the lad!

Smiling softly, the Princess whispered in his ear: "Friend, I never knew that you loved me so much. If you really do so, please open your eyes and look at me. Do you think I was serious when I chastised you? I did so out of fun. It never was my intention to offend you. I am not such a bad woman."

These words fell on the lad's ears like drops of nectar and as a result he completely recovered consciousness and said: "Rekha! Only when I knew that you had so much affection for me, my life came back to me."

Without the least sign of excitement, the Princess addressed the lad: "O, learned man! May I ask a boon of you? If you grant me that, I shall unhesitatingly fulfil your desire."

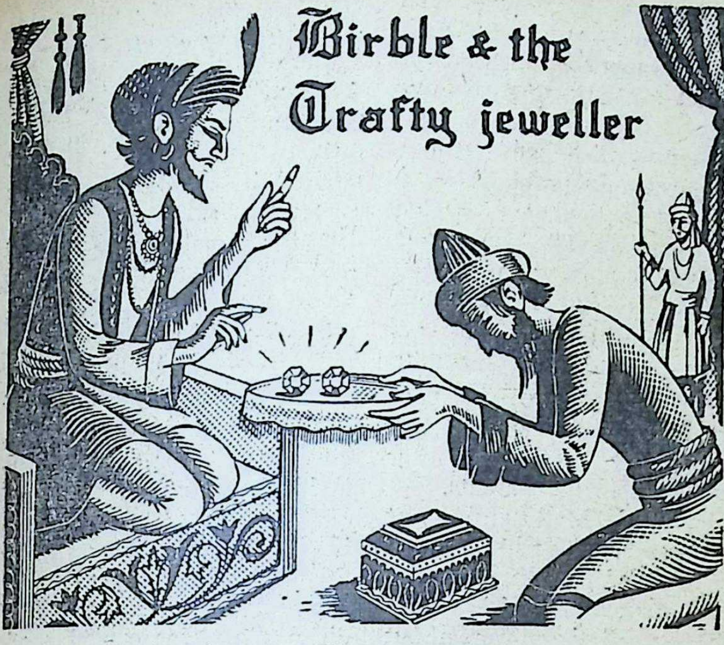
Replied the priest's son, "O, flower of my life! Be it money, be it my own life, I am willing to grant it to you. Pray, ask me."

To this Madanarekha replied, "I shall not ask money of you, I have enough of it; neither your life which I have just given you back. You must only let me do this: when I get married to whomsoever I might, I shall give you the right of stealing delight with me first even before I go to my husband, and allow me to go now. I beg of you to agree to this. This is the boon I ask of you."

Replied the priest's son, "O, Lady! Is it proper for you to fill me with hope thus and the next moment dash it on the ground? Even if what you say be your true intention, will it be really possible for you to do as you say? When you get married and your husband knows of your intention, will he ever permit you to do so? Will he allow you even as much as to leave his presence? When such is the case, why unnecessarily talk of improbable things? What guarantee have I that you will keep your promise? How possibly can I sustain my life till that day? O! Please save me here and now from falling a prey to the shafts of the Love-God."

MADANAREKHA: "What a fool you are! Do you really believe that I am capable of telling you a lie? Get that doubt off your chest right now."

THE BRAHMIN BOY: "Has anyone heard that women will act up to their promise? Don't you know that their words are as ephemeral as snowflakes, as unsafe as the water under the bridge? One can count the particles of rain, one can count the sands on the banks of the Ganga, one can even count the stars in the heaven, but can't fathom the thoughts of a woman! Don't you know that when pleasures come unexpectedly one should enjoy them the very moment they do? Don't you know that money made by gam-



Birble & the Crafty jeweller

Once a Jeweller brought two beautiful diamonds to Akbar's court. When asked about the price. he replied cryptically. "and select correctly, evaluate properly. pay the Right price." The diamonds looked so similar that many failed to value correctly. Then came Birbal's turn. During his scrutiny a fly alighted on one of the diamonds Birbal smiled and placed both the diamonds in water. The diamond that attracted the fly soon melted away. as it was a suger candy crystal. Then Birbal said. "Put to test and judge by the result."

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bling, wealth made by graft, all such things should be enjoyed as soon as they come to hand? I am quite sure that if I leave you today, I shall never be able to see you again. I cannot believe you, whatever you may say to the contrary."

MADANAREKHA: "I swear to return as promised. Have faith in me. If I fail to do so, may I be subjected to that sin and suffering which a person is subject to when he prevents the efforts of a pious Brahmin at giving away his daughter in marriage."

At last the Brahmin lad was convinced that Madanarekha's intent was serious; he consequently released her and she returned to her parents.

In course of time, Madanarekha got married to a prince, by name Tantri.

On the night of the marriage, the bridegroom's people dressed Madanarekha as a second Rati and were about to escort her to the nuptial chamber of the groom.

At that time, Madanarekha recollected her promise to the priest's son and thought as follows: "I promised that Brahmin lad that on the day of my marriage I would offer myself to him in bridal costume first before I went to my husband. I gave him several assurances to that effect and made him believe my words. Now my husband awaits me. I do not know what I should do. To my mind both are important obligations. To put off these escorts saying that I shall follow later and ask them to return now does not look proper. It is equally improper to go to the priest's son after first sleeping with my husband or abandoning him. It is bad enough in all conscience to spoil the happiness of my husband; worse still not to fulfil my promise to the Brahmin boy. This leaves me with one alternative, that is, to seek the permission of my husband to keep the promise made prior to the marriage; but will he agree? Will he see my point of view at all? O! How I wish there were someone who could think clearly on this issue and advise me as to which is *dharmic* and which is not. The worst part of it is that this is a matter which cannot be made public or widely discussed. Nor is it one that can be dropped lightly."

Thinking things over in this manner, Madanarekha came to the conclusion that her primary duty lay in laying bare her heart to her husband.

Accordingly, she allowed herself to be led to her husband's presence in the beautifully decorated nuptial chamber and, as soon as the bevy of girls who accompanied her left Madanarekha and her husband to themselves, making one excuse or another, the latter drew her to his side.

Finding that the time had come when she could no longer keep silent, she wanted to open her mouth and somehow blurt out her problem to him, but the woman in her prevented her from doing so. She felt afraid that her husband would become angry. The next moment she felt that it was not a matter for another man's ears, much less her husband's. Again she would be tempted to tell him, but would hesitate how to begin. Thus, amidst doubt, fear and shyness, she felt like a drop of water in boiling oil.

Finally, she cast off all her doubts, and falling at the feet of her husd, shed copious tears which practilly washed his feet.

When he raised her up, Madanaha addressed him: "My lord, I ll now address a prayer to you. atever its nature, you must grant my prayer."

She then related to him cogently that had happened between her d her Guru's son ending in her proe to the latter.

As soon as the bridegroom heard s, he became choked with emotion d fell down unconscious while Maarekha stood by completely nonssed.

When she did all she could by way first-aid, the prince regained conusness. When he was well enough, drew her near him again to emce her. At that time, Madanarea said: "My lord, on that fateful when my virginity was about to violated by my preceptor's son, I e him the promise for saving a in the hope that my husband would rove of it for two reasons: one s that by my act the reputation of family and that of my clan could kept unbesmirched; secondly, t any act done with the concurce of one's husband will get the assent of Dharma. You will thus see that if I go back on my word, I shall draw on my head the great sin of untruth. My lord is no doubt aware that whatever sin falls to the lot of one's wife will fall to the lot of the husband too. Bearing these things in mind, I beg of you permission to fulfil my promise. I have nothing more to add than to say that I shall abide by your decision, whatever that be."

Hearing this, the bridegroom reflected: "It is true, as I now have learned, that women are extremely clever. It is impossible to beat them at their game. Having known the nature of the contract, my mind, for my part, refuses to permit her to fulfil her promise. At the same time, it is quite on the cards that failure to do so would cover her with the sin of loss of faith or of untruth. It is a pity that there is none here who can advise me."

Guessing what was passing in his mind, Madanarekha continued: "My lord! Why should you cogitate thus? As far as you are concerned, the problem is a simple one. Tell me that I can go or that I can't. That is all you have to do. And I shall certainly abide by your wishes. But before doing so, I shall tell you this much. Not that

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you don't know, but I take the liberty of reminding you that no amount of *tapas* is equivalent to adherence to truth. Don't you know that Harischandra, for the purpose of fulfilling his word, lost everything in life—even his wife and child—and suffered untold misery? I may also tell you this: do not for a moment belittle the abilities of women. They can cheat their husbands easily point-blank if they want to. Women, who are devoted to their husbands, by the mere fact of their devotion, do not do so thinking of their husbands as their personal gods. But if they want to hoodwink their husbands, nothing can stop them. Dutiful wives, as a result of their devotion, attain heaven; unfaithful ones who abuse their husbands, transgress their injunctions, go astray, visit forbidden places, overtly drive away those guests whom their husbands may bring; those women who fill their stomachs but make others go without food, or those that proclaim poverty before others, or speak ill of their husbands openly, those women do not help their husbands in the performance of worship to gods and guests—they are denied not only the gifts of heaven for themselves and their husbands in this life, but in after-life too. In short, women are the mainspring of both *dharma* and *adharma*. If I have been telling all these things, it is because of my deep-felt anxiety not to make you share the sins to which I am liable. Please tell me what I should do."

[*To be continued*]

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Stories of King Madana Kama—20

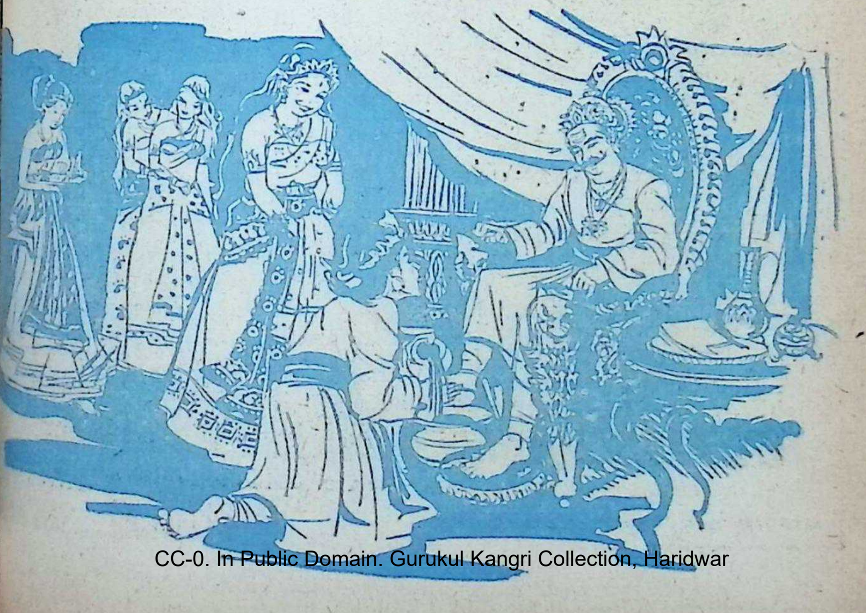
IN QUEST OF THE DIVINE LOTUS

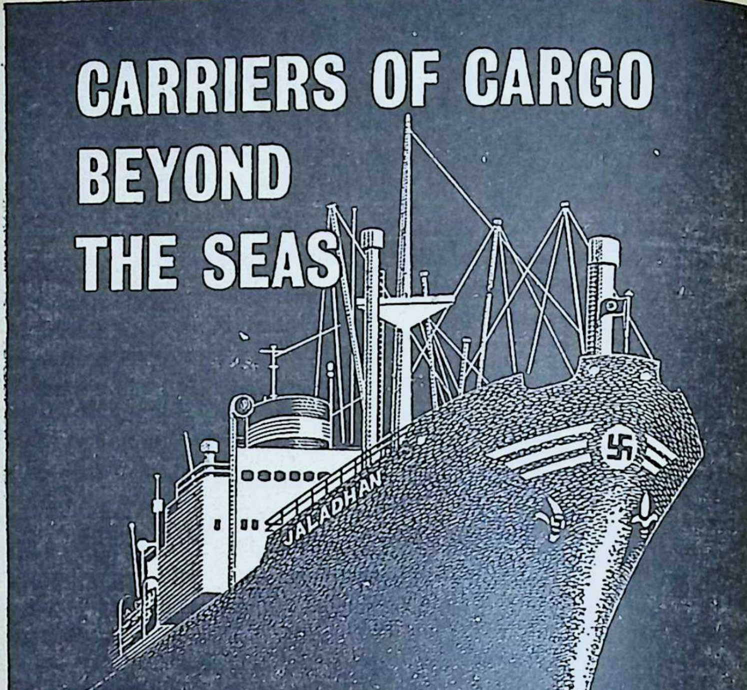
T is the mark of a cad to think of a person only when he wants to get something done by him d to ignore, if not speak ill of him, en there is no need for him; but s the mark of a great man to offer p even unsolicited.

The younger sons of the King of llikarjuna had no compunction atsoever in making short work of ir elder brother and expropriate his ours at one time; but, when the d again arose for his services, they d the audacity to wish that he were e.

The tortoise-Prince, on the other d, who had the gift of prevision, had already seen the predicament in which his ungrateful brothers had been placed and, like the great soul that he was, made himself ready to jump on to their help.

He went up to his mother and reported to her: "Mother, my brothers are now standing before the waves of the sea unable to cross it. Father has ordered them to bring the Divine Lotus from Akhilandakoti-Tirtha and I feel sorry they thoughtlessly did me harm. You will agree with me that inasmuch as they have not succeeded in killing me and now that I am hale and hearty, I should not fail in my duty towards them and must go to their help. May I,





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refore, seek your blessings to go
d offer them whatever help I can
e?"

The elder Rani, herself an incarna-
n of self-sacrifice, had little diffi-
lty in perceiving the wisdom of her
n's decision and approving of it.
mbracing him fondly, she gave him
r blessings unreservedly for the suc-
ss of his mission.

The tortoise-Prince then went to his
st and second wives to whom also he
lated his proposed mission and got
ir permission. When, however, he
nt to his third wife and unfolded
s plans, she asked him mildly, "My
rd, may I take the liberty of asking
u how you propose to bring that
ivine Lotus?"

The tortoise-Prince, apologising
ofoundly to her, said: "My darling,
w thoughtless of me not to have
ked you how I should go about
knowing, as I do, of your
mense abilities! Were it not for you,
uld I be alive today? Please, there-
re, be kind enough to guide me."

The third wife replied: "My lord!
ou are an epitome of humility it-
lf. You ask me as though you are
t capable of accomplishing it all
yourself. Yet, since you have
dered me to help you, I shall tell
u what little I know of it and give
u such help as I can."

The tortoise-Prince felt immensely
ppy at having such a jewel of a wife
o could be so great and yet so
mble. He admired her for her re-
nce, for it is our common ex-
rience to see people, who know
ry little, brag about their abilities
y-high.

The Princess ended: "My lord, may you be pleased to accept these seven pebbles and this chit from me. As soon as you confront the first sea, please drop one of the pebbles and pray, 'Please give me way now and overflow later.' In this way, you will be able to cross the Seven Seas at the end of which you will see the Akhilandakoti-Tirtha. Standing on the bank of the Tirtha, please call out 'Chandamaruta Kodanda Rakshasa, please come.' At this a Rakshasa will present himself before you. Please hand over this chit to him and he will show you the way to get the Divine Lotus."

Expressing his gratefulness to his wife, the tortoise-Prince put on the garb of the indigent wood-cutter and proceeded to the seashore where his two half-brothers were standing lost in thought. Going near them, he addressed them: "Friends, you seem worried. What is the matter with you? Can I be of help to you?"

On seeing this man return alive, the younger princes stood there dazed, overcome not only by shame but also by fear. It took them a few moments to realise and satisfy themselves that the other person was not a ghost but the real man. The next stage in their mental state was great admiration, not unmixed with jealousy, at the fact that this man, despite what they had done for him, had managed to come back alive, and what was more, offer further help, completely forgetting the harm done to him and their ingratitude towards him.

Seeing them nonplussed, the tortoise-Prince immediately put them at their ease by pleasant banter. When they got over their fear complex, he addressed them: "What shall we say, friend? You were kind enough to help us in a great job, but now we find ourselves faced with a more difficult one. It is this: our father has commanded us to bring the Divine Lotus from the Akhilandakoti-Tirtha situated on the other side of the Seven Seas. We do not know how we are going to accomplish it. Naturally, we thought of you. And we had given up the new task as utterly hopeless since we knew that you had died by an accident as we ourselves saw it."

Smiling disarmingly, the tortoise-Prince replied: "I can quite see that it is a difficult job, as you say. But I think by God's grace I can again be of help to you. However, I dare not make you cross the oceans, but I promise to bring the flower and give it to you if you permit me to go alone."

Relieved that it would not be necessary for them to undertake the risky adventure, the two younger brothers replied: "We do not at all mind, friend, your going alone. It will be quite all right with us if you can somehow bring that flower and give it to us. We shall await you here, if you don't mind."

Bidding them adieu and assuring them of the success of the mission, the tortoise-Prince walked out of their presence. Reaching a secluded part of the seashore, he threw one of the pebbles given by his third wife and uttered the prayer: "O, Ocean, make room for me now and fill up later."

Just as foretold by her, the ocean made a perfectly safe way for him along which he proceeded not bothering to look back.

Thus the tortoise-Prince crossed the Seven Seas and reached the famous Akhilandakoti-Tirtha.

Seeing it, he was charmed by the scenery. It was a place where peace reigned supreme, unsullied by human contact. But for the knowledge gained from his wife that it was infested by Rakshasas, he would have thought it was God's sanctuary.

Not losing any time, he mounted the bank of the Tirtha and called out: "O! Chandamaruta Kodanda Rakshasa, please come."

As his voice boomed to the farther reaches of the Tirtha, he saw a mountainous figure moving towards him. It was not difficult for the Prince to see fire sparking from the mouth of the approaching Rakshasa. It was patent that he was enraged that a human voice should beckon to him unceremoniously and disturb his repast. When, however, the figure came very near him, the Prince offered him *pranams* and taking out with reverence the chit given to him by his third wife, gently pressed it into the hands of the Rakshasa.

The moment the Rakshasa scanned the hieroglyphics on the chit, he went into raptures and exclaimed, "Ha! Mother, has it taken such a long time for you to bless us?"

With these words, he beckoned to one of his aides who was not any the less fearsome and placing the chit in his hand, commanded him: "Take this man to our King."

Accordingly, followed by the tortoise-Prince, the aide descended along the steps of the Tirtha and neared the surface of the water. There a huge crocodile lay with wide open mouth. The aide deposited the chit into its uth, and the reptile dived into the er immediately.

Swimming fast, it went to the King the Rakshasas who had his palace the bowels of the lake.

When the Rakshasa King received e chit, he practically fell down on fours. Bowing reverently before e chit, he plucked one of those vine Lotuses and taking some valu- e jewels too for the writer of that t, delivered them to the crocodile. e then said: "O! Crocodile, please nd these things over to the man who s brought the chit. Tell him that s is the Divine Lotus asked for in e chit and these jewels are meant r the writer of that chit. After giv- g them, you must carry him on your ck across the Seven Seas and safely posit him on the seashore near the y."

Accordingly, the crocodile delivered e presents and the Divine Lotus into e hands of the tortoise-Prince and rried him across the Seven Seas in hour and a half. After leaving the rtoise-Prince precisely at the spot m which he had started, it took ve. On alighting, the Prince hurried where his two half-brothers were aiting him.

Handing over the Divine Lotus to m, he went home and prostrated self before his mother to whom he ated his great experiences. After t, he went to his third wife to whom o he related his experiences and nded her the jewels sent by the kshasa King. It was not at that e clear which of the two, the husnd or the wife, was the more happy.

The two younger half-brothers, hout even caring to express their thanks to their elder brother, who too did not seem to expect them, whipped their horses and sought an audience with their father. Then they placed the Divine Lotus in his hands.

The old King, overcome with joy, virtually hoisted his two sons on to his shoulders and blessed them from the bottom of his heart for their exemplary conduct. He took the flower straightaway to the Himalayan Princess.

No sooner did the King announce himself than the Himalayan Princess came out herself with the question on her lips, "Has the Divine Lotus arrived?"

And the old King handed it to her delicately.

It was easy for her to recognize the Divine Lotus as such and it was easier still for her to conclude that the person who had brought it was none else than the King's eldest son. And what was more important to her was the knowledge that the eldest son was alive and kicking.

Replied she: "My lord, you can now fix the *muhurta* and arrange for the wedding at any time."

The King literally ran to his chambers and issued a spate of orders for the celebration of the marriage on an unprecedented scale. Invitations went out to all the kings of the land and orders were issued to all the entertainers of the land to make themselves available at the function. The *shamiana* was decorated in a manner which evoked the envy of the gods.

As all the invitees had been assembling and the function was getting into start, the bride was being draped in angelic robes.

On arrival at the *pandal* she was introduced to the Rajas assembled there and the priest was counting the minutes for seating the couple on the dias before the Vedic fire for the performance of the marriage.

At that time, the Himalayan Princess gently stroked the King on the side and told him in private: "Would you please be kind enough to send for your first wife and her son too? I have decided that your first son, born of your first wife, shall give me away in marriage to your good self as soon as he arrives."

King Venkata was thoroughly nonplussed because for aught he knew, his first wife had not borne him any issues, and it was because of that fact, that he had to take another wife. He ran through his mind how he had to perform *tapas* and obtain the divine mango for the birth of his two sons by the second wife.

Greatly intrigued but without in the least giving himself away, King Venkata replied: "Most assuredly, love. Would you mind if I personally go and fetch them?"

"No, certainly not," replied the Himalayan Princess and added: "I would love you to do that."

When the King left for the purpose in his marital robe, the tortoise-Prince was having a chat with his mother. He intuitively perceived his father's hurrying up to them. He therefore told his mother: "Mother, you will be happy to hear that father is coming here right now to invite you and me to attend his marriage. Please be good enough to dress appropriately for the occasion and prepare your daughters-in-law too for the function. In the meantime, I am getting all my paraphernalia from yonder village. All of you, please, be in time to receive the King."

By the time the King reached the palace of the first queen, the whole family was ready to receive him in royal manner with the tortoise-Prince shining resplendently as Devendra himself at the head.

Offering obeisance to his father, he washed his feet, took him inside, seated him on a golden chair, when the Queen and all the three daughters-in-law prostrated themselves before him.

While the King submitted to all these demonstrations of respectful regards mechanically, he was in reality living in a world of phantasmagoria. Yet, with tact and diplomacy, he blessed them all and invited them to come and attend the marriage which was about to start.

So, followed by the entire household, the party returned to the marriage *pandal* to the accompaniment of orchestral and other forms of music.

At the function the elder Queen took her rightful place in the gathering and showed herself keen on adorning her husband appropriately for the occasion. Her son appeared to vie with her in his enthusiastic attention and devotion to the King on this joyous occasion.

Leading him by the hand, the elder Queen seated the King on the dias before the sacred marriage *Agni*. The *muhurta* arrived. The bride was brought who took her seat by the King's side.

Just before the commencement of the most religious part of the function, the bride made a request to her husnd-to-be that a curtain be thrown ound her for a few minutes.

When it was done, she told the dience in a clear voice from inside: May I address the great Kings and strious persons assembled in this *miana* for a few minutes? As soon I finish, the marriage ceremony ay begin."

Pin-drop silence reigned.

She, then, quickly ran over the mily history of King Venkata, how happened to marry the second wife d get two sons by her and how ordered his younger sons to fetch r from the Himalayas and how he as ignorant of the son by the first wife. She then addressed her would-be-husband: "Please ask your younger sons if it is not a fact that they maliciously killed their elder brother who was in a wood-cutter's garb, in order to rob him of what was really his glory? Ask them also if it is not a fact that the same elder brother, come back to life, really fetched the Divine Lotus from across the Seven Seas and the younger brothers are in reality imposters for the second time in claiming the credit for themselves? May I ask your eldest son to relate how he came back to life after being murdered by his own brothers?"

[*To be continued*]

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News & Notes

FAREWELL PARTY

A DISTINGUISHED gathering attended the farewell function held on 14th April in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in honour of Professor and Mrs. Boatwright who will shortly be returning to the U.S. on completion of their assignment at Bhavan's Sangit Shikshapith under the Fulbright scheme.

After light refreshments, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, welcoming the guests, told the gathering that during the nine months the Boatwrights were here, they had endeared themselves to the members and students of the Sangit Shikshapith. She said that Prof. Boatwright had written a book on the notation of Indian *ragas* and that it was going to be published by the Bhavan which she felt would be found to be a very good contribution from Prof. Boatwright to Indian music. The book would also become popular not only in India but also in the U.S. and elsewhere inasmuch as it contained something new which would help Westerners to better understand and appreciate Indian music which hitherto had been a difficult subject to them, she added. She also said that on her visits to some of the Indian Embassies abroad, she had heard some of the recorded trash songs going in the name of Indian music, but felt that Prof. Boatwright's efforts will assist in making authentic Indian *ragas* better known abroad.

After thanking Prof. and Mrs. Boatwright on behalf of the Bhavan, Smt. Lilavati Munshi presented Mrs. Boatwright with a scarf and Prof. Boatwright with a silver bowl as a token of appreciation.

This was followed by a number of selected songs. Mrs. Boatwright sang in the Bhavan's theatre accompanied on the violin by her husband. Prof. Boatwright also gave a talk on his impressions of Indian Music and his work at the Bhavan. He thanked Smt. Munshi, whom he described as a woman of action, for the beautiful gifts given them and also thanked the Principal and students of the Sangit Shikshapith for the very pleasant year which they spent with them during which he said there was not one moment when the utmost cooperation from all the members of the Bhavan was not forthcoming.

With music at the orchestra by students of the Sangit Shikshapith under Prof. Boatwright's direction, the function concluded.

THE PUNJAB NATIONAL BANK

THE Annual Report for 1959 of the Punjab National Bank records all-round progress in the operations of the bank during the year compared with that of the previous year.

With a final dividend at Re. 1.00 per share, the total dividend for the year works out at 20 per cent per annum (gross).

The deposits of the bank had increased from Rs. 129 crores to Rs. 141 crores. Its expanded activities are reflected in the increase of its branches from 363 to 383 throughout India, Burma and Pakistan.

PRESIDENT NASSER AT TEA BOARD CENTRE

"I AM delighted at this opportunity of visiting the Tea Centre in India because it represents the development in the trade-relations between India and the United Arab Republic after the Bandung Conference, because one of the main objects of the Conference was to increase commercial relations between the countries participating in the Conference" observed H.E. Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of the U.A.R., during his visit to the Tea Board's Tea Centre at Bombay last month on the eve of his departure from the country. The President was accompanied by the Governor of Bombay and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Addressing the gathering, he expressed gratification at the growing friendly ties between India and the United Arab Republic.

Sri A.R. Chatterji, I.C.S., Chairman of the Tea Board of India, who welcomed the distinguished visitor, presented him on behalf of the Board an attractive silver casket.

OUR BOOK SHELF

REVIEW OF ENGLISH LITERA-TURE. Edited by A. Norman Jeffares. Vol. I Number One, January 1960. Copies available from Orient Longmans Limited, Bombay. pp. 80. Price: 4 sh.

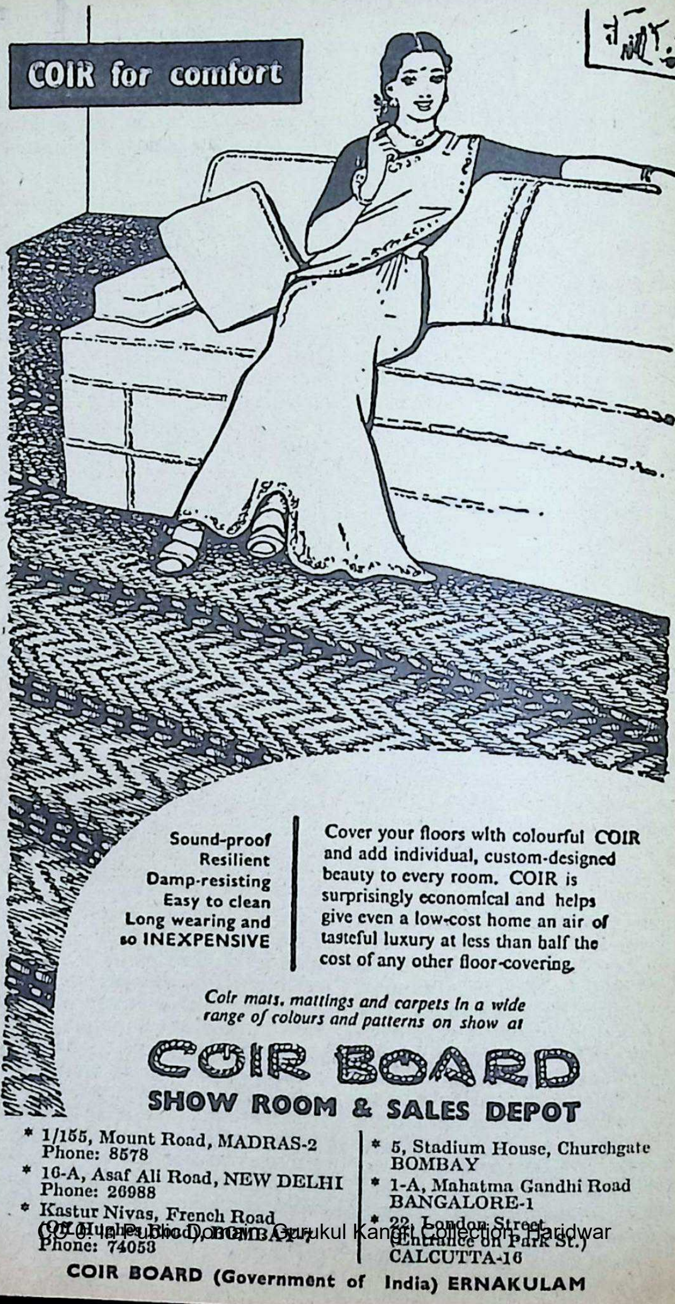
HIS is a precious literary journal, ly edited by Professor Jeffares, who rites contributions of articles comunicating enjoyments and deep preciations of literary writings oduced in England's language by thors, famed or obscure, living in y part of the world. The Journal s concerned with the re-assessment assessment of writers and their rks of the remote past and of the esent times. The learned professor uld welcome discussion of a single thor or a theme and inclusion of rt poems and prose passages.

The present volume includes an ticle on Robert South (1634-1716) hose sermons displayed more wit an the comedies of Congreve. South ggests Swift. How amazing was his wer to pour scorn, ridicule and wit! of. James Sutherland has in fact ought South out of the limbo of getfulness and definitely stimuted an enthusiasm for researches o his work.

Professor-Poet Blunden's article on e Poet Hood' shows research spirit abundance and traces beautifully od's indebtedness to Lamb and eats. In *The Plea of the Mid-mer Fairies* in which the shadow death is constant, Hood is a disciple Keats and an interpreter of classi- mythology. Hood's poetry is full suggestions of Keats and Shakesare. Again, his ballad, *The Dream Eugene Aram* (a murder story), ows the influence of Coleridge's cient *Mariner:* 'the confession of am is delivered bullet by bullet'. od tells us that he had himself perienced all Aram's agony in a on during sleep. Hood oscillates between the children of his fancy and the apprehensions of the ghost world, that famous poet of *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs,* revealing the miseries of underpaid labour and the fate of the unfortunate, always haunted by sepulchral fears and sordid facts of life.

Another noteworthy contribution is "George Moore and the Novel" by Prof. Graham Hough, an attempt to resuscitate a writer born a century ago, sadly sunk into obscurity. Moore was, it is said, intimately associated with Yeats and the Irish Literary Movement and had learnt from the French symbolists. In a brilliant satirical portrait, Yeats wrote that 'Moore was so unpractical that he had never even discovered how to keep his underpants from slipping down'. Hough alludes to the soporific texture of George Moore's prose 'capable of absorbing into itself all the diversities of experience in which it deals'. According to Hough, Moore's novels like *The Book Kerith* and *Heloise and Abelard* (in the last group of novels) are easily the best, remarkable for 'the enormously long unbroken passages', certainly not modern in style. Hough also refers to the moral backbone of Moore's work and mentions that Moore does not suffer from the 'anxiety' of the age, nor from the 20th century sense of guilt.

Dryden Redivivus is the review article by Professor F. T. Prince, full of hints for the pursuit of studies in Dryden which may bring to light new knowledge of the seventeenth-century poet. Dryden's contemporaries, Sedley, Rochester, Etherege, saw the divergence between his sophisticated verse and his graceless conversation. Professor C. S. Lewis recognises his scintillating intelligence as well as his simplicity and seriousness, and he misses the 'architectural sublime' which can be found in Milton and Dante.



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COIR BOARD (Government of India) ERNAKULAM

o Mr. T. S. Eliot, Dryden is 'far re as a seventeenth century ver- n of himself than as the creator of well-defined body of satisfying etry'. But Eliot does injustice to ryden by an inept comparison bet- en Dryden and Shelley. Mr. Lewis estimating Dryden's greatness re- s to his adherence to Orthodox ristianity as expressed in *Religio* ci and *The Hind and the Panther*.

he editor has included new Antho- ies that we may discover how the w poets tackle the problems which y the growth of poetry in our age.

Useful and informative articles on themes of pure English literature invited by the Editor. It may be tinent to suggest that truly crea- e works of art by obscure amatists and novelists be entertained d their literary matter serialised in e Journal as a special feature.

DIA DEMANDS ENGLISH LAN- GUAGE. Edited by Isaac Mathai, MA (Hons.). Published by Mathai's Publications, Blavatsky Lodge, French Bridge, Bombay-7. First published 1960. pp. 95. Price: Rs. 3.

IS book carries a strong plea for ia's need of English and recom- nds the virtues of the English guage in unmistakable terms. It s at showing the inadequacy of di or any other Indian dialect, all gues being raw and gauche in the text of the modern world where ilization is a synonym for science d technology that are best dressed English. Furthermore, English is only a vehicle for inter-provincial rchange and exchange of ideas in a, but also a world language and excellent vehicle for international munications and transactions. The k is a collection of speeches and ings by such distinguished men Nehru, Munshi, C. P. Ramaswami ar, C. Rajagopalachari, Mirza Ismail, D. Deshmukh and others.

any a passage in this collection ters a strong protest against the on destruction of a national asset like the knowledge and use of the English language, against the snapping of the link formed by English between Indian people and the outside world, against eradication of English which had built up a sort of linguistic equilibrium in India.

Studies in science apart, can we study higher things of literature without an adequate knowledge of English? Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kafka, Sartre and Eliot cannot speak to us in Hindi, Bengali, Tamil or Telugu. Can we 'spit out all the butt-ends of our days' in Bengali, Hindi or Marathi? Can we 'measure out our life with coffee spoons' in Hindustani? Cut out English, and Shakespeare or Eliot will be deaf and dumb to you; the ample book of knowledge and wisdom will remain sealed unto you.

The stuff reproduced in this little book calls for pause and reflection.

BREAD LABOUR (The Gospel of Work). By M. K. Gandhi. Compiled by Ravindra Kellekar, Navjivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. First Edition, February 1960. pp. 39. Price: 25 nP.

THIS little book includes themes like the Law of Bread Labour, the Duty of Sacrifice, the Philosophy of Yagna, the Problem of Leisure, the Dignity of Labour, Intellectual Labour, and into each is breathed the soul-force of a sermon. There are autobiographical touches and passages which show the influence on Gandhiji of Ruskin and Tolstoy. Tolstoy in his turn only advertised the ideas of the Russian writer Bondaref. It is said that in the third chapter of the *Gita* can be found the seeds of the great thought underlying the law of bread labour. 'Sacrifice' is the important word used to signify labour for the welfare of others, leaving personal worries to God. The recurring theme is: agriculture and manual labour form the basis on which all kinds of culture are founded.

—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

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PEX REFERENCE CATALOGUE F INDIAN BOOKS. Published by ndian Export & Import Company, 2, B/2, Desh Bandhu Gupta Road, Karol Bagh, New Delhi-5. First Edition, March 1960. pp. 468. Price: De-luxe Edition, Rs. 40. Trade Edition, Rs. 25.

ERENCE catalogues of books are short supply in this country. This is ause of the Herculean task involved compiling them satisfactorily. In te of understandable difficulties, the blishers of this volume have achiev- a fair measure of success. The book s in alphabetical order almost all portant English books published and print in this country. The entries both authorwise and titlewise, ing also the sub-title of the book, nber of pages, price, year of publi- tion and the name of the publisher. usefulness of the book in this ntry and all over the world cannot overemphasised. However, by en- ging its scope with greater accuracy conforming to international ndards, the usefulness of the work be greatly increased.

—*Sri T. K. G. Nayar.*

TELUGU

AGAVATA KATHA. By Prabhu- atta Brahmacharigaru. Published y the Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

SED on the incidents of the *Bha- ata*, this book contains several stories and characters. Episodes h as the talk between Vidura and itreya, Duryodhana's insolent be- iour towards Vidura and the er's exit from Hastinapura, etc. dealt with. The major part of the k deals, and justly too, with the h and youth of Lord Krishna.

t is a tragedy of our times that y of the present-day Hindu boys girls do not know about the ious characters of our epics and anas. They are quite ignorant of cultural heritage.

Books like the one under review, have, therefore, a great topical interest, apart from their intrinsic worth as works of art. The book richly deserves to be used widely in our educational institutions and public libraries.

PRASNOTTARA BHAGAVADGITA SARAMU. By Venkatasubba Rao, B.A. Copies can be had from the author, South Street, Ellore (Andhra State). Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

THE AUTHOR is already familiar to the Telugu world through his translations of the works of his master, Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh.

In the book under review, the great truths lying embedded in our religious and philosophical lore are explained in the form of a series of questions and answers. There is much to be said in favour of this form of conveying great truths. For one thing, it is free from dogmatism and partisanship, and the subject-matter is dealt with in a scientific and rational manner.

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Such questions as the origin of life, the all-mercifulness of God, the life and condition, past, present and future of the Jivas and the esoteric significance of the characters and theme of the *Gita* are very ably answered. A study of the book will be found to be highly rewarding. Our modern generation will find in these pages its doubts cleared, its perplexities resolved, and its thoughts stimulated.

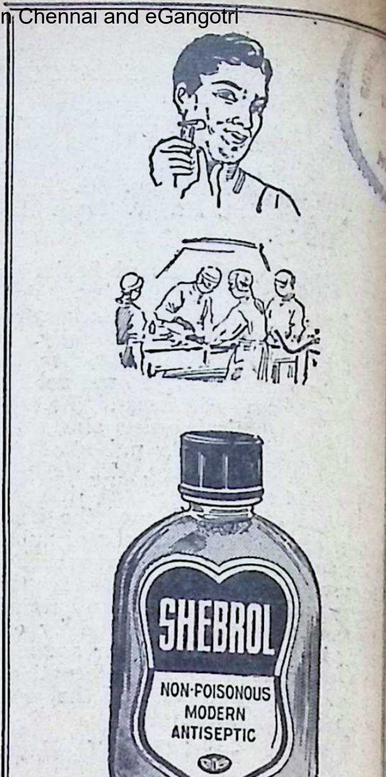
DEVA PUJA RAHASYAM. By Iswara Satyanarayana Sarma, Srikakulam. Published by Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali. Price: Re. 1.75 nP.

THE worship of one's Ishta Devata is an essential preliminary to the dawn of Advaitic consciousness. Our scriptures lay down the truth that reverential worship of one's chosen *Murti* is the sure means of bringing happiness both here and hereafter. There has thus grown up an elaborate science, called the *Mantra Sastra,* explaining the meaning and significance of the *mantras* used in worship. But there is great need for a code of such *mantras* dedicated to innumerable gods and goddesses in an easily accessible form, and this want has been supplied by the book under review.

Everything about worship—its need and use, regarding those that are eligible to offer such worship, its nature, the secret about such worship, and the truth about *murti* or idol, the significance of *mantras*—is explained here in detail. This is followed by an account of the worship of deities like Sri Ganesa, Durga, Ganga, Devi Sarasvati, Annapurna, Lakshmi and Kali as well as of festivals like Janmastami and Radhayatra.

All those who desire enlightenment on the true meaning of worship must go through these very illuminating pages.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*



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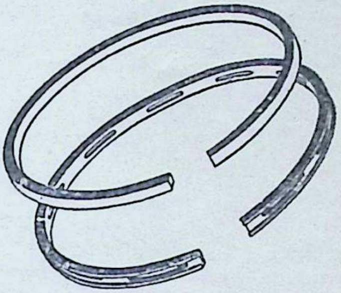

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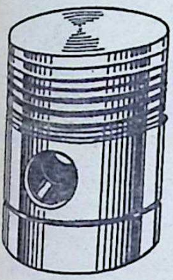

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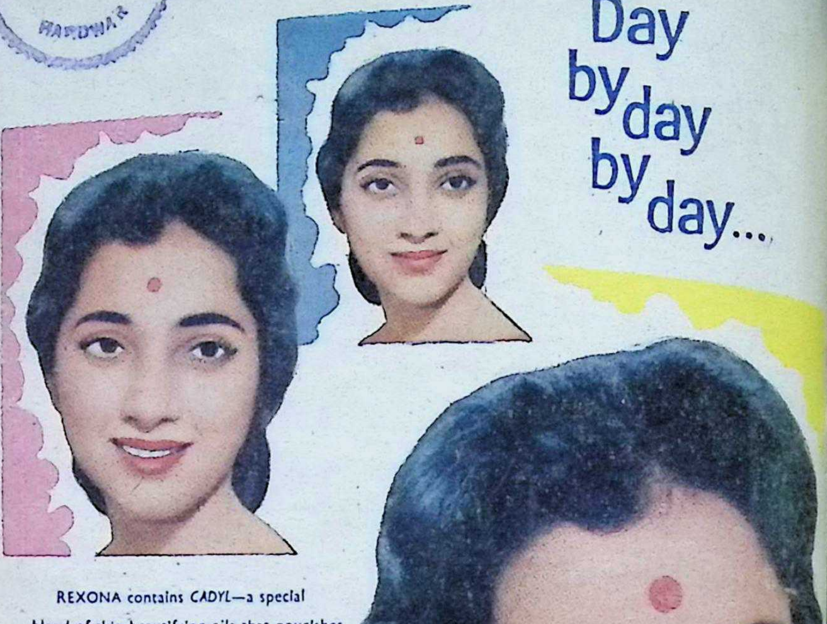
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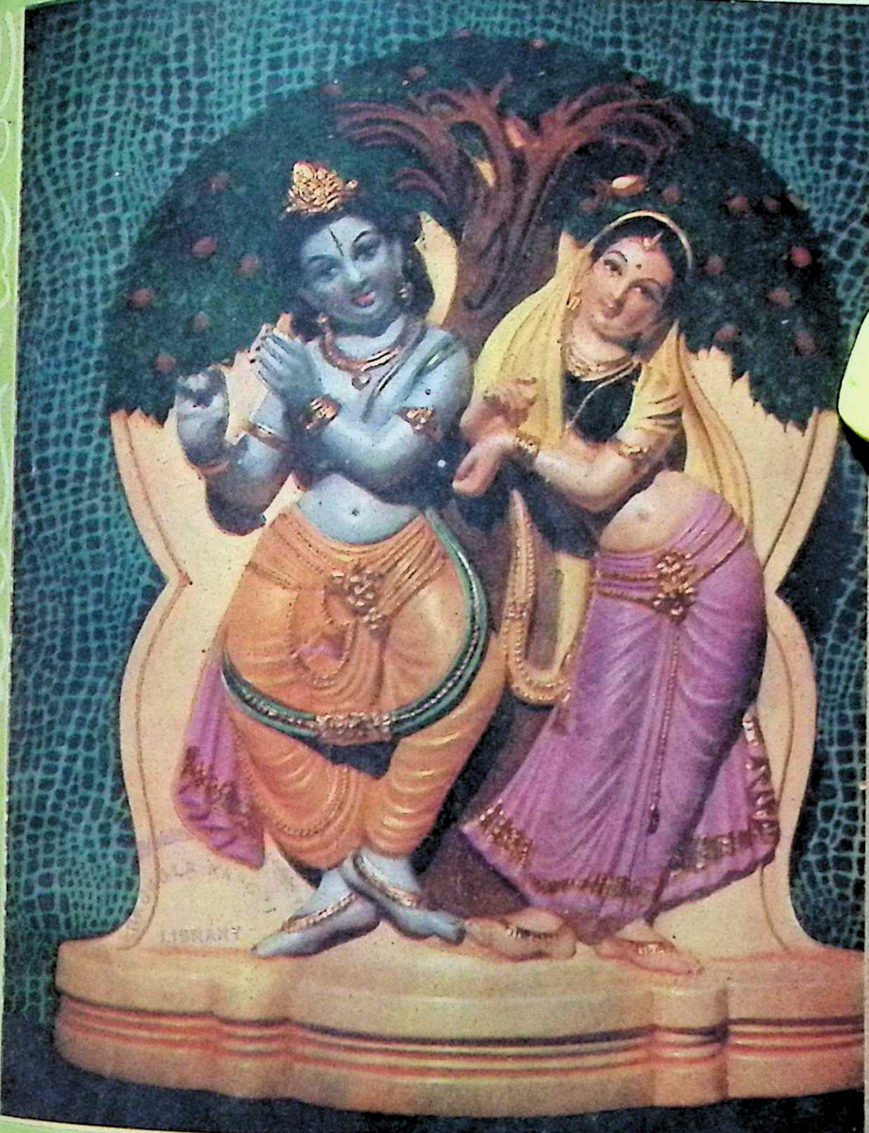

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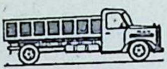

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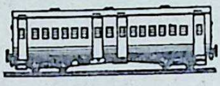

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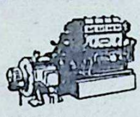

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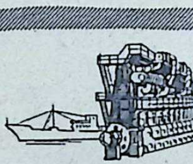

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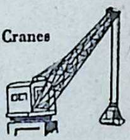

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

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Vol. VI APRIL 17, 1960 No. 19

RADHA-KRISHNA

वंदे नवघनश्यामं पीतकौशेयवाससम् । सानन्दं सुंदरं शुद्धं श्रीकृष्णं प्रकृतेःपरम् ॥
राधेशं राधिकाप्राणवल्लभं बल्लवीसुतम् । राधासेवितपादाब्जं राधावक्षःस्थलस्थितम् ॥
राधानुगं राधिकेष्टं राधापहृतमानसम् । राधाधारं भवाधारं सर्वाधारं नमामि तम् ॥
राधाहृत्पद्ममध्ये च वसन्तं सन्ततं शुभम् । राधासहचरं शश्वद्राधाज्ञापरिपालकम् ॥

I prostrate to Sri Krishna who is black as the new cloud, wears the yellow silk, blissful, beautiful, pure and who is beyond Prakriti or Maya.

I prostrate before Sri Krishna, Lord of Radha, dear to her life, who is the son of a Gopi, and whose lotus-like feet are worshipped by Radha, who resides in the heart of Radha.

I prostrate unto Sri Krishna who follows Radha, and who is dear to Radha, and whose mind has been stolen away by Radha; who is the abode of Radha as also of this mundane world and who is the residence of everything.

I prostrate before Sri Krishna who dwells in the centre of the lotus-like heart of Radha, who is auspicious, who moves always with Radha and who carries out always the order of Radha.

—**Narada Pancharatra.**

अमृत तु विद्या

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 203

★ AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY ★ GROWING 'RUHR' OF INDIA ★ BAUDDHA GAYA

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
APRIL 17, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

FOR a fortnight I was in the land of the Mauryas and the Guptas. In spite of a previous reservation made days before, there was no seat available for me in the Delhi-Patna plane of March 5. So I went to Patna in a roundabout way *via* Calcutta and lost half a night's precious sleep.

At Patna I stayed with Ram Binod Babu, the Vice-President of the Swatantra Party of Bihar and addressed a crowded public meeting in the evening.

I have known Binod Babu, as I call my host, for years as an indomitable fighter for freedom. In 1908, Binod Babu, when sixteen, saw Khudiram Bose being brought handcuffed to Muzaffarpur and caught the inspiration of *Bande Mataram* from his lips. The revolutionary martyr had just created history by throwing the first bomb intended to kill the hated British Collector, but which had killed two innocent ladies instead.

Then Binod Babu joined college and studied under Acharya Kripalani, then the Principal of a local college. But his heart was in winning freedom. He joined the 'Anusheelan', the well-known revolutionary party of East Bengal, and organised it in the districts of Bihar and among other things arranged for the import of arms from Nepal. For a long time he went under the name of Jotin Mukerjee, a revolutionary shot dead by the police.

The revolutionaries of those days led a terrific life. They walked miles on foot, hid behind hedges, ate and slept wherever and whenever opportunity favoured them, sometimes went without food and sleep for days. The police were after them all the while. But they were inspired by a fiery mission—which they believed to be God-given—to liberate the Motherland, in whom they saw the Goddess Durga. They had no individual life; they had no fear and no greed. They were dedicated men.

The heroism of Indian revolution- ies often touched the sublime. Nalini Kant Bagchi, one of Binod Babu's col- agues, was mortally wounded in the Dacca shooting. Dying, he refused to ive his name; to do so would have een to expose his comrades to arrest. These patriots were also fired by a urning moral sense. Often they oved about in twos and threes. One f them was suspected of homo-sexua- ty. They held court in a jungle near Gaya. The culprit confessed. The rest f the comrades shot him dead!

Guru Nanak, in one of his well- nown *bhajans,* hath sung: 'Those who ant to love should carry their head n the palm of their hands.' And so d these fiery patriots for the love of Motherland. Maybe those who worked r the country's freedom after them ve been wiser than they, but few mongst them ever loved the country ith such single-minded devotion.

● ● ●

In 1917-18 Gandhiji was in Cham- aran, the part of Bihar where he was estined to win his first great triumph d won, amongst others, so remark- ble a lieutenant as Rashtrapati.

Binod Babu may have lacked many ings, but never courage. He went to andhiji and asked him to join the volutionary party. 'If you young en join me, I will be invincible,' re- ied Gandhiji.

Binod Babu was soon interned. hen released in 1920, he joined andhiji and was placed in charge of haddar production. Binod Babu took p the work with zeal. Gandhi Kutir at igwara became a principal centre of hadi production in the country.

Soon differences arose between Gandhi Kutir and the All-India Spinners' Association, and as a result of arbitration, Gandhi Kutir gave up Khadi work.

Binod Babu's contact with the revolutionaries continued. He helped Bhagat Singh and Jogendra Shukla in various ways. When Fani Bose, the approver in Bhagat Singh's case, known as Lahore Conspiracy Case, was shot dead in open daylight at Motihari by his ex-comrades, he hid them for days.

In 1932, Binod Babu was interned in Gandhi Kutir, now his home, to be set free only when Congress took power in 1937.

During the Quit-India movement, he was detained again. But his part of the country—backward and poor though it was—rose in revolt against the British, dug up communication roads and made the area inaccessible. The *thana* was taken possession of by the people and national independence declared. Binod Babu's daughters, both in their teens, were some of the leaders of the movement. Ultimately, the short-lived independence soon came to an end. Binod Babu's daughters were arrested. One was sentenced to fourteen years, the other to eleven years. His house was blown up by dynamite. His library was burnt.

In 1946, Binod Babu entered the Bihar Legislative Assembly.

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At 9.30 a.m. on March 6, quite a few of us proceeded by a steam boat to Dighwara, where Binod Babu's diamond jubilee was going to be celebrated. I could never see the Ganga without being stirred to my depths and so was I on this occasion. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

We went to Dighwara and had our lunch. In the afternoon I inaugurated the jubilee celebration which was joined by people from surrounding parts, all admirers of Binod Babu. It was a crowd of about 7000 men and women.

The meeting was followed by tea. Then we left for Gandhi Kutir, a few miles away. But before we arrived there, the rains came unexpectedly in torrents. The *shamiana* erected for holding the dinner fell to the ground and the guests had to herd themselves on the verandah for a hasty buffet dinner and to find accommodation in the house as best as they could. The steam boat could not take them back to Patna for the night, as was intended.

Luckily for me, being a dietist, I had my meal separately in the room given to me and went to sleep. I am a bad traveller, allergic to dirt and sunshine, unable to adjust myself to any change easily, incapable of standing up to irregular hours or unusual items of food. Every time I have gone on a tour, I have returned with something or the other wrong with me. This time I had a fortnight's touring in front of me and I began to treat myself as a baby.

When, on March 7 morning, we proceeded to Hajipur by car, I was happy. The rains had done the trick. The well-powdered dust of North Bihar had settled down. I had one demon less to face.

At Hajipur I had the sweetest and loveliest of bananas for my meal. I was told it was famous for mangoes also. After rest and a speech, we proceeded to Muzaffarpur.

Krishna Nanda Sahai, the son of my late friend Shyam Nanda Sahai, was the host. We passed the little park where stands the bust of Khudiram Bose and had tea at the very club—it was a white man's club then—where in 1908, the British Collector, Kingford, was when near its gate the revolutionary threw the bomb at his carriage, killing two ladies who happened to occupy it.

I then addressed a very crowded and responsive meeting. The host had invited a few friends to dinner to meet me, but I had to look after the 'baby'. The 'baby' bade good-bye as soon as his time was up and went to sleep, leaving the guests to a leisurely late dinner.

On March 8 we were at Motihari. Then to Bettia, where I addressed a meeting. Returned to Motihari, again addressed a meeting, a very crowded one, and motored back to Patna in time to preside over the Tibetan Convention inaugurated by Sri Jayaprakash Narayan.

On March 9 we motored down to Arrah, addressed a meeting and returned to Patna. So far the 'baby's' health showed no set-back.

On March 10, I had lunch with my friend Dr. Zakir Hussain at the Government House. Then we motored to Biharisheriff, and after I had addressed a meeting were back again at Patna.

That night we started for Ranchi, and wonder of wonders, I got fairly good sleep in a moving train.

* * *

e arrived at Ranchi Road in the rning and motored up to Vikas dyalaya, the public school, of the isory committee of which I am a mber. The school is finely situated. e campus is neat, the buildings ly kept. There is a little Ram Man- where the boys gather in the mor- g for prayers.

The school is founded and financed Rameshwardas Nopani of Bombay. en a Marwari starts founding a rity, he never stints money.

The Principal, Sri Sampathgiri Rao, s very hospitable, and after two days friend Sri Nrising Deva Shastri, secretary, arrived with his niece, o wanted to meet the author whose vels she had read.

In the afternoon, Masani, Binod bu and myself participated in a eting to inaugurate the party meet-

I spent restful days, but I had to d the 800-page judgment in Ghare- l's case cyclostyled in a faint type, en under a dim light. I gave up the empt as my eyes began to give uble.

An address to the teachers, another the English Association, and a third the teachers. A students amateurs' ow. A visit to Atmaram Budhia's m house and another to the splendid titute of Technology, the gift of jmohanbhai Birla. Then a visit to Adivasi village; a look into their mes where cattle and men share a mmon life. Had talks with some of em. Even the hearts of Adivasis are ir with hope. One of them asked 'When do you think we will get out this *khadda* (pit)?'

One night I stepped out of my room to attend the Adivasi dance arranged for my benefit. The steps of my room were built on a gutter. In the darkness I thought I was stepping on the road, but in fact I was letting myself tumble into the gutter. The arm and leg which supported my weight got strained. The frame of the glasses broke. Luckily the glasses were intact. And I saw Adivasi dances only in a painful dream!

Ranchi region is going to be the Ruhr of India, what with coal, steel, mica and power. And the town will, I am sure, in five years' time, be one of the big industrial centres of India. It has colleges of arts, science, technology, engineering and agriculture; it is soon going to have a university. It is the headquarters of many Central and State departments controlling large industries. It will soon have the U.S.S.R.-aided plant for heavy engineering plant. And, there are two mental hospitals already!

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In the morning of March 16, we started on our return journey to Patna.

We first halted at Bauddha Gaya, which I had not visited before. I had been to Kapilavastu where Lord Buddha had been born; to Sarnath where he delivered his first sermon; to Kushinagar, where he left his mortal body. I have described my impressions of them in earlier Letters. Now I was on the spot where he received enlightenment.

We had some refreshments at the State rest-house, a very well-kept one. Then we proceeded to the Tibetan monastery. No one was in sight; only a sturdy, stunted five-year old boy was trying in all seriousness to clean up some window with a light bamboo pole. He looked at us coolly, and with bamboo in hand trotted in front and opened the lock of the sanctuary with a gravity of mien which would have befitted a seventy-year old Lama.

We went into the sanctuary—full of images, votive offerings and cases full of manuscripts. The Lama in charge came up.

'Who is in charge of the sanctuary?' we asked him.

'Dalai Lama,' he said and left us.

I tried to imagine what his feelings must have been: his homeland devastated, his people enslaved, his kith and kin either killed or seeking asylum, his shrines desecrated, his lord and master living in a foreign land. Luckily he is amongst his own people, for the legacy of Buddha and Buddhism binds Tibet with India.

The boy was at his place waiting for us. As we passed, with cool indifference he extended his hand; some of my companions paid him some coins. I searched for some coin and found a 25-nP. which I gave him. I thought it was too little and brought out another coin.

'That is enough,' the boy said with complete unconcern.

I respected his greedlessness and put back the coin, regretting how niggardly I was in the first instance.

'What is your name?' I asked in Hindi.

'Chitia,' he said, again with a stolid indifference.

We left the monastery and my heart was heavy with the memory of the cataclysm which had overtaken Chitia's people.

* * *

From the Tibetan monastery we went to the venerable shrine of Bauddha Gaya. Before archaeologists excavated the site, the main part of the temple had been buried underground and the upper terrace, which was then on a level with the ground, was treated as the floor of the temple. Now the shrine stands fully excavated and repaired. The beautiful tank in the rear is fully repaired. The votive offerings in the shape of *stupas*, big and small, presented by devout persons centuries ago stand on all sides.

You know how this is one of the most sacred spots on earth. At the age of twenty-nine, Siddhartha left his home, gave up the world and turned an ascetic. For about six years he wandered in this area between Rajagriha and Uruvilva (near Gaya), studying under masters, meditating in solitude, performing penances and trying to find a solution of the ills which beset mankind.

Then he came here. He took his bath in the Nairanjana (Lilajan) river nearby and sat in meditation under a *peepul* tree. While so sitting, the truth of the Middle Path flashed on him: an event which took the human race a step forward on its journey to perfection. Soon after he moved on to Sarnath and delivered his message to his disciples.

Having paid our respects at the shrine, we went and saw the Bodhi tree, the most venerated tree in the world and the descendant of the *peepul* tree under which Lord Buddha medited. Under the tree is the ab of stone called Vaj- asana where he sat when nlightenment came to him; the Buddhists consi- der it the centre of the Universe.

The fortunes of the Bodhi tree varied with the eligious mood of India from time to time. It was estroyed by Tishyarak- hita, but was replanted y Ashoka who sent a ranch of it to Ceylon for eing planted there. In he 7th century, King Shashanka of Bengal, hen he destroyed Bud- histic monasteries, chop- ed off the tree as well. Later it was replanted y King Purna-Varma f Magadha.

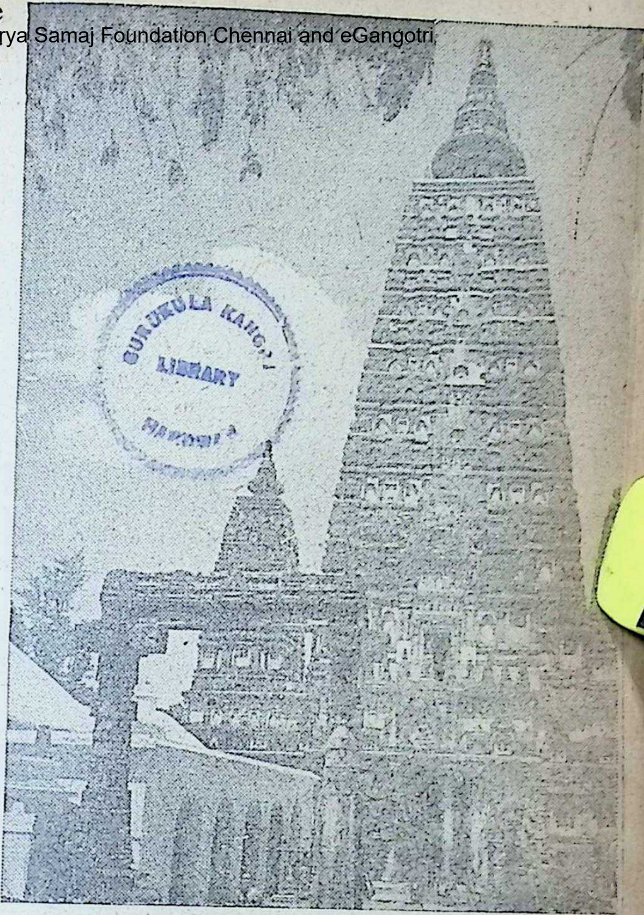
When Buddha was ac- epted by Hinduism as an *atara* of God, the Bodhi ee was accorded great anctity. The Hindu scrip- re *Vayupurana* says:

> The great Bodhi tree should be worshipped.
> Oh, Thou royal Ashvattha tree, I bow to you.
> You are the embodiment of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.
> You give enlightenment and liberate ancestors.
> By your sight and touch, let the faithful have eternal bliss.

Anyway, the present tree is not very d. There is also a mango tree near- which, according to Hindu tradi- n, if watered with devotion, will e one's ancestors to heaven.

Ashoka built a monastery near the shrine. Then in the days of Emperor Samudragupta, Siri Meghavanna, the Buddhist King of Ceylon, built another monastery. And when Hiuen Tsang visited the place, he visited a magnificent monastery in which 1000 monks of the Mahayana sect lived.

I was glad to find that though the Bauddha Gaya temple is in charge



GURUKULA KANGRI LIBRARY HARDWAR

The temple at Bauddha Gaya where Gautama, the Buddha, received enlightenment.

(*Contd. on page 12*)

INDIA: CRADLE OF HUMAN RACE

If there is a country on earth which can justly claim the honour of having been the cradle of the human race or at least the scene of primitive civilization, the successive developments of which carried into all parts of the ancient world and even beyond, the blessings of knowledge which is the second life of man, that country assuredly is India.[1]

India was the motherland of our race and Sanskrit the mother of Europe's languages. She was the mother of our philosophy, mother through the Arabs, of much of our mathematics, mother through Buddha, of the ideals embodied in Christianity, mother through the village communities of self-government and democracy. Mother India is in many ways the mother of us all.[2]

It was India, not Greece, that taught Islam in the impressionable years of its youth, formed its philosophy and esoteric religious ideals and inspired its most characteristic expression in literature, art and architecture.[3]

India is a temple of humanity where you must walk in with bare and sincere heart.[4]

If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power and beauty that nature can bestow, in some parts a *very paradise on earth* I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered *on the greatest problems of life* and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we, here in Europe, we who have been nurtured at most exclusively on the thoughts of the Greeks and Romans and of the Semitic race, the Jewish, may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human a life, not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life, again I should point to India.[5]

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1. Creuzer.
2. Will Durant—*Story of Civilization.*
3. E. B. Havell—*Aryan Rule in India.*
4. Ilya Ehremburg.
5. Prof. Max-Muller—*India, What Can It Teach Us?*

....God is one and the Vedas are: His word....

My Testament of Faith

Swami Dayananda Saraswati

I BELIEVE in a religion based on universal and all-embracing principles which have always been ac-pted as true by mankind, and will ntinue to command the allegiance mankind in the ages to come. Hence is that the religion in question is lled the *primeval eternal religion*, hich means that it is above the hosti-y of all human creeds whatsoever.

Whatever is believed in by those who e steeped in ignorance or have been d astray by sectaries is not worthy being accepted by the wise.

That faith alone is really true and rthy of acceptance which is follow-d by *Aptas*, i.e., those who are true word, deed and thought, promote blic good and are impartial and rned; but all that is discarded by h men must be considered as un-rthy of belief and false.

My conception of God and all other jects in the universe is founded on teachings of the Veda and other Shastras, and is in conformity with the beliefs of all the sages, from Brahma down to Jaimini.

I offer a statement of these beliefs for the acceptance of all good men.

That alone I hold to be acceptable which is worthy of being believed by all men in all ages.

I do not entertain the least idea of founding a new religion or sect.

My sole aim is to believe in truth and help others to believe in it, to reject falsehood and help others to do the same.

Had I been biased, I would have championed any one of the religions prevailing in India. But I have not done so. On the contrary, I do not approve of what is objectionable and false in the institutions of this or any other country, nor do I reject what is good and in harmony with the dictates of true religion, nor have I any desire to do so, since a contrary conduct is wholly unworthy of man.

He alone is entitled to be called a man who possesses a thoughtful nature and feels for others in the same way as he does for his own self, does not fear the unjust, however powerful, but fears the truly virtuous, however weak.

Moreover, he should always exert himself to his utmost to protect the righteous, and advance their good, and conduct himself worthily towards them even though they be extremely poor and weak and destitute of material resources.

On the other hand, he should constantly strive to destroy, humble, and oppose the wicked, sovereign rulers of the whole earth and men of great influence and power though they be.

Now I give below a brief summary of my beliefs.

1. He, Who is called *Brahma* or the Most High ; who is *Paramatma,* or the Supreme Spirit Who permeates the whole universe ; Who is a true personification of Existence, Consciousness, and Bliss ; Whose nature, attributes, and characteristics are Holy ; Who is Omniscient, Formless, All-pervading, Unborn, Infinite, Almighty, Just, and Merciful ; Who is the author of the universe, sustains and dissolves it ; Who awards all souls the fruits of their deeds in strict accordance with the requirements of absolute justice and is possessed of the like attributes—even *Him* I believe to be the Great God.

2. I hold that the four Vedas—the repository of Knowledge and Religious Truths—are the Word of God. They comprise what is known as the *Samhita—Mantra* portion only. They are absolutely free from error, and are an authority unto themselves. In other words, they do not stand in need of any other book to uphold their authority. Just as the sun (or a lamp) by his light, reveals his own nature as well as that of other objects of the universe, such as the earth—even so are the *Vedas*.

[From *The Light of Truth*]

KULAPATI'S LETTER—*Contd.*

of the Government of India, the worship is being meticulously maintained. I hope the same spirit permeates the government circles in respect of other shrines as well—whether Buddhistic or not. Unfortunately, where Hindu shrines are concerned, the government have a knack of developing a different complex. However, the feeling of the people of this country as regards their own shrines is as much entitled to respect as the feelings of foreign Buddhists when they come to visit the Buddhistic shrines. Respect for shrines by our government cannot depend upon the needs of international goodwill ; it must be a genuine regard for all houses of God.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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Bhavan's Journal Competition No. 8

ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAYS

The 3-Act Play Competition recently conducted by the Journal attracted many earnest responses. The enthusiasm displayed by our readers and competitors was very heartening.

We are glad to announce another Competition on One Act Social Plays, such as may foster the growth of social conscience.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Original plays in English, neatly typewritten on one side of the paper, not exceeding 10 pages of *Bhavan's Journal* in length, are invited from readers.

2. Themes should be on social problems of the day.

3. Treatment should be such as to bring out the soul of the present-day Indian society.

4. Technique, style, character-sketching, humour and plot-construction will all be considered in evaluation.

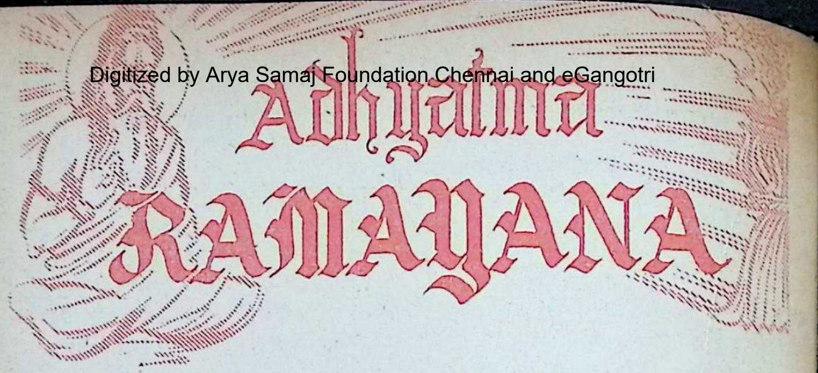
5. A cash prize of Rs. 250 will be paid to the first, Rs. 150/- to the second, and Rs. 100/- to the third in merit.

6. The prize-winning plays may be published in the *Bhavan's Journal.*

7. The panel of Judges will consist of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Dr. A. K. Das Gupta and Sri Prem Nath.

8. Entries should reach us on or before June 15, 1960.

—*Editor*



Adhyatma RAMAYANA

We have pleasure in starting a new series—selections from Adhyatma Ramayana—with text and English translation from this issue.

The Adhyatma Ramayana **is part of** Brahmanda Purana **which is one of the eighteen Puranas. Hence Sage Veda Vyasa is its author.**

It is said that Sage Valmiki portrayed Sri Rama as a mortal, with a purpose. By endowing Ravana with superhuman powers, Valmiki set Rama at a disadvantage in order to heighten the effect of Sri Rama's victory over such a powerful demon.

Now Sage Veda Vyasa, out of his unbounded love for humanity, explains the true significance of Sri Rama in the spiritual sense. That accounts for the name "Adhyatma" in this Ramayana wherein the relation between the Supreme Being and the individual soul is really treated while narrating Rama's story.

GREATNESS OF ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

अप्रमेयत्रयातीतनिर्मलज्ञानमूर्तये ।
मनोगिरां विदूराय दक्षिणामूर्तये नमः ॥१॥

Adorations unto Lord Dakshinamurti who is immeasurable, beyond the triad of Maya, Jiva and Iswara; the embodiment of unsullied wisdom, and Who cannot be described by the human mind or words.

सूत उवाच –
कदाचिन्नारदो योगी परानुग्रहवाञ्छया ।
पर्यटन्सकलान् लोकान् सत्यलोकमुपागमत् ॥२॥
तत्र दृष्ट्वा मूर्तिमद्भिश्छन्दोभिः परिवेष्टितम् ।
बालार्कप्रभया सम्यक् भासयन्तं सभागृहम् ॥३॥
मार्कण्डेयादिमुनिभिः स्तूयमानं मुहुर्मुहुः ।
सर्वार्थगोचरज्ञानं सरस्वत्या समन्वितम् ॥४॥
चतुर्मुखं जगन्नाथं भक्ताभीष्टफलप्रदम् ।
प्रणम्य दण्डवद्भक्त्या तुष्टाव मुनिपुङ्गवः ॥५॥

Said Suta:

Once Sage Narada, with the desire of doing good to others, was travelling through all the worlds. In the course of it he went to Satyaloka. There he saw Lord Brahma who was surrounded by embodied Vedas. The assembly house shone with the splendour of the rising sun. He was constantly praised by sages like Markana in words that were pregnant with aning and elegance. The Prince ong sages, Narada, prostrated with otion before the four-headed Lord Creation, fulfiller of the desires of devotees, at which Lord Brahma as greatly pleased.

तुष्टस्तं मुनिं प्राह स्वयम्भूर्वैष्णवोत्तमम्।
प्रष्टुकामस्त्वमसि ? तद्वदिष्यामि ते मुने ।।

Lord Brahma, thus pleased, asked ge Narada who was the greatest ong Vaishnavas.* "What do you nt to ask? I shall reply, O Sage!"

त्याकर्ण्य वचस्तस्य मुनिर्ब्रह्माणमब्रवीत् ।
तः श्रुतं मया सर्वं पूर्वमेव शुभाशुभम् ।।
दानीमेकमेवास्ति श्रोतव्यं सुरसत्तम: ।।
हस्यमपि ब्रूहि यदि तेऽनुग्रहो मयि ।।
प्ते कलियुगे घोरे नराः पुण्यविवर्जिताः ।
राचाररताः सर्व सत्यवार्तापराङ्मुखाः ।।
रापवादनिरताः परद्रव्याभिलाषिणः ।
रस्त्रीसक्तमनसः परहिंसापरायणाः ।।
हात्मदृष्टयो मूढाः नास्तिकाः पशुबुद्धयः ।
तापितृकृतद्वेषाः स्त्रीदेवाः कामकिङ्कराः ।।
प्रा लोभग्रहग्रस्ता वेदविक्रयजीविनः ।
नार्जनार्थमभ्यस्तविद्यामदविमोहिताः ।।
क्तस्वजातिकर्माणः प्रायशः परवञ्चकाः ।
त्रियाश्च तथा वैश्याः स्वधर्मत्यागशीलिनः ।।
त् शूद्राश्च ये केचिद्ब्राह्मणाचारतत्पराः ।
त्रयश्च प्रायशो भ्रष्टाभ वत्रज्ञाननिर्भयाः ।।
श्रुरद्रोहकारिण्यः भविष्यन्ति न संशयः ।
तेषां नष्टबुद्धीनां परलोकः कथं भवेत् ।।
ति चिन्ताकुलं चित्तं जायते मम सन्ततम् ।
पायेन येनैषां परलोकगतिर्भवेत् ।।
पायमुपाख्याहि सर्वं वेत्ति यतो भवान् ।।
पेर्वाक्यमाकर्ण्य प्रत्युवाचाम्बुजासनः ।।

On hearing Brahma's words, Narada replied: "I have in the past heard from you many pleasant and unpleasant things of knowledge. At the moment, I want to know about only one thing and therefore bless me with a solution to it. When the horrible Kaliyuga sets in, people will become devoid of virtue; they will indulge in forbidden deeds; ignore truthful utterances; delight in blaming others; long for other peoples' wealth; desire to possess others' women; will be bent on giving trouble to others; foolishly equate the body with the soul; become atheists; be animals in their instincts; will hate their parents; will adore women; become slaves of passion. Brahmins will be ruled by greed; they will sell their Vedic knowledge to earn their livelihood; they will be giddy with their learning acquired merely for amassing wealth; will abrogate the functions of their caste; be deceitful for the most part. The Kshatriyas and Vaishyas too will abrogate their *swadharma*. Sudras will also do likewise and some of them will follow the *dharma* of the *Brahmins*. Most women will become fallen; they will have scant respect for their husbands; they will throw fear to the winds; do harm to their mothers-in-law. That these will happen, there is little doubt. How will these spoilt people attain salvation? This thought often oppresses my heart. You are all-knowing. Therefore please tell me a simple way by which these people can attain salvation." Hearing these words of Sage Narada, the lotus-seated (Brahma) replied:

साधु पृष्टं त्वया साधो ! वक्ष्ये तत् श्रुणु सादरम्।
पुरा त्रिपुरहन्तारं पार्वती भक्तवत्सला ।।

---

* He who sees the Lord in all beings d in the self.

श्रीरामतत्वं जिज्ञासुः पप्रच्छ विनयान्विता ।
प्रियायं गिरिशस्तस्य गूढं व्याख्यातवान् -
स्वयम् ॥
पुराणोत्तममध्यात्मरामायणमिति स्मृतम् ।
तत्पार्वती जगद्धात्री पूजयित्वा दिवानिशम् ॥
आलोचयन्ती स्वानन्दमग्ना तिष्ठति सांप्रतम् ।
प्रचरिष्यति तल्लोके प्राण्यदृष्टवशाद्यदा ॥
तस्याध्ययनमात्रेण जना यास्यन्ति सद्गतिम् ।
तावद्विजृम्भते पापं ब्रह्महत्या पुरःसरम् ॥
यावज्जगति नाध्यात्मरामायणमुदेष्यति ।
तावत्कलिर्महोत्साहो निःशङ्कं संप्रवर्तते ॥
यावज्जगति नाध्यात्मरामायणमुदेष्यति ।
तावद्यमभटाः शूराः संचरिष्यन्ति निर्भयाः ॥

° ° ° °

अध्यात्मरामचरितस्य मुनीश्वराय
माहात्म्यमेतदुदितं कमलासनेन ।
यः श्रद्धया पठति वा शृणुयात् स मर्त्यः ।
प्राप्नोति विष्णुपदवीं सुरपूज्यमानः ॥

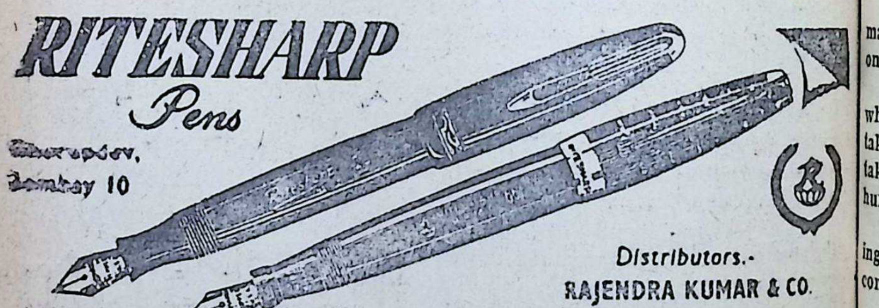
"O, good one, well asked! Listen carefully to what I say. In the past Devi Parvati desiring to learn Rama-tattva, asked it respectfully of her Lord, the Destroyer of Tripura, whereupon the Lord of the Hills imparted personally to Her, His dearest one, in great secrecy the *Adhyatma Ramayana.* Parvati, the supporter of the whole universe, worships that *purana* day and night, reflects on it and is immersed in the Bliss of her self-knowledge so obtained. When by a stroke of fortune it becomes popular, a mere reading of it will bring about the well-being of the world. All sins from *brahmahatya* flee away from it. As long as *Adhyatma Ramayana* is cared for, Kali dare not show himself in great form fearlessly. As long as *Adhyatma Ramayana* is cared for, the messengers of Yama dare not stalk the earth fearlessly."

Thus did Brahma, the lotus-seated, explain the greatness of the spiritual story of Rama to Sage Narada. That mortal who studies or hears it with faith attains the status of Vishnu and is worshipped by Devas.

[*To be continued*]

—In the next issue—

RAMA-HRIDAYA



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Our Duty

YOUR duty is to educate yourselves, and to educate others; to strive to perfect yourselves, and to perfect others.

It is true that God lives within you, but God lives in all the men by whom this earth is peopled. God is in the life of all the generations that have been, are, and are to be.

Past generations have progressively improved, and coming generations will continue to improve the conception which Humanity forms of Him, of his Law, and of our duties.

You are bound to adore Him and to glorify Him wheresoever He manifests His presence.

The Universe is his Temple, and the sin of every unresisted or unexpiated profanation of the Temple weighs on the head of each and all of the Believers.

It is of no avail to assert your own purity, even were true purity possible in isolation.

Whensoever you see corruption by your side, and do not strive against it, you betray your duty.

It is of no avail that you worship Truth; if you see your brother men ruled by Error in some other portion of the earth—our common mother—and you do not both desire and endeavour, as far as lies in your power, to overcome that error, you betray your duty....

But it is of import that the coming generation, taught by your struggles and your sacrifice, may arise stronger and nobler than you have been, in fuller comprehension of the Law, in greater adoration of the truth.

It is of import that human nature, fortified by these examples, may improve, develop, and realise still further the Design of God on earth.

And wheresoever human nature shall improve or develop, wheresoever a new truth be discovered, wheresoever a step be taken on the path of education, progress, and morality—that step taken, and that truth discovered, will sooner or later benefit all humanity.

You are all soldiers in one army: an army which is advancing by different paths, and divided into different corps, to the conquest of one sole aim....

—Mazzini

KRISHNAVATARA

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

31

ANDHAKA WARNS

A CREEPING disquiet had seized Kamsa's heart. From one point of view he was never stronger. He had a mightier kingdom than ever before; he was feared by neighbouring kings; his father-in-law was now an emperor ruling over a vast dominion. In Mathura, he had three thousand Magadhan soldiers to obey his slightest wish. The Andhak clan, except for a few disgruntled chiefs, was loyal to him, led by Pradyota who, in spite of his foolish behaviour during his absence, was still a trusty lieutenant.

The Yadavas, though disgruntled and restive, were divided and leaderless. The Brahmans, once so powerful, were silenced by his lavish generosity or stern disapproval. All that was lef now was to crush the spirit of the defiant Yadavas by one swift blow.

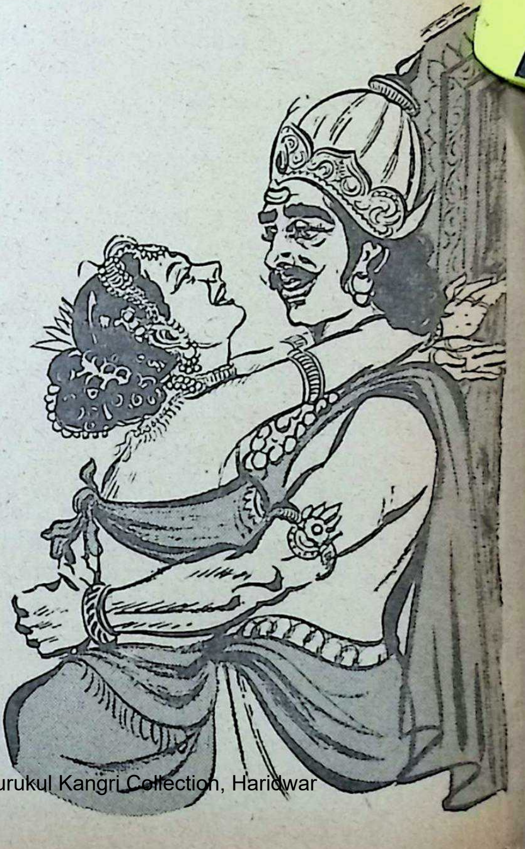
However, in spite of these factor which he recounted to himself agai and again, Kamsa was uneasy at hear The eighth son of Devaki was alive one part of Narada's prophecy ha proved correct. And *he* was comin

True, Krishna was a cowherd boy His famed exploits were nothing mo than the feats of a brave villag youngster's, magnified beyond reco nition. But—but—Vasudeva and D vaki and quite a few Yadavas thoug of him as the coming saviou Popular gossip supported this fait Gargacharya, the wily Brahman, spok little and did nothing to proclaim th ur : but, somehow people thought new all about him. He, Kamsa, tried to counter this rumour, fast ading among the people, that the of cowherd Nanda was Devaki's th son. But, after his outburst in gathering of the Yadava's chiefs, as difficult to prevent the news n passing from mouth to mouth. ometimes Kamsa felt as if a net drawing around him. When he ght dispassionately, he felt that it nothing but a figment of his gination. However, the feeling irrepressible.

Tonight Kamsa was more uneasy n ever before. Akrura must have hed Vrindavan by now. The boys t be getting ready to come to hura. They would reach the city orrow. What would they be like? worry? They were just boys, nsa thought; the fear he enter- ed about them was just imaginary. ll Kamsa could not sit still. He d not think clearly. And he ted, above everything else, to get of this oppressive uneasiness. He mbered Varada; she was a young tesan whom he had brought with when he returned from the wars. as all that one could wish, beau- charming, gay, high spirited; engrossed in the affairs of the e, he had neglected her for several If he went to her, she would his spirits. Her embraces would re his self-confidence. He would feel happy and forget the ima- y dread of the two village boys h almost stifled him.

msa sent a message to Varada, lived in a separate house in the e compound. Soon he himself followed the messenger. Varada received him with joyous welcome. She had bewitching eyes which danced to every word of hers. She laughed—a silvery laugh it was—as she placed refreshment before the Prince and fanned him with her own delicate hands.

Kamsa felt relieved. There was no statecraft, no intrigues, no fear in the atmosphere which rippled with Varada's laughter, so joyous and carefree. Then Varada sang a lilting song, danced a few steps and then flung herself, like a ball of flowers, in the



arms of Kamsa. She smiled into his worry-laden eyes as she lay on his knees with one arm around his neck.

'Varada, you are wonderful,' said Kamsa.

'And so you are,' said Varada, as she put both her arms round his neck and pulled herself towards him to bury her face in his chest. 'Are you happy, my Prince?' she asked in a delicious whisper. As a courtesan, she was a great artist and knew the ways of enslaving men.

'Oh, I am so happy when I am with you,' replied Kamsa with a sigh of relief, as he gave her an ardent kiss. 'I will give my kingdom to be with you always,' he added in amorous excitement, ready to carry it to a delightful consummation.

'Then, will you answer one question?' she lovingly whispered in his ear.

'Not one, but a hundred, dear,' replied Kamsa as he hugged her to his heart.

'Tell me one thing,' she again whispered in his ear. 'I won't tell any one.'

'What is it?' asked Kamsa, patting her cheeks.

'Tell me, my Prince, my master, is it true that Devaki's eighth son is coming here tomorrow?' she asked.

Kamsa's body became taut. He felt as if a snake had bitten him. With wide eyes he looked at Varada, almost frightened, all amorous excitement having suddenly subsided.

'Who told you?' he thundered.

Varada, ignorant of all that her question implied, could not understand this sudden change. She nestled herself in his arms and cooed. 'The whole palace talks about it. I would like to see him. They say he is a god.'

'You want to see him?' shouted Kamsa, as he stood up from the couch on which he was sitting. 'You want to see Devaki's eighth son, you harlot!' His eyes became bloodshot and his hands twitched as he flung Varada away from him to the ground.

'Harlot!' he hissed and left the house in a raging temper.

Devaki's eighth son! Yes, he was coming. Every one thought he was going to kill him—him, Kamsa, of the hundred victories. Well, he would see about it.

Kamsa sent for Pradyota, the general, and Vritrighna, the Magadhan prince. They came and found him in a tearing rage, his face twisted in a cruel manner.

'Vritrighna, Pradyota, what is this?' Kamsa asked. 'Every one has come to know that Devaki's eighth son is coming tomorrow.'

'Master mine, if you will please forgive me, I might remind you that many chiefs heard from your lips that Akrura was going to fetch him. How can the fact be kept a secret?' said Pradyota, humbly folding his hands.

'Does not matter what has happened,' said Kamsa. 'But I charge you with one thing. The boy shall not be allowed to come to the palace or to enter my presence. He has to be disposed of before the day after—when the festivities begin in my presence. He is to be given no chance to be present when the sacred Bow is strung and the arrow shot. He may be a perfect bow-man, with what I know'.

'As my lord pleases,' said Pradyota.

'Pradyota, you are not your old se

hat is the matter with you?' asked amsa.

'I am quite well, lord,' said Pra- ota. 'Perhaps the strain of the work too heavy. I am also growing old,' added with a feeble smile.

'Put a spy on every chief. Pradyota, that your brothers are loyal. And ritrighna, let your men watch the ovement of every chief. They are all sloyal. They would like to see me ead,' Kamsa said in an excited tone. ut I am hale and hearty. I will rvive them all,' he added.

A courtier came and announced at Bahuka Andhaka, the ninety-year d grand-uncle of Pradyota, had me to see him on an urgent matter.

Kamsa frowned. Why was this pertinent old man here at this hour? t he was one of the elders of his n clan, a highly respected chief, d could not be denied admittance. e Prince, by a strong effort, became lf-composed, stepped down from throne and came forward to wel- me the ancient Andhaka.

The old man, still straight as a rod, tered, holding on to his son's oulders.

'Uncle, why have you taken the uble to come at this time of the ght?' Kamsa asked.

'Who are these?' asked Andhaka, adowing his eyes with his hands.

h. Pradyota and Prince Vritrighna.'

'Be seated please,' said Kamsa. dhaka sat down in front of the ince.

'What are your commands, Uncle?' ked Kamsa, trying to be as polite he could be.

'I have come to give you a last piece advice. As the oldest Yadava alive it is my duty to do so,' Andhaka stated.

'Yes, Uncle,' said Kamsa.

'Akrura has gone to bring Vasudeva's sons. They will arrive tomorrow morning,' said Andhaka.

'Yes!' said Kamsa.

'I know you from your birth. You would like to get rid of them,' said Andhaka.

'Why should I? What can the two boys do to me?' asked Kamsa.

'Don't tell me you are not afraid of Narada's prophecy being fulfilled. You are. Don't try to deceive me. But I want you to falsify the prophecy,' Andhaka pleaded.

'I don't believe in that stupid nonsense. But how can a prophecy, if true, be falsified?' asked Kamsa.

'Repentance is death and rebirth of a man. If you now repent of what you have done, you would have been reborn and the prophecy would have been fulfilled,' said Andhaka.

'How can I be sure of it? I have seen people who have repented being killed in spite of so doing,' said Kamsa.

'Maybe there was no honest repentance. If Vasudeva's son is not the god of the prophecy, repentance would bring you the love of your people. If he is God as some believe, His Grace will make you happier and more powerful than before,' said Andhaka.

'And how am I to repent, Uncle?' asked Kamsa in a mocking tone.

'I see that you don't believe in what I say. But I am here to show you the right way and I must fearlessly do so. You have persecuted Vasudeva and Devaki. You have reduced Yadavas almost to slavery. You have denied to Mathura the presence of learned Brahmans. It is nothing but a hell,' said Andhaka.

'Yes. Anything else?' asked Kamsa.

The old man raised his voice prophetically. His old eyes were lit up with a new fire. In a voice, strong with faith, he said: 'Prince, as the oldest Yadava, I ask you to give me back our freedom and the lands you have confiscated. Let Vasudeva and Devaki, with their sons, live without fear. Let the Yadavas who have fled from your Mathura be invited to return with honour. Let the chant of the *Vedas* rise from the homes of the Brahmans as before. Get rid of this foreigner whom you keep as an instrument of terror. And restore freedom to your father and let him rule as he did before—with you by his side. And above all, let your people be free from fear,' said Andhaka.

'You want me to purify myself by this repentance. Is it?' asked Kamsa. 'You think I am wickedness itself, and you want me to purge myself of it? Then what?'

'Then? Then the gods will bless you. You would have saved yourself, the Yadavas and Mathura. Then Krishna, if he is a god, will give you whatever you want. Are you ready?' said Andhaka.

'Uncle, give me time to think. I can't give you a promise straightaway though I think your advice is sound. Let me think,' replied Kamsa sarcastically.

'I know, my boy, that you think me an old fool,' said Andhaka. As Kamsa laughed, cynically and mockingly at the old man, he lifted his shaggy head proudly, his eyes suddenly burning like live coals, the ashes of age having disappeared for the moment. 'I know that it will be hard to take sane advice,' said he. 'But a last warning I give you.' The old man paused and his eyes were blazing with wild fire. 'You have been the scourge of the Yadavas and you want to destroy its saviour. Listen. Krishna will not die—not till a single Yadava is alive. He is their last hope, and your last hope too, if you have the sense to know it.'

'Don't try to frighten me, Uncle,' said Kamsa. 'I will do what I think best.'

'Lord Shankar's wrath will descend upon you if you don't change your ways,' said Andhaka.

'I am not afraid of God,' said Kamsa.

'Woe unto the man who is so arrogant as not to fear God,' said Andhaka 'And woe unto the people who have been given such a ruler.'

'Wait a moment, Uncle,' said Kamsa with a smile. Then he turned to Vritrighna and whispered something in his ear. The prince nodded and left the room.

'Uncle, you are right,' said Kamsa with a sneer. 'I shall not harm Krishna. Pradyota, see to it.'

'As the lord pleases,' said Pradyota grimly. He understood the significance of his master's smile well.

'I shall see that you keep your word, my son,' said Andhaka and left the room.

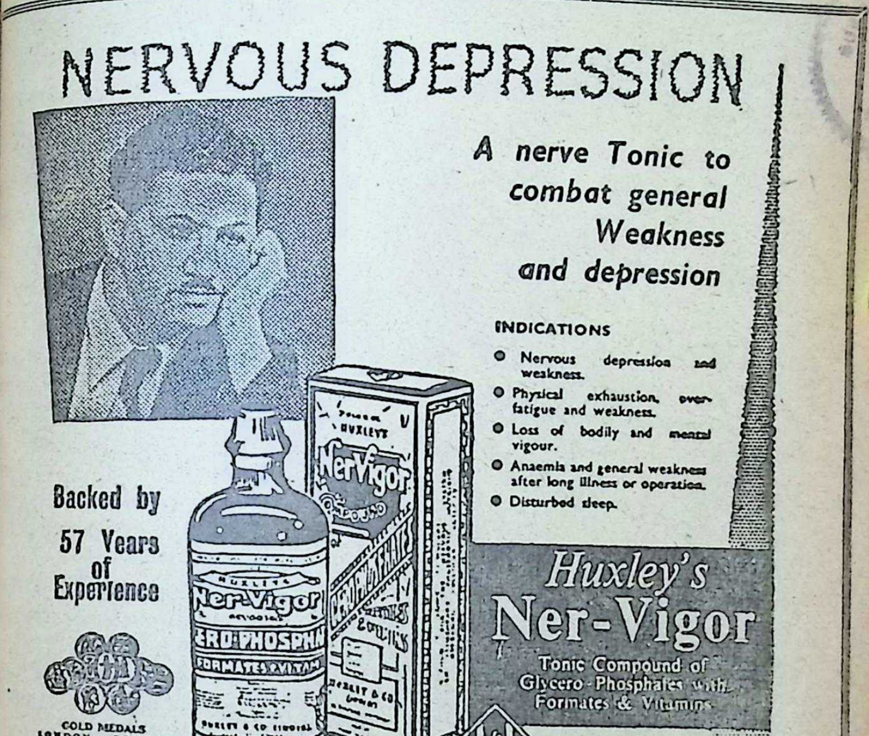
Pradyota was going to leave the room with the old man, when Kamsa called the general back.

'Pradyota, remember my pledge,' said Kamsa. '*I* will not harm Krishna. That does not mean that you are not arry out my orders not to let him ne in my presence,' added Kamsa h a sinister laugh.

'As the lord pleases,' said Pradyota, s voice hoarse with suppressed fury. Pradyota saluted the Prince and nt out of the room. As he was ssing through the corridor, he saw e signs of a scuffle—a sword lying n the ground, a bloody scarf flung away. He followed the sound of retreating steps in the dark corridor. He could see Magadhan warriors carrying away two bodies.

In a faint, Pradyota closed his eyes and leaned on a pillar. Then, recovering himself, he bit his lips till blood came out, and walked away.

[To be continued]



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THE NEW EVOLUTIONARY VISION

Sir Julian Huxley

IT is hard to break through the firm framework of an accepted belief-system, and build a new d acceptable successor, but it is cessary.

It is necessary to organize our *ad* c ideas and scattered values into a itive pattern, transcending conflicts d divisions in its unitary web.

Only by such a reconciliation of posites and disparates can our be- f-system release us from inner con- cts: only so can we gain that peace- l assurance which will help unlock r energies for development in stren- us practical action.

Our new organization of thought— lief-system, framework of values, eology, call it what you will—must ow and be developed in the light f our new evolutionary vision.

So, in the first place, it must of urse itself be evolu- nary. That is to say t must help us to nk in terms of an erriding process of ange, development d possible improve- ent, to have our eyes the future rather n on the past, to d support in the wing body of our owledge, not in fixed gma or ancient au- rity.

Equally, of course, the evolutionary outlook must be scientific, not in the sense that it rejects or neglects other human activities, but in believing in the value of the scientific method for eliciting knowledge from ignorance and truth from error, and in basing itself on the firm ground of scientifically established knowledge.

Unlike most theologies, it accepts the inevitability and indeed the desirability of change and advances by welcoming new discovery even when this conflicts with old ways of thinking.

The only way in which the present split between religion and science could be mended would be through the acceptance by science of the fact and value of religion as an organ of evolving man, and the acceptance by religion that religions do and must evolve.

Next, the evolutionary outlook must be global.

Man is strong and successful insofar as he operates in inter-thinking groups, which are able to pool their knowledge and beliefs.

To have any success in fulfilling his destiny as the controller or agent of future evolution on earth, he must become one single inter-thinking group, with one general framework of ideas: otherwise his mental energies will be dissipated in ideological conflict.

Science gives us a foretaste of what could be. It is already global, with scientists of every nation contributing to its advance: and because it is global, it is advancing fast.

In every field, we must aim to transcend nationalism: and the first step towards this is to think globally—how could this or that task be achieved by international co-operation rather than by separate action?

But our thinking must also be concerned with the individual. The well-developed, well-patterned individual human being is, in a strictly scientific sense, the highest phenomenon of which we have any knowledge: and the variety of individual personalities is the world's highest richness.

The individual need not feel just a meaningless cog in the social machine, nor merely the helpless prey and sport of vast impersonal forces.

He can do something to develop his own personality, to discover his own talents and possibilities, to interact personally and fruitfully with other individuals.

If so, in his own person, he is effecting an important realization of evolutionary possibility: he is contributing his own personal quality to the fulfilment of human destiny.

He has assurance of his own significance in the greater and more enduring whole of which he is part.

Quality must be the dominant concept of our new belief-system—quality and richness as against quantity and uniformity.

Though our new idea-pattern must be unitary, it need not and should not impose a drab or boring cultural uniformity.

A well-organized system, whether of thought, expression, social life or anything else, has both unity and richness.

Cultural variety, both in the world as a whole and within its separate countries, is the spice of life: yet it is being threatened and indeed eroded away by mass-production, mass-communications, mass conformity, and all the other forces making for uniformization—an ugly word for an ugly thing! We have to work hard to preserve and foster it.

One sphere where individual variety could and should be encouraged is education. In many school systems, under the pretext of so-called democratic equality, variety of gifts and capacity is now actually being discouraged.

The duller children become frustrated by being rushed too fast, the brighter become frustrated by being held back and bored.

Our new idea-system must jettison the democratic myth of equality.

Human beings are *not* born equal in gifts or potentialities, and human progress stems largely from the very fact of their inequality.

"Free but unequal" should be our motto, and diversity of excellence, not conforming normalcy or mere adjustment, should be the aim of education.

The spectacle of explosive population-increase is prompting us to a the simple but basic question, wh *people for?* And we see that the wer has something to do with their ality as human beings and the ality of their lives and their achievements.

We must make the same reversal ideas about our economic system. At the moment our Western econoc system (which is steadily invadnew regions) is based on expandproduction for profit, and producn for profit is based on expanding sumption.

As one writer has put it, the Amean economy depends on persuadmore people to believe they want consume more products!

But, like the population-explosion, s consumption-explosion cannot tinue much longer: it is an inherly self-defeating process.

Sooner rather than later we must away from a system based on artially increasing the number of hun wants, and set about constructone aimed at the qualitative satistion of real human needs, spiritual mental as well as material and siological.

This means abandoning the pernis habit of evaluating every human ect solely in terms of its utility—which the evaluators mean solely material utility, and especially its ty in making a profit for somey.

nce we truly believe that man's ny is to make possible greater ment for more human beings fuller achievement by human ties, utility in the customary sense mes subordinate.

antity of material production is, ourse, necessary as the basis for the satisfaction of elementary human needs—but only up to a certain degree.

More than a certain number of calories, or cocktails, or T. V. sets or washing machines per person, is not merely unnecessary but bad.

Quantity of material production is a means to a further end, not an end in itself.

The important ends of man's life include the creation and enjoyment of beauty, both natural and man-made; increased comprehension and a more assured sense of significance; the preservation of all sources of pure wonder and delight, like fine scenery, wild animals in freedom, or unspoiled nature; the attainment of inner peace and harmony; the feeling of active participation in embracing and enduring projects, including the cosmic project of evolution. It is through such things that individuals attain greater fulfilment.

As for nations and societies, they are remembered not for their wealth or comforts or technologies, but for their great buildings and works of art, their achievements in science or law or political philosophy, their success in liberating human thought from the shackles of fear and ignorance.

Although it is to his mind that man owes both his present dominant position in evolution, and any advances he may have made during his tenure of that position, he is still strangely ignorant and even superstitious about it.

The exploration of the mind has barely begun. It must be one of the main tasks of the coming era, just as the exploration of the world's surface a few centuries ago.

COMFORT for the V. I. P.

The fair is over. The car speeds smoothly as if it is conscious of the sleeping child in the rear seat.

Father at the wheel marvels at the way it almost anticipates his every move. "I bought it the year I got married - and that's nearly 7 years ago!" he reflects proudly. "Its paint doesn't gleam, the lines are definitely out of date; but I wouldn't exchange it for the latest limousine."

A car is more than a beautiful vehicle; it is a bundle of sweet memories, happy associations. It is a matter of pride to us, therefore, that those who buy a car from us believe that with our servicing it will run merrily, long after its companions have joined the junkyard. It is this customer confidence that sustains our progress.

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Psychological exploration will doubt- s reveal as many surprises as did graphical exploration, and will ke available to our descendants all ds of new possibilities of fuller and her living!

Finally, the evolutionary vision is abling us to discern, however in- mpletely, the lineaments of the new ligion that we can be sure will arise serve the needs of the coming era. Just as stomachs are bodily organs ncerned with digestion, and involv- the biochemical activity of special ces, so are religions psychosocial gans of man concerned with the oblems of destiny and involving the otion of sacredness and the sense right and wrong.

The emergent religion of the near ture could be a good thing. It will lieve in knowledge. It will be able to ke advantage of the vast amount of w knowledge produced by the owledge-explosion of the last few nturies in constructing what we ay call its theology—the framework facts and ideas which provide it with tellectual support; it should be able, ith our increased knowledge of mind, define our sense of right and wrong ore clearly so as to provide a better oral support, and to focus the feel- g of sacredness on fitter objects, instead of worshipping supernatural rulers, it will sanctify the higher manifestations of human nature in art and love, in intellectual comprehension and aspiring adoration, and will emphasize the fuller realization of life's possibilities as a sacred trust.

Thus the evolutionary vision illuminates our existence in a simple but almost overwhelming way. It exemplifies the truth that truth is great and will prevail, and the greater truth that truth will set us free.

Evolutionary truth frees us from subservient fear of the unknown and supernatural, and exhorts us to face this new freedom with courage tempered with wisdom, and hope tempered with knowledge.

It shows us our destiny and our duty.

It shows us mind enthroned above matter, quantity subordinate to quality.

It gives our anxious minds support by revealing the incredible possibilities that have already been realized in evolution's past, and by pointing to the hidden treasure of fresh possibilities that could be realized in its long future, it gives man a potent incentive for fulfilling his evolutionary role in the universe.

[*Condensed from an address delivered on 26th November 1959 at the University of Chicago*]

He that never changes his opinions and never corrects his mistakes will never be wiser on the morrow than he is to-day.

—T. Edwards.

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The Symbolism In Balarama

Dr. B. K. NAYAR

AMONG the mighty divines of Hindu mythology is one who sports a most unusual weapon, e plough, an agricultural implement. alarama, Krishna's brother, had this ique distinction.

Considered by some to be Vishnu carnate and by others as Ananta in man form, this conqueror and colo- er wielded the plough as a mighty apon in war and in peace.

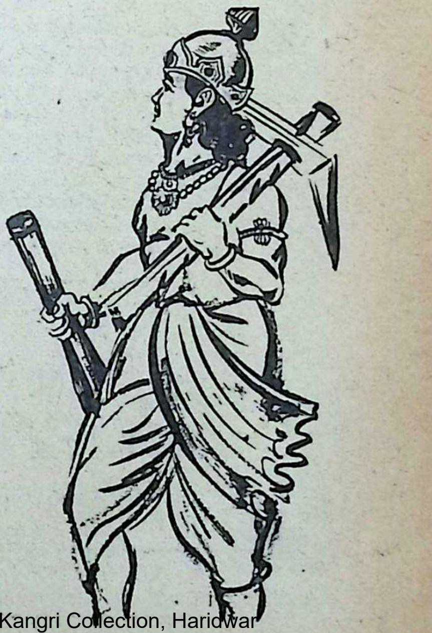
Balarama's earliest exploit was the struction, with the assistance of his other, of Kans who held sway at athura.

It may be of interest to note that the uthern bank of the Yamuna, from athura to Kalpi (the birthplace of eda Vyas) and even beyond, is in- sted by a species of wild riverain ass called Kans against which the .P. Government has been waging a lentless war, under the Kans Eradi- tion Schemes.

After the destruction of Kans, Bala- ma is supposed to have desired, in drunken frenzy, that Yamuna should ange her course and flow by his feet. hen she would not, the mighty Bala- ma is supposed to have so plied his oughshare that the waters of the amuna were divided and were drawn erever he wished: These rare feats, miniscent of the man-made dam of arthaveeryarjun on the Narmada, rned for him the titles of 'Yamuna- id' (divider of the Yamuna) and 'Kalindi-Karshana' (the drawer of the Yamuna).

The deep desolate ravines on the south bank of the Yamuna, currently the abode of ravaging dacoits, probably bear mute testimony to the engineering skill of a mighty Titan who led the waters of the Yamuna wherever he willed. It appears that he gave up his project only when the tethered river, in female form, pleaded for mercy and release.

It was not long after that the redoubtable hero changed his scene of operations to the western coast and



reclaimed from the sea the waterlogged region near Dwaraka. He continued as lord of Dwaraka till the final destruction of the region by the sea.

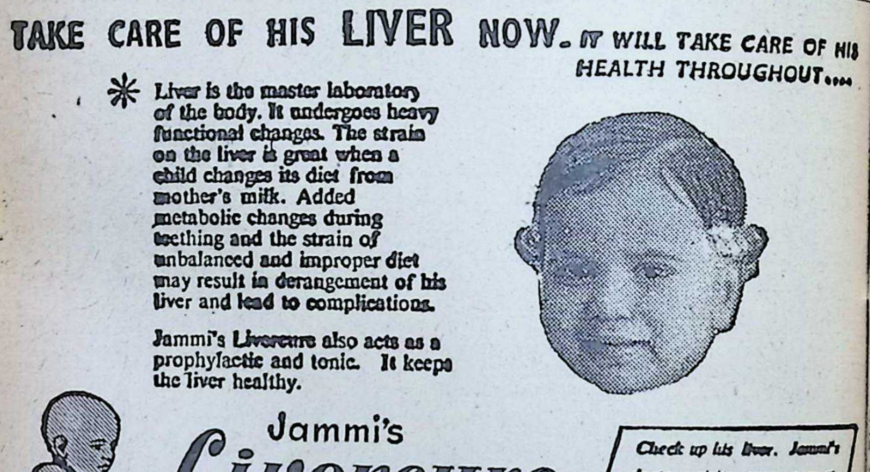
Balarama wielded the plough, with equal prowess, in war. When Samba, son of Krishna, was imprisoned by Duryodhana, he thrust his ploughshare under the ramparts of the city and drew them towards him, thus compelling the Kauravas to release the prisoner.

This is reminiscent of the modern caterpillar tractors which are powerful implements in cultivating fields and can easily be converted into mighty tanks used in war.

It may be of interest to note that the Chakra or wheel of Krishna, unique as a weapon in ancient mythology, is also a toothed wheel as in a watch or a caterpillar tractor.

Another interesting aspect is about his parentage. Balarama was born of Rohini. The Sun is in the constellation of 'Rohini' early in June when the monsoons start their onslaught.

In Balarama we thus have an immortal who is connected by tradition with outstanding exploits against an agricultural back-drop. It may be remembered that his alternate implement was the husking pestle (*Musala*), his insignia being the palm tree (*Tala*) whose invigorating exudation often gladdened his heart.



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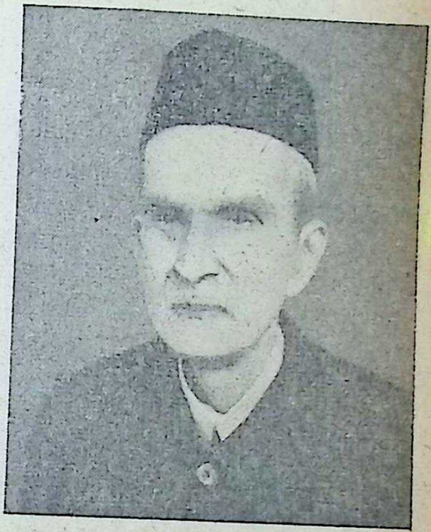
Principal A. K. Trivedi

J. H. Dave

On April 15, 1960 Principal Atisukhashankar Kamalashankar Trivedi completed his 75 years and we take this opportunity to congratulate him on this happy occasion and wish him a long and prosperous life of still more service in the cause of education.



SRI ATISUKHASHANKAR KAMALASHANKAR TRIVEDI, the illustrious son of the late Rao Bahadur K. P. Trivedi, the well known educationist and Grammarian of Gujarat, has been serving the field of higher education and learning for the last half a century. He is at present the Principal of the College at Navsari which has developed into a first-rate Institution through his zeal and enthusiasm, and love for the spread of learning. Many students have taken their Post-graduate degrees both M.A.s and Ph.D.s under his able guidance. The Theses prepared under his guidance have earned appreciation from scholars both inside and outside the country.

His Holiness Dr. Kurta-Koti Shan- aracharya of Sankeswara was pleased t the Thesis of one of the pupils of rincipal Trivedi and awarded the title Pramanya Pravina" (प्रामाण्य प्रवीण) the student. His Holiness Jagaduru Sri Shankaracharya of Dwarka eeth conferred on Principal Trivedi विद्यावारिधि' पदवी for being an emient scholar of Gujarat. Prominent lucationists and scholars throughout e country honoured Principal Trivedi by presenting him with a super-Commemoration Volume on 2nd December 1958 at the hands of H.E. Sri Sri Prakasa, the Governor of Bombay.

Principal Trivedi is an academician of long standing and calibre and his contribution to the Bombay State and Gujarat in particular is outstanding. He visualised the need of a University in Gujarat long, long ago and did pioneering work in awakening the University consciousness in Gujarat almost 40 years ago. He was prominent in advancing the Modern Indian Languages in the Bombay University. He was responsible for bringing about the departments of Gujarati and Psychology in the Gujarat University.

He is a lover and admirer of Gujarati language and yet does not want the doors of uptodate and progressive knowledge to be closed which is possible only through English language. He believes that weakening of English is detrimental to the advancement of higher knowledge. He is very closely associated with several educational institutions.

Principal Trivedi has been very helpful in bringing about a number of institutions of learning and research. Recently he had been to Dwarka in response to an invitation from H. H. Sri Shankaracharya to actively help His Holiness in the matter of creating a Cultural Unit in Dwarka for the advancement of Indian Philosophy, Culture and other allied subjects. He also suggested to His Holiness about the starting of a higher Institution for the learning and research of Vedanta at Dwarka.

Principal Trivedi seems to be destined to serve education and learning for a long time to come. He had a number of critical moments in his life when destiny only spared him to serve this noble cause. Once in his very young days he fell from a height and completely broke his leg, but luck saved him. Later, there was a danger of his losing his eye with an electric fan in a public meeting and the third unforgettable incident was one wherein while he was sleeping, the bed caught fire on both sides and yet he escaped. About three years ago he was practically between life and death, but only strong will power and destiny brought him back to life and spared him to serve again his country.

Born:

April 15th, 1885.

Education:

Poona, Nadiad, Broach, Ahmedabad Govt. High Schools, Gujarat College, Ahmedabad, Elphinstone College, Bombay.

Professor of Philosophy at Baroda College for thirty years; Fellow,

Syndic, A.C. member and P.G. Board member, member of Sanskrit, Gujarati and Philosophy Boards in Bombay University for several years.

Chairman, Arts Terminology Committee, Gujarat University; Chairman, Psychology Board, Gujarat University.

At present Principal, S.B. Garda College and B.P. Baria Science Institute, Navsari since 1945.

Swagatadhyaksha of the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad Sammelan (18th) held at Navsari in December 1952.

Publications:

I. *In English:*

A Manual of Ethics; Psychology; Studies in Deductive Logic; Studies in Inductive Logic; Logic in an Easy Chair.

II. *In Gujarati:*

Nivritti Vinod; Sahitya Vinod; Pravasa Vinoda; Atma Vinoda; Madhya Vyakarana; Pathya-Brahad-Vyakarana; Samanya Manovijnana.

iterature

VEMANA, THE VAGRANT POET

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●

S. Srinivasa Rao

●

VEMANA was a vagrant ascetic of Andhra Desha who preached fearlessly certain principles philosophy of life, established moneries and trained young and enthustic bands of disciples to carry on torch of his illuminating preachs.

Yogi and reformer, chemist and ir, preceptor and preacher, Vema- who is also one of the most origi- and daring thinkers of all time, is prophet; he quotes no scriptures, ognises no authority, makes no distion between caste and creed, high low; but shows a simple, direct, dy path to Truth, Life, and Hapss through love and righteousness, erstanding and amicability. He is apostle, never a prophet.

He has practised Yoga, which end him to get at the very core of meaning and mystery of the ena of human life, ennobled himand his countrymen, too. It is with glorious mission in life that he turned a world wanderer with a ersal message.

n Vemana we have a happy blend oth a perfect yogi and a sensuous gi. He observes:

he man with no Desires of Love
ill fail to win the Heaven above;
ill lose his claim to be a poet,
a sun with his all-seeing light.

Lucidity of diction which is as natural as swimming to a fish, follows him like a shadow. His ideas are as free and natural as birds, and hence his language is as simple as simplicity itself. A nodding acquaintance with colloquial Telugu should enable one to understand and admire the genius of the man. Whatever he speaks about, from milk to metaphysics, or from sports to Providence, he speaks with inimitable ease, and therein consists his extraordinary poetic talent.

Vemana, like Kalidasa, makes use of simple and appropriate similes and metaphors, which are as familiar to the common folk of Andhra as mango pickles or red chillies. The simple figurative language he employs enhances the original beauty of the point he is driving at. Here are a few examples:

Let's seek the noble cow's udder
For a laddleful of milk; why order
For pots of ass's milk? So food,
Though little, rightly earned, is good.

The pepper seed is black in hue,
To munch and taste, it's fire for you;
The Righteous men are full of ruth,
Are mild, but inly fire of Truth.

Enthrone the man that's meanly born
And find this world of virtue shorn;
You show the dog some stinking shoes
And find it mock the sugared juice.

If snaps the iron rod in twain
A smith can heat and weld it 'gain,
No earthly smith is there that can
Restore the broken heart of man.

The saints self-styled their bodies tire
Nor e'er can purge their mental mire;
How shall the crooked serpent die
If one but beat on the hole and try?

In no other poet, the polished elegance and beauty of Telugu find such a happy blend. Humour clings to the poetry of Vemana as perfume to a flower. He hits as someone put it 'almost with a sword anointed with medicine.'

Social reformer and preacher, Vemana, like Bacon, takes the entire province of knowledge to be his own and flies like an unfettered bird in the vast sky of human life. Independent in thought, observant of even minute things, and frank and fearless in expression, his humour is spontaneous and pure as the waters of the holy Ganges. A casual perusal of the following lines will certainly throw even the most unmoving and tight-lipped reader into fits of hilarious laughter.

The Lord that's lulled by milky waves,
O, why for rustic milk he craves?
The neighbour's bread is sweeter thus;
And Vema's word is this and thus.

Oft searching caves for spiritual Teacher,
If one confront some cruel creature,
That beast would show a surer way
To flee from all one's egoist way.

At sacred rivers and sacred steads
Deliverance comes of shaven heads—
Thus o'er the holy water doth score
In power and piety the barber's more.

Some take to wife the uncle's daughter
While some look on the same as sister:
As serves our need so we would hold
Our actions right or wrong too bold.

Vemana has preached morals to the millions. 'Making suppliants despair,' may be the first of the four grievous sins. But he believes that even the deadliest foe should not be harmed.

No thought of harm should fill thy brain
When o'er thy captive foe you gain
An easy hold to smite him dead;
Show him thy native good instead.

It is unjust and ignoble to wish for the death of an enemy. He believes with several great sages that enmity alone should die. Mellow with wisdom and experience, Vemana sermonises on truth, beauty, goodness. Courage, kindness, humility and forgiveness should be the armour of a perfect man.

One shouldn't uphold, in place and out,
His avid claims to greatness stout;
To be little—a mean error?
The hill is small in man's mirror.

The Dhobi thrashes, eve and morn,
The dirty clothes that are outworn;
And so the man that steers us right
Can thrash our dirty minds aright.

His wife's alluring words believes
The senseless dunce and thus he leaves
His kith and kin; will not he fail
To swim the flood with doggy's tail?

The men of high mighty birth,
Of rank, of lore, on this our earth
Are set at nought and lose their hold
In life before the man of gold.

The sugar-candy, fruit of jack,
The honey, sugar-cane, the cake
Of cheese to him do seem as gall
For whom the woman's word is all.

The harlot wife invites her lovers
On to a bed of jasmine flowers,
But when the husband dearly calls
She scatters fire from her eye-balls.

These poems exemplify the great virtue of rectitude. They show poetic excellence and penetrating search into human life.

Thus Vemana gives brilliant poetic erance to rectitude, philosophy, hics, morality and truthfulness effortssly and gracefully. His statements e so striking and provocative that reader can ignore them.

It is no exaggeration to say that en the veriest beginner begins to lisp the famous verses of immortal Veana. A cursory perusal of the folwing stanzas will certainly present a irly good picture of Vemana, the oralist and philosopher.

Of pastoral wealth and bookish lore,
Of women's lips and sceptred roar,
The chap disillusioned that may be,
Indeed from ego he is free.

Alike in form are salt and camphor,
And but their innate natures differ;
The good 'mong men shall thus be told;
And Vema's word too bold.

The miser hoards up greedy pelf
Nor helps the poor nor joys himself;
To passers-by doth not the bee
Yield all her store of gathered honey?

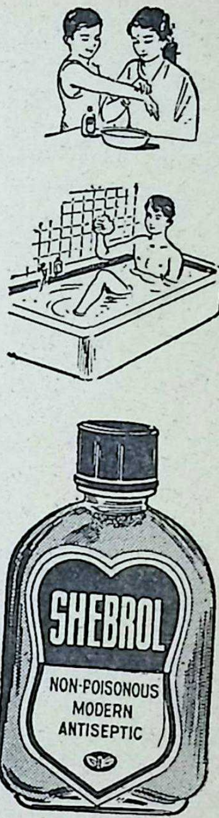
A baby born of mother's womb,
A dummy dead and stowed in tomb;
At birth and death undrest, how vain
To clothe oneself between the twain!

The river Ganges softly flows,
The nasty stream noisy grows;
The high are thus and thus the low,
The one profound, the one shallow.

Why hurry to a holy place?
The pig is pig in Banares;
A bath in Ganges fails to turn
A dog into a mighty lion.

A pebble in the shoe, the din
Of noisy bees, in the eye a grain
Of sand, the roar of a nagging shrew—
The men that cope with these are few.

e might say of Vemana, "Here a man! When comes such an- r?"



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Social Sciences & Education

DR. P. NAGARAJA RAO

SCIENCE has put in the hands of man enormous, unprecedented quantum of power and knowledge of nature. He has split the atom and scanned the heavens; rides the air and swims under water. Specially the recent alarming developments in nuclear physics have made the scientists feel their sense of power as invincible. For long, scientists felt that Nature disclosed her secrets to them in very small measures despite their application and diligence. Today the situation is different. Nature has abdicated her powers to man. He was not prepared for this windfall. He is like the new rich come into a fortune but too uneducated to spend it intelligently.

The scientific technique is applied to many social sciences. Man lives in a society. He has wants, desires and ambitions. In a sense, society is the condition of his living. It moulds most of his ideals. His impulses, appetites, emotions, and instincts are raw and it is society that *socialises* him and civilizes him. Socialisation is the first step in the moralisation of man. "Man only becomes man among men." He has the power of learning from others, through *imitation* and *sympathy*. He also induces social stimulation. He who does not want to live in a society is either a beast or an angel, declared Aristotle.

Most of the social sciences, politics, economics, sociology and social psychology deal with man's life in society. Man's second conflict is with his fellow-men. He has to be educated to live in society in amity with others and establish effective co-operation with all. He has to develop the community sense. The social sciences devise plans for ordering the economic and social life of man in good patterns so as to avoid conflict and promote co-operation. It was Plato who described man as a social animal. He has to plan his social life with the help of reason. Most of the social sciences are empirical. They analyse man into a bundle of wants. They hold the view that all the troubles of man and the problems of nations are at bottom due to wrong forms of social organisations. If we set right the organisational defects, man could live most happily. A sound economic and a just social order and a thoroughly psychoanalysed community would put an end to all evils of life.

No student of education can question the value of social sciences. For improving the life of man, man mus have self-knowledge and sufficien knowledge of the world in which h lives. Man has two environments, th material world of physical facts i time and space, etc. Besides this ther is the social environment, the know ledge of the society in which he lives. Social sciences help us to understand the society in which we live, the basic needs of men and women, the economic arrangements and political forms and social patterns.

The most popular and practical view of education is to equip the student with the requisite knowledge and information and the necessary skill to discharge his job in this complex world of competition. In the words of Milton "the test of education is to give us the necessary knowledge of the world of things and that degree of skill which will enable us to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public, of peace and war." Education remains abstract and anaemic if it does not include the knowledge of the social sciences.

Whatever may be the ideal of education, it must aim at enabling a man to live successfully in the contemporary world or at producing the good citizen or a society of splendid individuals or militant soldiers of war for the State or leaders and statesmen or saints and sages; none of these things can be achieved without the knowledge of the social sciences. We should not forget that education is "the maid of all hands." She has to turn her hand to all duties. She has to tune the three strings in man into harmony, his intellect, his feeling and his body. For effective leadership the individual must have his emotions well tamed. They must not be heady and wild. Violent emotions disqualify men for wide influence over their fellow-beings. They spoil the chances of happy and effective co-operation with others. Turbulent emotions expose us to the exploitation of crooks and adventurers. Hence the necessity for the proper education of emotions. "No lesson is so important to learn and no habit so important to acquire as a right judgment and a delight in fine characters and noble actions."

The study of social sciences enables us to get at an integral view of education. Education is not mere theoria (*vichara*); it is action also (*achara*). It is not to encourage futile speculation, not to rush to unconsidered action. It should enable men to be socially responsible. Each must take his place in society. We must think like men of action and act like men of thought. "The great tragedy of any age" according to Plato "is the great refusal." It is the drifting of men of thought and men of action from each other that is at the root of social evil in all times. Education should unite Vision and Action, the Yogi and the Commissar. It is the knowledge of social sciences that can make our education really liberal and a useful instrument for life. Education is not an end in itself. It is not a luxury which enables you to dwell in the cloudland. It is a powerful instrument to fight the battle of life.

A sound planning of society and the knowledge of social sciences is an effective instrument of social regeneration. Sir William Beveridge said that men have to fight five giants in the social field, want, disease, ignorance, squalor and idleness. Men have to live before they can create, sing or compose. The State must make life possible before good life. Social sciences bring us nearer the goal of human progress.

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The exact methods of the physical iences are sought to be applied with creasing zeal to the study of social iences. The rational temper, the laboatory method, field work, statistics, e questionnaire method, etc. are ade use of in social sciences. In our udy and zeal for the application of e scientific methods we must not rget their limitations. The scientific ethod incompletely covers life. It annot be applied to all the realms of uman thought. It cannot explain orks of art, masterpieces of literature r great compositions in music. It can ork where we have a measurable and uantitative aspect of Reality. It abracts the aspects of Reality which re amenable to quantitative study. It as perforce to leave out a good deal. does not run in all the realms.

Another aspect of the sciences, ocial and natural, is that they give us normous power. "Power and knowdge" in themselves are neutral. Ecoomics teaches us how to practise more nd more politics, and law frames laws. The ends to which these have to be ed properly are not indicated by ience. It is not its function. The nowledge of values and the ends, the ght way to use power for the elfare of all is not dealt with and ught to us by the social sciences. It is e discipline and knowledge taught to by ethics, philosophy and religion at help us to promote the ideals of ood life and world-community. They onstitute social philosophy and not ocial sciences. Further, knowledge nd power in the control of chaotic, erverse minds makes for savagery nd world wars. So it is one of the ost important facts for us to note that every advance in technology and science does not mean necessarily corresponding advance in human progress.

Progress is not so mechanical and automatic as all that. A few scientists believe that we need only apply the method of science to social studies and the millennium will be round the corner. Professor Beveridge writes: "If mankind is to make worthy use of this growing mastery over nature, he must learn how to master himself. To win that mastery he must take the same road as has led to his mastery over nature. The hard, long road of science applied not to nature but to man in society."

Social sciences give us basic information and knowledge about men in society. It does not give us self-mastery or simple goodness, the necessities of progress. Social sciences give us instruments and not the ideals or standards for this correct use and right application. That depends on the human will. It is the free human will that determines the use to which the power given by social sciences is put.

The social sciences should not tend to a strictly determinist view of history. Man is a free agent whose behaviour cannot be strictly predicted nor completely conditioned. If he has not the right conception of the ends, the very technology that he has discovered will choke him and the scientific power which he has created will wipe him out of existence. A few philosophers of history may hold the opinion that human life from the movements of atoms to the happenings in history is determined either by economic or climatic or other laws.

But the history of the world is the freedom of man and there is nothing inevitable about his actions. H. A. L. Fisher in his Preface to the *History of Europe* writes "One intellectual excitement has, however, been desired by me. Men wiser and more learned than I have discovered in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. These harmonies are concealed from me." Dr. Radhakrishnan commenting on the passage in more than one lecture of his suggests that the contingent and the unseen is the unfettered free activity of man. So a completely determinist view of social sciences is fatal to the creativity of man. There is no such thing as inevitability in history. There is the play of the human factor in history.

The social sciences and education in them must aim at increasing wisdom and virtue. It must help us to grow mature and free, "to flower in love and goodness." In these social sciences we must not expect the type of results we get in physical sciences. Aristotle observed that discussions will be adequate if it has as much clearness as the subject-matter admits of, for precision is not to be sought for, alike in all discussions. It is the mark of an educated man to look for precision in each class of things just so far as the nature of the subject admits. It is evidently equally foolish to accept probable reasoning from a mathematician and to demand from a rhetorician scientific proof."

Social sciences by themselves are not enough. They give us instruments and techniques. They may be used or abused by men. So we need to see that a man of goodwill uses them to socially sound purposes. "A training which leads you always to hate what you have to hate and to love what you ought to, is education," said Plato; "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know, it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave," said Ruskin.

What we need is clear dedication to a purpose, a vision. We need the planning for the body and not for the spirit, the new economy and the old morality, as E. M. Forster put it. "The blind" in the words of Shakespeare "in extirpating the mad, may plant a new madness." What we need seek is not the brief satisfactions, but lasting purposes, not pleasant existence but creative life. We should seek the enduring honour of man. Education can never be complete till we make men whole in both competence and conscience. To create the power of competence without the corresponding sense of moral direction to guide the use of that power is bad education. J. S. Mill in his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews in 1847 said: "Men are men before they are lawyers or physicians or merchants or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians."

There is a third battle for men. The combatants are man and his passions, prejudices, wild and untamed impulses, demonic and anti-social emotions, uncharitable thoughts and illiberal views. He has to fight these things. Here, religion, ethics, philosophy help man. If he is only at peace with himself, he can live in harmony with others. Man has to successfully combat his inner divisions and passions. It is education that enables him to fight the three battles, with nature, with fellow-men and with himself. Social sciences enable us to see the conflicts that men have and the glory and the gloom of man. The consciousness of the social purpose makes social co-operation easy and natural. Social sciences should not aim at mere organisational changes. An extremely regimented society will give us a prison-house and not a society of free men. We need the help of social philosophy to secure the right orientation for purposes of social organisation. Organisation without orientation will be of no avail to us. Orientation sets up the right ends for organisation to achieve. Man needs, not merely the techniques of power, but he needs the knowledge of ends also.

The knowledge of ends is the power of ideas. It is the right ends that social services should spread. Man is influenced by ideas. He is the fountain of creativity. Social sciences with their power techniques should not stifle the creativity in man; for, all progress is the result of two factors, individual creativity and social cohesion. One makes for advance, another for preservation. The force of social ideas is great. The average man is strangely poised between the bright vault of Heaven and the dark pit of Hell. He is not a complete beast, nor a blot on the universe. He is, as the Orphics called "a child of earth and starry heavens."

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ROLE OF EPIGRAPHY

Dr. B. C. Chhabra

Epigraphy is the life-blood of history, especially in India, where other sources are so meagre and unreliable.

OF all the varied archaeological data lending themselves to historical interpretation, epigraphs or inscriptions are by far the most effective, precise and trustworthy. They leave the least room for guess work.

An epigraph is an old writing and as a rule is *engraved* upon a hard surface. And a thorough study of epigraphs constitutes what we call epigraphy.

This embodies palaeography (study of old scripts, their origin and development), orthography (study of spellings) and similar other disciplines, besides linguistics (study of languages with reference to their structure, grammar, etc.).

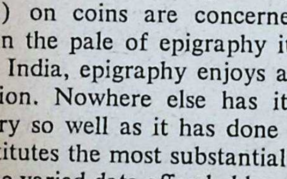
A similar study of coins is designated numismatics or numismatology which, in so far as legends (inscriptions) on coins are concerned, falls within the pale of epigraphy itself.

In India, epigraphy enjoys a unique position. Nowhere else has it served history so well as it has done here. It constitutes the most substantial part of all the varied data afforded by archaeology as sources of history. It is no exaggeration to say that without epigraphy our knowledge of the ancient history of India would have been next to nothing.

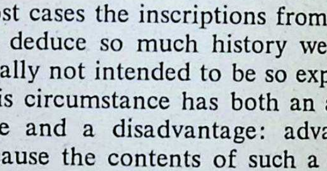
Happily, India has inherited a vast legacy of epigraphical material, as if under the dictates of the law of compensation; for, she can otherwise boast of no regular archives of historical records, annals or chronicles, relating to the early period.

The number of old inscriptions so far discovered runs literally into thousands, and it is gratifying that this wealth is being augmented by hundreds of fresh discoveries every year. Besides, the numerous ancient sites that await excavation always hold out great promise.

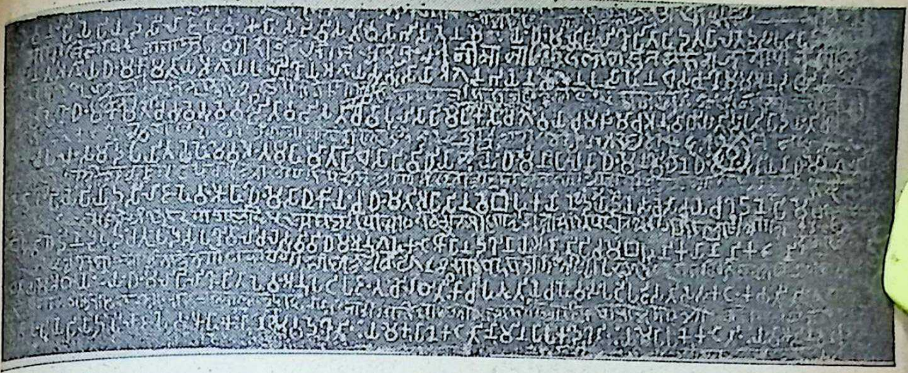
It is well to remember here that in most cases the inscriptions from which we deduce so much history were originally not intended to be so exploited. This circumstance has both an advantage and a disadvantage: advantage, because the contents of such a casual record are sure to be free of bias; disadvantage, an inscription would have



Gold coin of Chandragupta II



Gold coin of Samudragupta



Allahabad-Kosam Pillar (upper half)

been more informative were it meant to be a chronicle in the true sense.

As it is, we are often left with the laborious task of gleaning bits of information, scattered as incidental details in a variety of inscriptions, and piecing them together into a narrative. The labour involved is rewarded with the reliability achieved.

Information imparted by an inscription is generally accepted as more trustworthy than any other. It seldom needs corroboration. On the contrary, it often authenticates a literary text, lends authority to a tradition, or confirms an inference.

This, however, does not imply that whatever is related in an inscription must necessarily pass as a proven fact. Opinions may differ as to the decipherment of a particular passage; it may lend itself to more than one interpretation; conflicting versions of one and the same event may be found in different inscriptions; or an inscription may after all turn out to be a spurious one. Such exceptional cases apart, inscriptional evidence on the whole is unimpeachable.

Inscriptions are found engraved on all sorts of objects, but more commonly on those of metal and stone. The latter includes rock-surfaces, walls of natural or artificial caves, pavements, pillars, slabs, statues, reliquaries, and other objects. As regards metal, while instances of inscriptions occurring on a gold leaf or on a silver scroll, are known, it is brass, bronze and copper that are more in evidence in the shape of utensils, images, plates, etc. Iron, too, is represented, though on a modest scale, a conspicuous example being the iron-pillar at Mehrauli, near Delhi, which contains a beautifully engraved inscription, recounting the victories of Chandra, generally identified with the Gupta monarch Chandragupta II (*circa* A.D. 375-413). Besides, bricks, earthenware, clay tablets, terracotta plaques, and even woodwork and crystal occasionally come into play.

An inscription, as the term implies, is usually *incised*. There are, however, a few sporadic exceptions to this rule, where an inscription is either painted or written in ink. The chief characteristic of an inscription, which dis-

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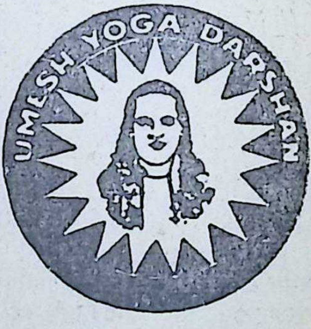

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uishes it from a manuscript, is that comes down to us in its original rm, whereas a manuscript may be a tant descendant—a copy, a copy of copy and so forth—of the original t. The former is free from inter- lation and the like, while the latter open to all manner of meddling.

The earliest inscriptions so far dis- vered in India are those that occur the world-famous steatite seals of arappa and Mohenjo-Daro (now in est Pakistan). Similar inscribed seals ve since been found at other Harap- n sites such as Rupar in East Pun- b, and Lothal in Saurashtra. These ort inscriptions still remain an igma in spite of persistent attempts unravelling their mystery. This uch, however, is more or less cer- in that the script of these inscrip- ons is the forerunner of the Brahmi aracters, fully represented in the in- riptions of the Maurya emperor soka.

In fact, the decipherable epigraphy India begins with Asoka's edicts. hey are more than 150 in all and are otted all over the country, some oc- urring even in West Pakistan and fghanistan. Those in present-day dia are all in the Brahmi script and e Prakrit language. They comprise set of fourteen rock-edicts in five rsions (plus two similar versions in e Kharoshti script, running from ght to left, occur in West Pakistan, ne at Mansehra and the other at hahbazgarhi): Girnar, Kalsi, hauli, Jaugada and Yerragudi, nd a set of six pillar-edicts: Delhi- opra, Delhi-Mirath, Lauriya-Araraj, auriya-Nandangarh, Rampurva and Allahabad-Kosam, the rest forming a miscellany.

It is particularly to be remembered that all that we really know about Asoka as an emperor and a zealous Buddhist is from these epigraphs of his. What little is given about him in Jain and Buddhist scriptures as well as elsewhere in literature is too biased or legendary to be trustworthy, historically speaking.

It is significant that very few inscriptions of pre-Asokan date have been discovered so far in India, and that the earliest inscriptions, pre-Asokan, Asokan and post-Asokan, are all in Prakrit, whereas, considering the antiquity of the Vedas, the Puranas, the *Ramayana,* the *Mahabharata,* etc., one would have expected Sanskrit to be fairly represented in early Indian epigraphy.

The Sanskrit inscriptions of pre-Christian period so far discovered in India are only two or three, and those, too, of not very great importance.

Sanskrit, however, dominates the field from the third century after Christ, when Prakrit is practically replaced. We shall presently revert to the nature and importance of Sanskrit inscriptions. Here we should like to say a few words about the decipherment of Brahmi script.

Ancient inscriptions would have remained a sealed book to us but for the tremendous efforts on the part of the pioneers in the field.

Special credit is due to James Prinsep who did marvellous work in deciphering the edicts of Asoka and thereby supplying the key to the forgotten Brahmi, the earliest historical script of India.

This in due course stimulated a new line of research, namely, the study of Indian palaeography, tracing the origin and development of various Indian scripts.

A large assortment of inscriptions, which in the meantime had become available, supplied the requisite data, with the help of which the evolution of each individual letter was minutely studied.

The researches in this line have proved that the modern scripts in India, such as Devanagari, Gujarati, Bengali, Oriya, Telugu, Tamil, Kannada, Malayalam, etc., as well as those of Tibet, Burma, Indo-China, Indonesia, Ceylon, etc., have all sprung from that Brahmi character typified by the edicts of Asoka.

The intermediary stages in the development of Brahmi, in different times and different climes, have been demonstrated through the wide range of inscriptions at our disposal.

It is beyond the pale of this article to show in detail how epigraphy has helped in reconstructing the ancient history of India. Suffice it to say that it has supplied chapter after chapter of authentic history and filled many a tantalising gap, so much so that even the Golden Age in India's history owes its recognition to epigraphy.

The Allahabad pillar inscription of Samudragupta, recounting his military exploits and artistic achievements, supplies a key-note to what the Golden Age stands for.

Gupta inscriptions and coins supply us with such historical data as are rarely found anywhere in literature. The same is the case with similar records of the powerful Andhra, Ikshvaku, Vakataka, Kadamba, Pallava and Ganga dynasties in the south of India, in whose times Indo-Aryan culture spread beyond the confines of India proper, as is known likewise from hundreds of Sanskrit inscriptions found there.

As is indicated above, fresh epigraphical discoveries continue to be made, and they go on adding to our knowledge of India's past. Every new site that comes under the spade of the archaeologist yields a good harvest of coins and inscriptions. They do help in filling up the gaps, or correcting wrong notions, and thereby improve upon the existing histories.

To sum up, epigraphy is the life-blood of history, especially in India, where other sources are so meagre and unreliable.

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766

Sri P. S. R. Rao, Sannadi St., Ramnad.

Q: *To my mind it seems that research into 'Nadis' will be a mere waste of time, energy and money; Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa has warned us against contacting the 'Nadi' media which he has said really exist. What is your conclusion on this subject?*

A: I have come across Bhrigu Samhitas and Nadis. Refer to my two Kulapati's Letters Nos. 138 and 199.

767

Sri S. Rama Rao, Sini (Bihar State).

Q: *What was the age of Karna at the time of Bharata Yuddha?*

A: He was older than Yudhisthira and traditionally very old at the time of the Great War. I have yet to calculate his age by piecing together all evidence, which I have to do in connection with Krishnavatar. But I have a feeling that the traditional age of the Mahabharata heroes is not correct.

768

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Proddatur, Cuddapah.

Q: *In reply to a question, 'Can I help the world', asked by a visitor, Sri Ramana Maharshi is reported to have answered, 'Help yourself and you will be helping the world.' Will you kindly give an illustration to the above indicating a way that can be put into daily practice?*

A: Love God and you would have loved the world, and it cannot be helped without love.

769

Sri B. Rajan Shet, Quilon.

Q: *What is the easiest way to attain God-realisation in this age?*

A: Live in Love, Beauty and Truth and you would have lived in God.

Q: *What is the quintessence of Lord Krishna's Gitopadesa?*

A: "Leave aside other Dharmas and surrender thou to Me", said the Lord.

770

Sri Hanumanthappa, Sidlaghatta.

Q: *Which is the shortest road to see God?*

A: To offer all your deeds to Him as offerings and thereby to be His instrument.

771

Sri Vasant Kulkarni, Shahabad (Mysore State).

Q: *Is there any reason and/or history for naming* Bhavan's Journal *as such?*

A: Because it is Bharatiya Vidya *Bhavan's* journal.

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RP. 164-50

Q: *What is real happiness? How can we be happy when misfortune surrounds us?*

A: Real happiness comes of the peace of mind. Peace of mind comes by faith that you are in the hands of God, and by accepting whatever befalls you as being the result of His will.

772

Sri G. D. Choure, Itarsi.

Q: Sindoor *is the sign of a married woman but what is the sign of a married man?*

A: Constant solicitude and love for his wife and children.

773

Sri C. V. R. Krishnan, Madras.

Q: *Do you think that by strengthening our spirituality our nation can prosper materially as other nations do?*

A: Certainly, if spirituality is rightly viewed as the way to transform life by developing the strength and power of the spirit. It will enable the nation to further material advancement, though it will destroy godless materialism.

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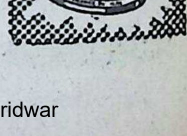
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What is Occultism?

• RISHABHCHAND •

OCCULTISM is the science of exploring the realms of the supersensual. It is of two kinds. The first one is the result (not at all inevitable) of spiritual progress, in which there is an expansion of knowledge and power in the being. Not all spiritual men develop occult powers; it is only those who have an aptitude for occultism that can learn it by undergoing the necessary training.

"If you have the power latent in you, you can develop it by practice; but if you have not, you can try for fifty years, it will come to nothing. Everybody cannot have the occult power; it is as if you said that everybody in the world could be a musician or a painter or a poet."[1]

Occult powers are called *siddhis* in Indian Yoga. The Yogis who want nothing but spiritual freedom and perfection, usually fight shy of the occult powers, for, they fear, they may deflect them from the true path. Sri Ramakrishna who had all the eight *siddhis* described in Rajayoga, and which are extremely difficult even for great Yogis to attain, one day asked Vivekananda—probably in order to test his spiritual sincerity,—if he would like to have them. He showed his willingness to transmit them to his beloved disciple for the mere asking. With his characteristic sincerity, Vivekananda asked: "Will they be of any help to me in my spiritual life?"

"No, none at all. They can be of use in your work in the world," replied Sri Ramakrishna.

Vivekananda refused the offer without a moment's hesitation.

But there need not be such a categoric ban on the occult powers. It is a science that can be safely learnt by those who are in union with the Divine, or completely surrendered to Him. Their freedom from fear, desire and attachment, and their egolessness are a safeguard against the dangers of the occult worlds,[2] to say nothing of the grace and protection of the Divine, which constantly shield them.

If the Divine wills that they should use their occult powers, they can safely use them, as Christ did, and many others, ancient and modern. The question is only of the perfect attunement of their will with the Divine Will in a dynamic union, which is a rare achievement. If there be even the least lingering trace of the ego in the user, the use of occult powers will make short work of his spiritual life.

The other kind of occultism is what is

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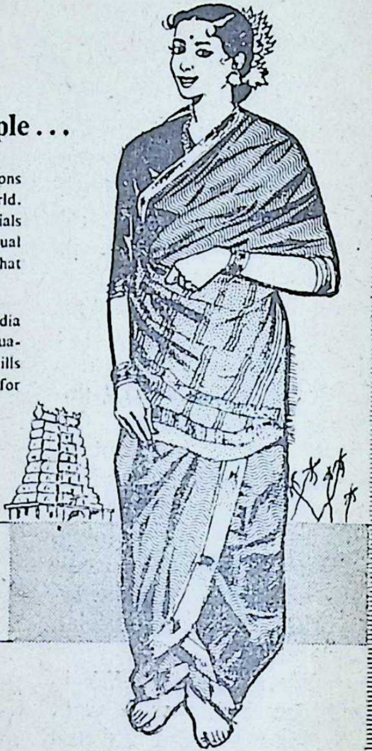
[1] The Mother.

[2] Experiences of some of the occult worlds may also be had by means of drugs, but then, one's admission into them is always fortuitous and unpredictable, and, as we have already seen, almost always attended with serious dangers.



The dress of the people...

Costumes, whether they are for occasions or for daily wear, vary all over the world. Climatic conditions, natural materials available, religious demands and individual ingenuity are some of the factors that determine the dress of a people.

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One of the styles in which the beautiful South Indian women wear their sarees is this dexterously worn saree typifying the "Ayyangar Style" preferred by orthodox Vaishnavite women. These colourful sarees are usually eight yards in length.

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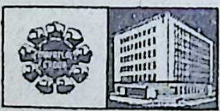

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known as black magic. It, too, is a science, requiring a long and hard training. But it is always beset with dangers. It consists (unless it be a mere hoax) in engaging the active services of some of the vital entities for the purpose of producing miraculous results in the material world. These entities satisfy their desires and appetites, or simply amuse themselves under the pretext of serving the magicians; and through their service, they come to have such a hold on them that not only do they darken their beings and pervert their will, but ultimately ruin and even try to kill them.

There is absolutely nothing religious or spiritual in those who show miracles by producing material objects out of nothing, making the images of gods and goddesses appear before the credulous, curing illnesses by a mere touch, etc. The vital entities can very easily perform these miracles. The very atmosphere where such miracles are done becomes polluted; even to breathe there is to inhale infected air.

Under this second category, but somewhat on a different level, stand all those phenomena, which are called mediumistic experiences,[3] planchettes etc. The Mother says: "They who are engaged in this exercise out of an improper curiosity, they get what they deserve: ......what happens is that one or some of these small entities (of the lower vital worlds) amuse themselves at their expense and collect from their subconscious mind all necessary indications and supply these to them as evident proofs that they are the dead person who was called...... In any case, in a general way,—indeed, most often,—it is your own forces, your subconscious mental and vital forces which you put in the planchette and you yourself make to yourself the sensational revelations...... There are cases when some vital entities do come and seize you and that may become dangerous...... It is much better not to engage oneself in these occupations."[4]

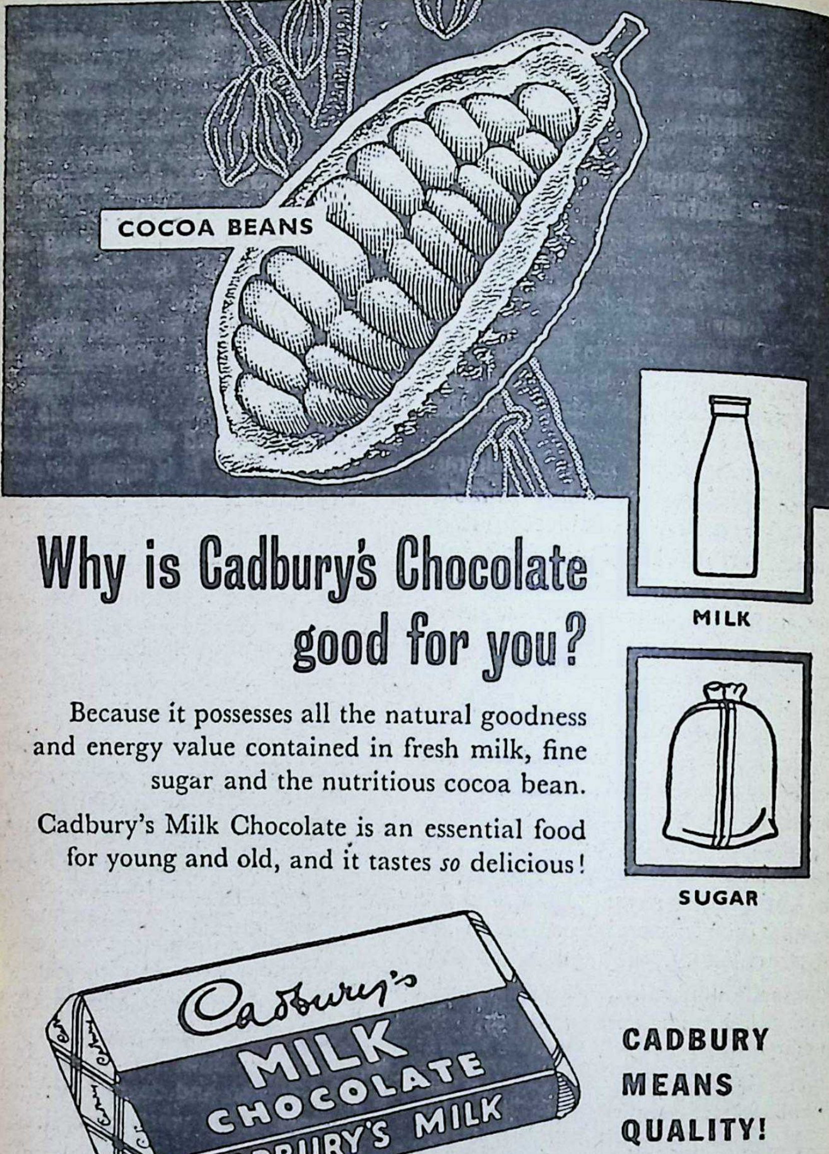
If it be contended that "chemical trips" or "the Doors in the Wall" reveal the existence of the other worlds, and of an endless, invisible life of unearthly beauty and charm, which we know nothing of in our normal mind, it must be borne in mind that "unless you have a spiritual being, capable of waking up and living its own life, all these things teach you nothing at all."[5] They do not advance your knowledge in the least, they do not illumine your consciousness and change your nature. But, on the contrary, they expose you to unhealthy and often dangerous influences, vital and mental, of which you may not be aware at the time, but which, nevertheless, darken and degrade your consciousness, cloud your perception, and

---

[3] "We know that mediums are more or less moral and physical wrecks in the end. ....They do not understand the moral and spiritual laws that govern our souls. They have lost the power of self-control.... The will-power of the mediums is weak. Their vital energy, their life-force and their intellectual powers are used by other spirits which have control over them."
—*Life Beyond Death,* by Swami Abhedananda.

[4] The Mother—Bulletin of Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education—November, 1959.

[5] The Mother.



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Dom Cuthbert Butler calls occultism the undesirable side of mysticism", nd says that all great contemplatives ave discouraged the pursuit of it.[6]

Dean Inge, differentiating true myticism from all forms of pseudo-myticism, remarks: "It is quite inadeuate to treat mysticism as a branch f psychology, which is really a atural science not concerned with ulimate truth...... Most books on nysticism consist of testimonies colected from visionaries in various derees of schwamerei...... Those who reat mysticism in this way remain in hat the mystics call the psychical as pposed to the spiritual level of conciousness."

Another serious point that can be rged against the taking of drugs is hat it paralyses the will-power of the aker. Huxley himself testifies to it. 'Though the intellect remains unimaired", he writes in *The Doors of Perception*, "and though perception is normously improved, the will suffers a profound change for the worse." It s common knowledge that what is indispensable in moral, religious and piritual life is a resolute, flaming will, oncentrated on the goal to be atained. According to the great mystic Eckhart: "Understanding sees things eyond this mundane level, that is its prerogative. But to will alone are all hings possible...... When undertanding comes to the end of its tether, up soars the will transcendent in the light and power of faith." If the drugs paralyse the will, how on earth can they "deepen the spiritual life of the communities in which they are available" and "make it possible for large numbers of men and women to achieve a radical self-transcendence and a deeper understanding of the nature of things"? A supine, will-less spirituality is a contradiction in terms.

Human consciousness is a field in which the gods and the titans are locked in a mortal combat for the possession of the soul.[8] This is the truth which the seers and mystics of ancient India,[9] Chaldea, Persia, etc., saw and revealed to the world. We are constantly invaded and surrounded by the powers of light and the powers of darkness, whether we know it or not. And each step that we take, each thing that we decide and do, is either a victory for the gods or a triumph for the titans. Suggestions, impulsions, desires, temptations, inspirations, intuitions, pseudo-intuitions, premonitions, fears and forebodings are all pouring into us at every moment of our life— pell-mell, in an overwhelming, hurtling, promiscuous mass. But we, mental beings, are not only unaware of all

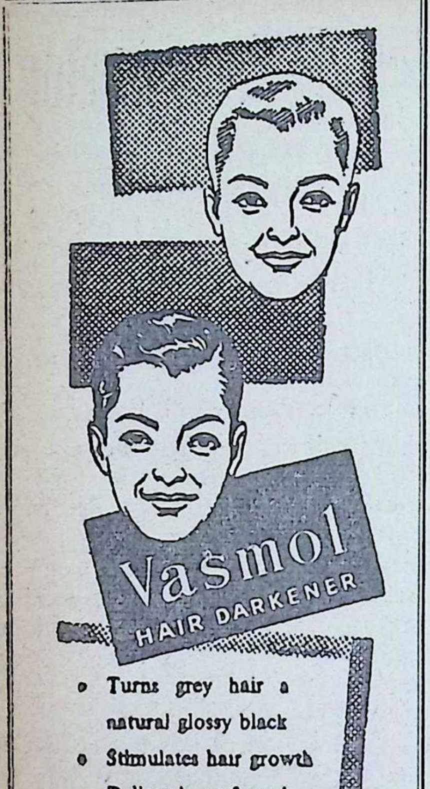
---

[6] *Western Mysticism* by Dom Cuthert Butler.

[7] *Christian Mysticism* by Dean nge.

[8] "The gods of light and titans of
the dark
Battled for his soul as for a
costly prize."
—*Savitri*, by Sri Aurobindo.

[9] "O Fire, guard us from evil,
against the doer of harm protect
us,
O God; imperishable, burn him
with
thy most afflicting fires."
—*Rig Veda*, 7.15.13.



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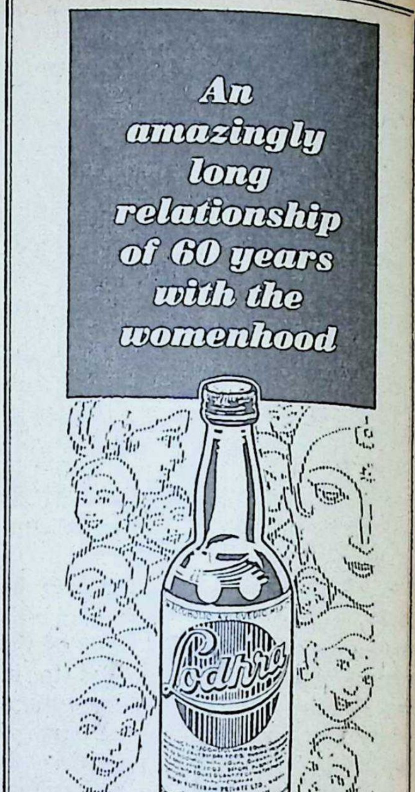

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is. we have even the presumption, hich always goes with ignorance, to eny them altogether, and the arrog- nce of our myopic intellect to install oubt and scepticism on the throne of nowledge.

That every moment of our life we re making or marring, raising or owering, brightening or darkening our ature, is a fact, which escapes our arth-bound mind, but which keeps the Yogi always on his guard, sleeplessly igilant. Man, a frail, puny mortal, recariously poised on this fateful lanet, is the focus of all cosmic orces, good and evil. For, of all be- ngs in the universe, he alone, as all ncient spiritual traditions hold, is apable of absolute spiritual freedom nd an integral union with the upreme. He alone can manifest God n Matter. The powers of darkness, the eings I have spoken of above, are here, banded together, to oppose his dvance, and the powers of light to elp and further it.

This unique privileged position of nan in the universe invests him with a special responsibility. If he ignores is spiritual destiny, or chooses to toy ith it, he is doomed. If he sets off on "chemical trips" into the occult worlds, e invites nothing but dangers upon imself, and upon mankind in general; or, then, he ends by becoming a cen- re through which the evil forces can ork on others, and on the life and tmosphere of the earth.

These forces are always on the look- ut for those men and women who are eceptive to their suggestions, and can e used as their instruments. Shouldn't we, who are imprisoned in our pitiful ignorance[10] and tethered to our "intolerable selfhood",[11] learn the humility to acknowledge the limitations of our human mind, strive for an ascent out of it, and, developing in us a sincere love and aspiration for the Infinite and Eternal, proceed towards it by way of self-discipline and loving surrender? Should'nt we awake to our divine potentialities, and endeavour to fulfil our destiny on earth—the manifestation of Spirit in Matter?

[*Concluded*]

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10. Aldous Huxley's expression.
11. Cf. "The immense darkness of of the human mind."—C. G. Jung.

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GOVIND BALLABH PANT

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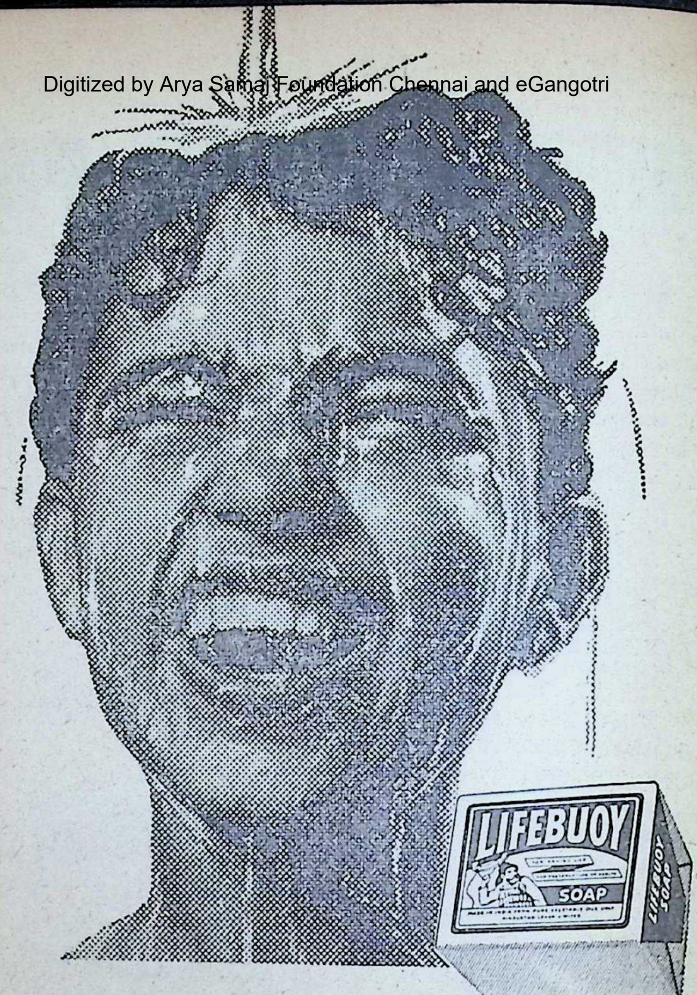
WHETHER it is the financial adjustment between the separating States of Bombay or the border dispute between Mysore and Bombay; whether the issue of the national language or Cabinet-making in Kerala; whether the Naga rebellion or the Kashmir imbroglio, it is to one man in New Delhi that the Congress leaders of India flock for a solution and invariably he has one ready for them. It is the 73-year-old, venerable Govind Ballabh Pant whom Nehru aptly described as a "tower of strength" to his Cabinet.

When the Nehru government found itself almost orphaned by the death of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, instinctively it turned its eyes to this man of robust commonsense who then manned the Uttar Pradesh Government as its Chief Minister; and he has filled that void admirably.

Pantji, who had distinguished himself as a great parliamentarian in pre-Independent India with an extra-ordinary grasp of economic matters, occupies a unique position today not only in the government as its anchor but also in the party organization owing to the confidence reposed in him by the rank and file. As a senior leader, he considers loyalty to party as paramount; as a national leader, his vision is crystal clear; as a patriot he has few equals. The physical infirmity he suffers from he owes to a head injury sustained by him in the freedom fight in 1928. Fortunately, it has not impaired his mental faculties which continue to remain as alert and rapier-sharp as ever.

Massive of intellect, cogent in argument, convincing in explanation, compromising of spirit, persuasive in attitude, devastating in repartees, he often succeeds in turning the tables against the Opposition Bench by the very force of sanity which he brings to bear upon every problem. There is hardly any knotty issue that comes to him and does not get disentangled.



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Stocky of build, six-foot high, broad-shouldered, hawkeyed, with drooping silvery moustaches, Pant suffers sometimes from a shaking of his limbs which he developed as a result of the injury referred to above. But this happily does not affect his speech which is very clear.

To Nehru's government Pantji is a pillar and asset giving it a stability and adding a sense of tradition. He is a sort of counterpoise to the idealism of Nehru to whom he is personally deeply devoted.

Born of Brahmin parents, he continues to be a devout Brahmin. It is common knowledge that, as the senior-most colleague of Sri Nehru, he is Nehru's unnamed Deputy at the head of the Indian Government. Of Pantji the outside world does not know much. He is temperamentally averse to taking active part in the social whirligig of India's metropolis.

Born on September 10, 1887, in Almora District, Pantji was educated at the Muir College and a Doctorate in Law was conferred on him by the Allahabad University. Enrolled in 1909, he joined the Bar at Naini Tal. When he made his mark as a brilliant lawyer and had a bright legal career before him, he plunged into politics. He first organized the Kumaon Parishad in 1916 to tackle local problems. Elected to the Uttar Pradesh Legislative Council in 1923 he functioned as the Leader of the Swarajist Party for seven years in the Opposition. He has been a member of the Congress Working Committee since 1931. He formed the first Congress Cabinet in Uttar Pradesh in 1937 where he was Prime Minister, resigning in 1939 on the War Issue. The years 1947 to 1950 saw him in the Indian Constituent Assembly. For eight years from 1945 again he was the Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh. He is a member of the Congress Central Parliamentary Board. High among his honours are his four jail terms in the cause of his country and the title of Bharat Ratna awarded in 1957. He has been Home Minister of India since 1955.

Married in 1918, the Pants have two daughters, one son and several grandchildren. At home he is a happy paterfamilias.

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THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers :

Who's Who in the Story

Rawa Tripathi (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

Ganapatishankar (Shastri): — Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

Shivashankar (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

Radharaman Dalal :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

Sheela:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

Majiba:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

Uday Solanki:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

Alice:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

Karan:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

Rajba:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

Bheem:—Younger brother of Uday.

Bhupat Sinh:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

Bhagwandas:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

Bamanshaw:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

Jagjiwan:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada, learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

Uday felt suspicious and uneasy in mind due to Samar's peculiar behaviour. In spite of this, Bhupat and Majiba decided to marry Rajba to Samar. Hanskunverba, the second wife of the Maharaja of Manigadh, too, was eager about seeing the marriage through. The Maharani's undue anxiety for the failing health of the Maharaja, Samar's behind-the-scene confabulations with the Maharani, the execution of the document entitling Samar to eight lakhs of rupees from the Maharani and his sudden disappearance from Bombay—all these confirmed Uday's suspicions.

19. Sheela's "Domestic Bliss"

WHEN Radharaman returned from the club, he found that Sheela had still not come ack. He was convulsed with unconrollable anger. So upset was he that e had to lie down for a while. When e regained a little composure, he had cup of tea and then, in order to punsh Sheela properly, as he thought, e went off again to the club. From here, he sent a telephone message that e would not be returning home early. Late at night, he came back thoroughy drunk ; he learnt that Sheela had eft for Bardoli by that night's train.

Radharaman's anger now knew no ounds. He slapped the servant who ame in answer to his call. He swalowed several pegs of whisky, one after nother. Suddenly, in his anger he ung the glass against the wall and mashed it to bits. He sent for another glass and proceeded to drink himlf to sleep.

He woke up late the next morning ith a heavy hangover. He was still ry angry. But there was no one on hom to vent his anger. He had a ld shower, had some breakfast and en went to the Court. There too he as in bad humour. While conductg his case, he lost his temper with e opposing counsel and even with e Judge. Everyone was puzzled and uld not help wondering what had me over this counsel who was norally so calm and composed.

In the evening when he had finished s work and it was time to go home, dharaman's thoughts turned to Sheela. He again worked himself into a fury thinking: "This miserable daughter of a beggar! All this wealth and luxury has gone to her head. Am I going to worry myself because she has run away? She will surely come back of her own accord and fall at my feet."

He went straight to the club, and from there to his mistress's house where he had his dinner. When he returned home, he was overwhelmed with a feeling of loneliness. He sat down to read his brief but he was unable to concentrate. With great difficulty he was able to get some sleep.

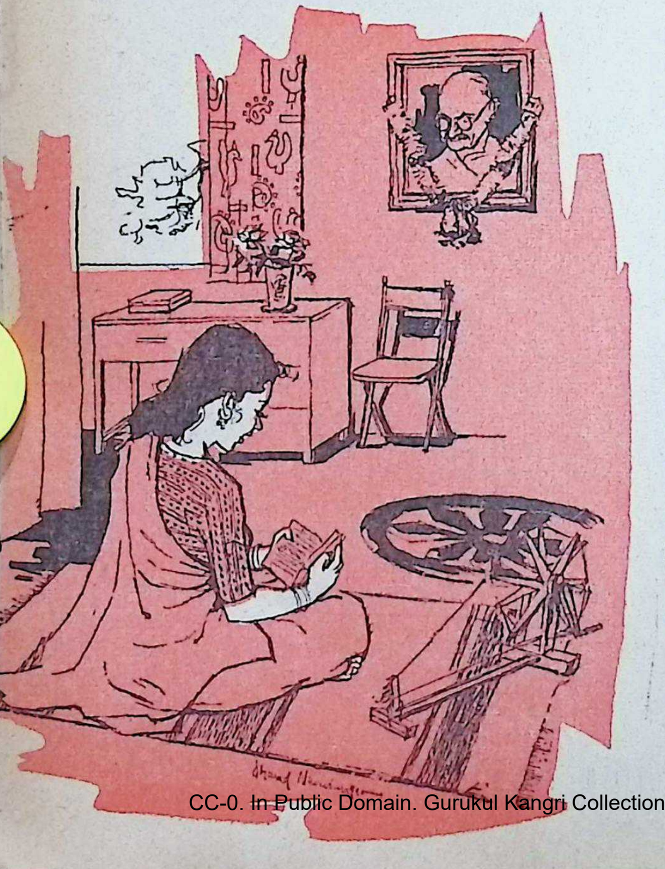
Three or four days passed in this manner. Sheela did not return nor was there any letter from her. He thought that possibly she might have met with some accident. Successive late nights were adversely affecting his concentration and work. He overheard solicitors discussing the state of his health in the Bar Library. One or two friends asked him jocularly whether he was upset because his wife had run away, little realizing how they had hit at the truth. He felt he was being laughed at in the library. Worse still, he seemed to be losing interest in his work.

Although his pride was deeply wounded, he could not help thinking of Sheela. "What is she doing? With whom is she moving around? Is she thinking of me or not?" Such were the thoughts which kept recurring in spite of himself. His imagination re-created Sheela's beautiful face and figure. For a moment, his anger turned on Bhagwandas Master for having put ideas into her head, but then he had the honesty to admit that his own conduct towards her had been far from satisfactory and might well have impelled her to take this desperate step.

A few days later, his pride and vanity again asserted themselves. He resumed his visits to his mistress. He would come home completely drunk and for the moment at any rate he would cease to be unhappy. In the morning, however, Sheela would come back to his mind.

His selfish nature started a new train of thoughts in his mind. If Sheela did not stay with him, and he kept late nights so frequently, his health would suffer and he would soon lose his leading position at the Bar. His affluence too would soon disappear. He was convinced that he needed Sheela and that he could not do without her.

He read in the papers that Gandhiji had suspended his non-violent campaign. There were rumours also that he might be arrested. This made Radharaman all the more anxious. What would happen if Sheela were arrested in Bardoli? Would it not harm his prestige? He was in a confused state of mind.



At last he sent a telegram to Sheela urging her to come back. When he received the reply that she was returning the next day, he was delighted. But characteristically, Radharaman soon began to rationalise the situation. "Well, Sheela had gone away in a temper. But obviously she has no other alternative but to return!" All day long he kept thinking of Sheela and could not remove from his mind's eye her magnificent figure and personality. He had to admit that there was a wonderful charm about Sheela.

At night Radharaman went to the railway

tion to receive Sheela. When saw her getting down from her com- rtment, dressed in khadi sari, she peared to him matchless. The two re overcome with evident joy and the way home they laughed to ver their embarrassment. When dharaman put his hand somewhat sitantly around Sheela's waist, eela pressed it; for she had made her mind to win over her husband. at evening the couple enjoyed un- oyed harmony as though nothing d happened and they behaved like devoted love-lorn couple. In the urt next day Radharaman was as ective as ever before.

For a few days Sheela and Radha- nan lived in a state of complete hap- ess such as they had never experi- ed before. At the evening parties y attended, Sheela made her mark before and her memories of Rani dchhi became blurred indeed.

One evening Sheela received a mes- e from the Court that Radhara- n was detained by work and should t be expected for dinner. Sheela im- diately realised the significance of s message and her heart sank. She s like one paralysed. There came k to her mind the unfettered and ocent joy that she had experienced Rani Vedchhi. She thought of the l of the Goddess rolled up in a et; there sounded in her mind oes of the frequently repeated cho- of "*Raghupati Raghava Rajaram* ." For a moment her mind rejoiced the pure atmosphere that this pic- e evoked.

hen the dream disappeared and she e back to earth. She was nothing but an insignificant means for satisfying her husband's lust. She was indeed not different from the women who sold their virtue as a matter of business. Sheela wanted to leave the house and go away; but she controlled herself. She was very miserable. Here in this house, she said to herself, her lot would be to weep in solitude; to see Radharaman arrive late at night, his mouth smelling of drink; to face him, his passion aroused on seeing her; and to do her best to keep him from polluting her mouth with kisses from his lips which only a little while earlier would have kissed his mistress.

Her whole body trembled with disgust and anger. She controlled herself, called a servant and asked him to transfer all her things into the guest-room. When he had done so and the room was ready, she moved in, bolted the door and went to sleep. She could no longer bear the thought of sleeping with Radharaman.

Next day, when Sheela, looking very pale, came down for breakfast, she watched Radharaman desperately hoping he would not touch her. For quite some time she sat silent. Radharaman made some attempt at conversation but when he found that Sheela said little in reply, he did not persist.

He was then conducting a big case and so he did not stay out late that night. He returned home straight from office. Sheela, in the meantime, had made the guest-room her home and he saw her only when she came down for dinner. She had put on a khadi sari and wore but a minimum of ornaments. When dinner was over, Sheela went straight up to her room remarking that she had a bad headache and proposed to go to sleep immediately.

Radharaman smiled understandingly and said to himself: "So Sheela is punishing me; all right. Let her stew in her own juice." Next day Sheela did not come out of her room even for breakfast. Radharaman was surprised and went up to her room to inquire. He found Sheela sitting on a mat and reading the *Bhagavad Gita*. By her side there was a spinning wheel. "So you want to become a nun, do you?" teased Radharaman.

Sheela took no notice and continued reading the *Gita*. Radharaman felt insulted. Then his eyes fell on Gandhiji's portrait on the opposite wall. He picked it up and threw it through the window in contempt. Sheela did not bother to look up. Radharaman did not know what to do, and he stalked out of the room in high dudgeon. Sheela did not come down for lunch either and Radharaman had to eat alone.

In the evening he could no longer control his impatience. His pride was deeply wounded because Sheela had refused to speak to him. He was also puzzled and did not know how to handle the affair.

Almost simultaneously with his arrival home, he saw another car entering the compound. He waited in the porch to see whose car it was. When he saw Sheela alighting from it, he was surprised and inquired of her whose car it was.

"Mine," said Sheela.

"When did you buy it?"

"Today," rejoined Sheela and went up immediately to her room. After a while, Sheela came down for dinner. Both dined in complete silence.

"Sheela, I am sorry," remarked Radharaman when dinner was over, and they were climbing up the stairs to the library. "Come into the library."

"No, I am going to my room to sleep."

By this time they had arrived at the top of the stairs. They were by themselves. Radharaman put his arm around Sheela's neck and brought her face close to his own. Sheela grew red with anger and attempted to free herself. Radharaman using all his strength turned her face towards his, but Sheela succeeded in turning her face away, for she did not want to allow Radharaman to kiss her on her lips. He had barely succeeded in kissing her cheek when Sheela managed to free herself completely and she ran straight into her room.

Radharaman had learnt from the manner in which some of his friends had begun teasing him that the fact that he and Sheela were not getting on well together was no longer a secret. It had already become a topic of conversation in the Bar Library. There was hardly anything of interest happening in Bombay which was not promptly publicised in the Bar Library. Once that happened, it was impossible to say if comments, polite or impolite, obscene or merely jocular would not be made.

Radharaman did not want his domestic affairs to become the topic of conversation in the Bar Library. His prestige would then suffer seriously. In order to meet this situation he had invited Bamanshah and Uday to dine at his house the following day. For sake of appearance, if nothing , Sheela was compelled to play the tess. She talked with Uday about ijiba and Shastri. Radharaman's itillating conversation delighted rybody. Around 11 o'clock, the ests departed and then, as Sheela od up to go to her room, Radhanan pulled at the loose end of her i and said: "Will you not forgive , Sheela?"

What is there to forgive you since u have committed no offence?" re- d Sheela with some asperity.

Well then," said Radharaman as pulled Sheela's hand towards him- f and kissed it.

Please leave me alone. I am too tated. Let me get a grip on myself," lied Sheela as she continued her rts to free her hand.

But why are you uneasy?" asked dharaman with all his charm. hat is it that we do not have?"

For heaven's sake I beg of you, do t ask me," replied Sheela, still con- uing her efforts to free her hand. do not wish to say anything which ht hurt you. You have done much me. I ask only one more thing of u. Let me remain alone until my rt is hardened like well-tempered el."

Why do you say this? You alone upy my heart. Don't you know that annot live without you? Forgive Forget my faults, Sheela, but do forsake me."

Shyam, I know that you too are appy and that you cannot have ce without me," said Sheela in a nulous voice. She had by now suc- ded in freeing her hand. "I ought omply with my husband's wishes, but I cannot do so." Sheela placed her hand around her neck as if she was being suffocated.

"You keep too much to yourself. That is why your mind is uneasy. Come, if you like, we will go abroad to Europe for a couple of months."

"No, no, I beg of you, please let me live quietly; maybe, after some time, I shall regain my courage and patience, but just now...." Sheela could say nothing more.

"Tell me what you wish to do, you will feel happier afterwards," said Radharaman gently.

"What am I to say if it will hurt you; and I do not wish to do that. I am terribly unhappy and miserable at heart. To whom am I to say that? Many wives put up with it. They even accept it gladly, charitably, smilingly but I am unable to do any of these things," Sheela wept.

"Please put up with me. Forget everything," said Radharaman. "We should not allow the distance between us to increase. Just think how happy we have been so far. The whole world has been jealous of our happiness."

"That is why I have not said anything till now. But there is a kind of fire burning every portion of my body." As Sheela said this, copious tears welled from her eyes.

"Come here, sit near me and tell me what is in your mind," Radharaman again tried to seize her hand.

"No, please don't touch me. I have become abnormal. When I come near you, I am disgusted; the very thought of the embraces of your mistress stings me like the sting of a scorpion; I can hear the sound of those kisses and immediately I get angry beyond control." Sheela sat down on a chair away from Radharaman and continued to talk as she sobbed.

"When I come near you, my head swims; when your hands touch me, I feel polluted. I am the sinner; the fault is mine. If I had been old-fashioned and orthodox like so many other women, nothing would have happened to me; but I am neither. I am neither modern nor orthodox. I cannot forget my duty to you nor can I tolerate your habits any longer. Oh, mother of mine!" Sheela broke down completely. She rushed into her room and bolted the door.

For half an hour or so, Radharaman sat absolutely silent. For a moment he thought of forgetting his sorrow in drink or by going to his mistress, but the atmosphere created by Sheela's remarks was such that he could do neither. He got up and stood in front of Sheela's door. He could see the light in the room and through the key-hole he saw that Sheela was spinning. He knocked at the door but received no reply. After a while, he knocked louder and called out "Sheela." Again there was no reply. Again Radharaman knocked still more loudly and said, "Sheela, forgive me this once, Sheela!" he begged of her.

Sheela put her spinning wheel aside and came to the door.

"Please leave me alone for tonight."

"Sheela, please open the door. Why are you doing this to me, Sheela, Sheela?"

Sheela could not control herself any longer. She opened the door and Radharaman stretched out his arms to her. "Come, come, Sheela."

"No, not in this room. This is my prayer room. Do not pollute it."

"Come," said Radharaman.

Sheela shut her eyes, hardened her heart and controlled the disgust which still overcame her. Radharaman took her to his own room.

[*To be continued*]

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YOGI BECOMES A PIG

OF all tasks that confront men, the most important and difficult is the making of decisions. To a great extent this is contingent upon one's Karma. In proportion to the nature of the *cause celebre* is the magnitude of the result.

Our yogi, by a strange quirk of fate, came to the decision that to concede the wishes of the washer-woman would be the lesser of the two evils and consequently his facial muscles relaxed.

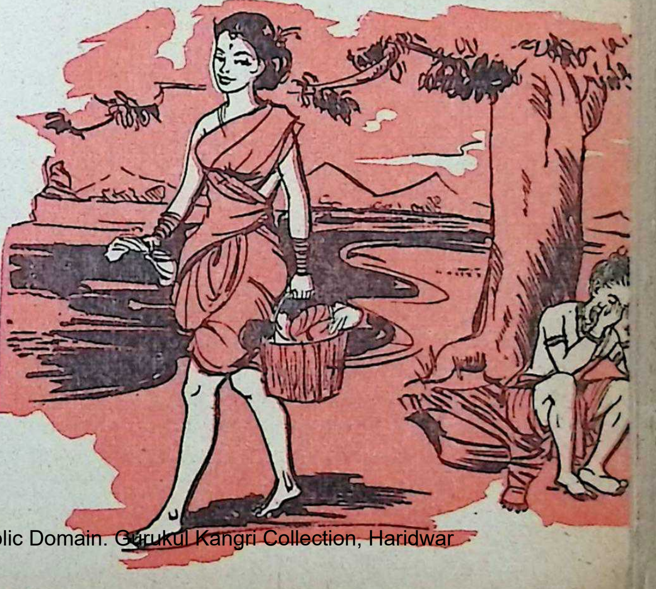
Not for nothing did the ancients fear the feminine instinct as feline and the sharpest of gauges and our washer-woman instinctively detected the change in him and did not lose a second in unleashing the rest of the weapons in a woman's armoury. To cut the story short, she embraced him and the yogi completely lost self-control.

It was only when she walked away after destroying all his accumulated *tapas* that the realization came to the yogi of his Himalayan folly.

Bewailed he: "O, what a fall I have had! What sin must I have committed in the past for having brought to nought my life of unsullied *brahmacharya!* Thinking that no one would disturb my *tapas* I came to this secluded spot. O! Why did this woman come here of all places? Even if she did, why should she have chosen me as the object of her lust? When she pleaded before me, should I not have closed my ears and when she persisted, walked quietly away? How possibly can I now wash off the resultant sin?" And he shed copious tears over his costly indiscretion.

At that time one of his disciples, who presumably had gone out, came, and seeing his Guru in tears respectfully asked: "Master, may you be pleased to tell me the cause of your sorrow so that if anything could be done about it, it might."

Controlling his tears, the yogi related in full the circumstances under



which he fell a prey to the woman's guiles and enticement and how steep a fall it was. He ended with a request to his disciple: "You can help me in my predicament. As a result of this sin of mine, I shall have to be born as a pig in which form I wouldn't like to live even for a minute. I shall be born to a sow in the home of the hunter living yonder. You can recognize me by a black spot on the forehead of a new-born pigling. When you see that, do not hesitate to wring its head off. Then alone would my wretched Karma come to an end."

When the Chela heard these words, he found himself torn between two emotions. One was that such a cruel fate should befall his *guru* and the other was the propriety of doing violence where none but its opposite was called for. When he expressed his doubt, the yogi replied: "You need have no qualms on that issue. By killing me alone would you be doing me good. Therefore, follow my advice unhesitatingly." The disciple agreed.

After some time the yogi went the way of all men born in the world and, as foretold by him, the sow in the hunter's pigsty came to be in the family way. The disciple kept an eye on the sow by calling at the hunter's place every day and blessing him with *mantrakshata*.

One day the hunter asked the disciple: "Sir, why is it that you take the trouble of visiting me day after day? If there is anything I can do for you, please be kind enough to tell me and I shall most willingly do that."

"Yes," said the disciple and continued: "I want you to permit me to keep that pregnant sow of yours at my place for some days and when she is delivered of her young ones, give me one of the piglings for sacrifice to Kali. I shall return to you the mother and the other piglings."

"With pleasure," replied the hunter.

Accordingly, the disciple drove the sow to his place and tended it carefully for it was going to give a second birth to his *guru*. In course of time, the sow brought forth a litter of piglings, one of which had the tell-tale mark on its forehead. Assured that that was his *guru*, he took out a knife and raised his hand to cut its throat. While he was half-way, his resolution gave way and for a time his mind wavered. When again he brought the sword down on its neck, the pigling shouted: "Stop, do not kill me now. Let me, with Lord's grace, enjoy this life too for a time before my final liberation."

On hearing this strange exhortation which sounded un-*guru*-like, the disciple asked: "Deva! What kind of pleasure would you enjoy in this swine life?"

"Listen. Happiness and sorrow, likes and dislikes, are common to all living creatures. Further, you failed to kill me the moment I was born by wavering for a short while. That short interval has engendered in my heart a desire to live and enjoy. Hence you had better go away now without any compunction whatsoever."

Confused and worried, the disciple thereafter returned to the hunter the mother pig and the piglings, saying: "The need has not yet occurred for the sacrifice I told you about and so I am returning all the piglings to you."

The *guru* in pig-form grew, but continued his *tapas* even in pig-form by propitiating Lord Hari. One day wishing to test the purity of his heart, Lord Hari took the form of a hunter and bought the particular pig from its ner. Taking it to the foot of a hill, new hunter drew his knife and ssing it on the throat of the pig ed: "Now, hurry up. Pray to your if you wish to, for I shall soon your throat open."

The pig on hearing this said calmly: ly. God is the lotus-eyed, easy of ap- ach by His devotees, protector of se who seek His refuge, the Omni- ent, the Omnipresent, Spouse of kshmi, the Indestructible Vasudeva. eek refuge at His lotus-feet with all devotion."

When the Lord in hunter-form heard s confession, He was greatly pleased h the yogi-pig and therefore gave n *darshan* of His real form—with nga flowing from His feet, clad in *mbara* and Brahma sprouting from s navel, holding the fourteen worlds His bosom, wearing Lakshmi on his st looking at him with overflowing ce, holding the conch and discus, ng on Garuda.

The Lord thereupon released the i from his pig-shape and granted n a *Brahmin's* birth.

The yogi overwhelmed by the Lord's ce, prayed: "O, primeval Lord! pport of all creatures! Protector of votees! Lord of Lakshmi! Giver of eration! Dispeller of sins! Ocean of rcy! O, lotus-eyed Hari! Protect me! eisance unto You!" Saying this, he at the Lord's feet several times and ised Him.

Greatly pleased with his devotion, Lord placed His hand on the yogi's d and said: "My son, ask me any n you wish!" Upon this the yogi lied:

Lord! Do I need any greater re- d than Your great *darshan*? Will the mere contemplation of Your e give me all that I may desire? Yet, I would like to know why, in spite of my consistent and steadfast devotion unto Your lotus-feet, did I have to take this despicable pig-form, my Lord?"

Lord Hari replied: "Know, my son, that no kind of sin can as much as touch my devotees. No, not even the Devas and Danavas can come near them for good or evil. Yet, it is in my nature to put the greatest of my devotees to test by subjecting him to a series of ordeals and obstacles in order to gauge the steadfastness and single-mindedness of his devotion to me. In this process, incidentally, the impurities left over in him get burnt. If, to the end, he maintains his faith unshaken, I pardon him for his past frailties and take him to my abode. Here are some examples of the tests I give. I tempt him with lust. I visit him with poverty. I immerse him in the ocean of sorrow by destroying his children and relatives. I put him in the company of the wicked. I make him leave the fold of *vaidik* religions and succumb to non-religious concoctions. I obstruct the path of his *bhakti* and divert his mind along the path taken by the masses. The common run of devotees will fail in one or more of these tests. But you have successfully overcome these obstacles and succeeded in regaining your steadfast devotion to me. I gave you the test of this pig-life in the fear that you, in this foul birth, will forget me. But happily you did not. Now you can follow me to Vaikuntha."

The yogi thereupon fell at the Lord's feet and followed by Devas and Divine Sages, accompanied Him to Vaikuntha where he lived enjoying the fruits of his merit in contemplation of Lord Hari.

[*To be continued*]

Stories of King Madana Kama—19

THE TORTOISE-PRINCE COMES BACK TO LIFE

SEEING how the dastardly act of the two younger Princes brought about the gruesome death of her deliverer, the Himalayan Princess was first shocked and then found herself in tears. Bewailed she: "O, what a sad fate for such a noble, brave and dutiful man!"

The two younger Princes put on a face of sorrow and explained: "Princess, do not grieve. When we held the creeper for him, we never thought that it would snap and thus kill our friend and benefactor. Perhaps it was his fate. Of what use crying over spilt milk? Will a dead man come back, however much we grieve? Like a brave woman, follow us and we shall take you to our country, Mallikarjuna, of which our late friend must have told you. Be brave of heart!"

The Princess wiped her tears and started in their company to the destination to which the late wood-cutter Prince wanted her to be taken. After a long and arduous journey, the three of them reached Mallikarjuna. Seeking the presence of their father, the two younger Princes said: "Father, by God's grace, we have been able to get the Himalayan Princess whom you wanted to marry."

"O, my darlings!" exclaimed the King and embracing them in admiration, added, "Where is she? Take me now to wherever she is."

"She is in the harem, father! Please come." And they led him to her apartment.

King Venkata stood stunned by her beauty as it excelled all the reports he had heard of her and even his imagination. Like a child he implored her: "My lovely doll! Do you know how I have longed for you for days together without food or sleep? Now, I can't wait any more. Let us marry right now!"

"Your Highness!" replied the Himalayan Princess, "I have come here for no other purpose than marrying you. As you say, you have waited for me all these days. May I request you to bear with me for six months more within which I hope to complete the observance of a *vrata* I have set myself before the marriage? And by the way, Your Highness may also be pleased to sanction the expenditure in connection with that function."

"My darling! Of course, I shall wait till you successfully accomplish your vow. Now, my officials have orders to supply all your needs in connection with your *vrata*. Are you satisfied? But may I come here now and then to see you? Would you object?"

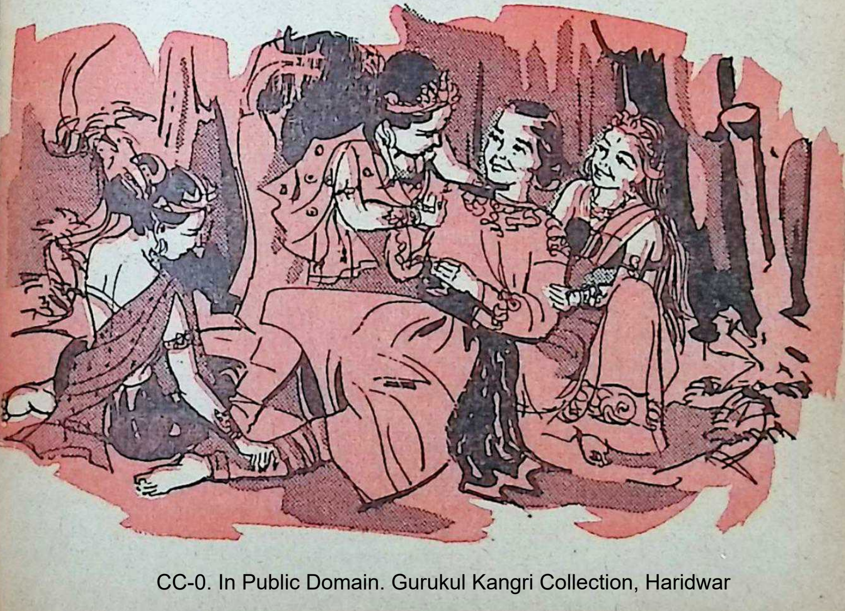
The Princess on hearing this laughed

tright at which the King felt him-lf transported to heaven and then lt. Left to think out things for her-lf the Himalayan Princess seized the pportunity to perform large-scale arma and *dana*.

In the meantime the first wife of e tortoise-Prince waited for 26 days d not seeing him return or hearing y news from him, started towards e Himalayas on the 27th day and d reaching there, succeeded in trac-g his remains upon which she broke wn completely. Tears ran like reams down her cheeks as she rolled her dead husband's mutilated body. The second wife too finding that e time for his return was overdue stened to the Himalayas right up the spot spoken of by him and ding another woman weeping over hat was unmistakably the tortoise-rince's body, asked the first wife: "Who are you, madam? The body is that of my husband. He had asked me to look for him here in case he did not return."

The first wife who looked up at this newcomer related amidst sobs her relationship to the late Prince. Hearing this, the two women took to each other as sisters in their sorrow over their late common husband. The third wife too joined them soon. After giving vent to their sorrow, they started thinking of the next step to take.

The third wife of the tortoise-Prince was an uncommon woman. Like her husband, she too was endowed with superhuman perception and faculties. So she said: "Sisters, there is no point in continuing to weep. We must do everything in our power to restore our dead husband to life. Now, one of you, please, collect the different parts of the body and put them together



properly. Let another sharpen our husband's magic sword while I shall go to the stream nearby, bathe and return here."

While the other two women did as they were told, the third wife returned from the stream and with all her power of devotion and prayer and possibly other powers, sprinkled the water sanctified by spells, saying: "If we are true *pativratas,* let our husband get back to life." The miracle did happen and the battered dead Prince sat up hale and hearty as though from sleep. What could he do better than embrace all his three beloved spouses who were collectively responsible for rescuing him from the other world?

To his eager wives the tortoise-Prince related how he correctly located the Himalayan Princess by the directions of his third wife and how while coming down the creeper for the second time, his brothers actually cut the creeper and killed him. He ended: "I can have no more claim on my body or life. It now belongs entirely to you collectively as you have given me a new life."

The tortoise-Prince and his three wives started descending in order to return to Mallikarjuna. The party first stayed in the Palace of the third wife. The King of the country not only entertained them lavishly but also gave gifts of large sums of money and a small army to his son-in-law. Similarly, the second and first fathers-in-law also added to the Prince's army and made other presents. Thus after crossing many a hill and dale, the party reached a village in Mallikarjuna.

The tortoise-Prince stationed his large retinue and wives at that village and said: "My dears, please stay all of you here in this village. I shall presently send my mother too to be under your care while I go to the capital alone."

Reaching home the tortoise-Prince fell at the feet of his mother who had almost given up hope about him since he did not return while his brothers did with their trophy. When she was in a fit position to listen, the tortoise-Prince related to her all that happened to him since he last parted from her and ended: "Mother! Your daughters-in-law are eager to prostrate themselves before your holy feet!"

The elder Queen would not wait a second more, so mother and son went back to the camp where her three daughters-in-law received her most affectionately and reverentially. They washed her feet with water from Ganga and showered flowers all about her as they themselves repeatedly fell at her feet and the face of each member of the party glistened with joy.

The elder Queen returned to her palace soon after, together with her three incomparable daughters-in-law in a palanquin. The tortoise-Prince of course lived as usual incognito.

The Himalayan Princess found herself confronted with a problem. She had asked for a moratorium in the shape of a *vrata* hoping she would hear news about the tortoise-Prince, but little news was coming through. Thus reflected she: "The half-yearly reprieve is nearly over. The sons of the King's second wife almost killed their eldest brother for the sake of usurping his glory. Now, unless I know

r certain about the fact of the old-
; Prince, I cannot decide one way
the other. Let me devise a ruse. I
ll tell the King that I shall marry
n only on receiving the divine lotus
om Akhilandakoti-Tirtha which is
yond the Seven Seas. I know the
rtoise-Prince alone can do it. That
y I shall clear my doubt."

When King Venkata came to see her
xt time, the Himalayan Princess put
her sweetest attitude and said:
Yes, My lord, the *vrata* is almost
er. All that remains is the arrival
the divine lotus from the Akhilan-
koti-Tirtha which is on the other
e of the Seven Seas. When it does,
u can fix the *muhurta*."

"Of course, the lotus will come,"
d he and, returning to his apart-
ents, called his two younger sons
d said: "My darlings! You achiev-
the impossible in bringing for me
e Himalayan Princess. A greater test
aits you. Unless you pass it—I have
doubt you will succeed—I think
wish will still remain unfulfilled."
d he explained how they should
bring the divine lotus.

"Yes, father, we shall!" replied they, highly gratified by the compliment paid by their royal father and the knowledge of his high expectations of them.

Preparing themselves for the journey the two younger Princes mounted their steeds and rode in the direction of the Seas with the idea of crossing them. But when they reached the foreshore, their horses refused to proceed farther. The two brothers were left wondering how to cross the Seas. When they found it impossible, the realization came to them how their bragging and unlawful claim had brought them to this sorry mess.

Ultimately they felt: "If only we had that noble wood-cutter! Had it not been for him, could we have brought the Himalayan Princess? He is no more. We don't know if we were right or wrong in bringing about his death. But our failure to succeed in the present commission will certainly put us on a spot."

[*To be continued*]

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SANSKRIT-TAMIL

SRI VEDAPADASTAVA. Edited with a critical introduction in Tamil and translation into Tamil and English by Sri P. N. Sivaramakrishnayya. Published by Sringeri Mutt, with a foreward by His Holiness Abhinava Vidya Tirtha Swamiji. pp. 91. Price: Re. 1.25 nP.

AS His Holiness remarks in his Foreward blessing this time-honoured Stotra, this was composed by Jaimini in the assembly of the Gods which witnessed the Anandanatana or dance of Ishvara at the holy place Chidambaram where the temple ritual follows Saiva Agama. In Srirangam the ritual follows Vaishnava Agamas and these together constitute the Dravida Agama; their greatness is fully expounded in the Tamil introduction. This publication will be very useful for daily *parayana*. We eagerly look forward to the other two Stavarajas, relating to Skanda and Datta which we hope will follow soon.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

KANNADA

GANDHI GRANTHAVALI, 1 to 3, on "The Good Life," "Untouchability", and "Women". Published by Hukeriker. Edited by Principal Dharwadker, Dharwar. Pages 75. Price: 75 nP. each.

UNDER the able and critical editorship of Principal Dharwadker, these three pamphlets in Kannada, which are gleanings from Gandhiji's writings, reflect the views of Gandhiji on "Good Life," "Women," and "Untouchability". The selections have been carefully culled and are representative of Gandhiji's views and his precise exposition of the same. The translation is simple, direct and readable. The translators have kept close to the original and are faithful to it in an admirable manner. It is a great service on the part of the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi to have issued such useful and inspiring pamphlets on the teachings of Gandhiji at a very low price. The selections are very good and they bring out the essence of Mahatmaji's views.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

BRIHADARANYAKOPANISHAD (in Kannada). Text, with word for word meaning and commentary by Swami Adidevananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Vani Vilas Mohalla, Mysore. Pp. 453+32. 1959. Price: Rs. 6.

THE Brihadaranyakopanishad, true to its name, is the biggest of the Upanishads, both in its spiritual contents and in its size. It is the earliest repository of Upanishadic lore and belongs to the *Satapatha Brahmana* of the *Shukla Yajurveda.* Its early age is quite clear from its ancient prose style (coming chronologically next to our earliest prose in the *Yajurveda*) with a sprinkling of verses. It possesses two recensions, the *Madhyandina* and *Kanva.* Though Sri Sankara in his commentary here follows the latter recension, he seems to follow the other recension in his commentary on the *Brahmasutras.* The three *kandas* or sections into which the text is divided are the Madhu, Yajnavalkya, and the *khila* or the supplement and these respectively deal with the three ontological sections, theory, proof and the spiritual *sadhanas* leading the aspirant to God-realization. The importance of this text in the 'Pilgrim's progress' of the sincere aspirant has been recognised universally and its seer's (Yajnavalkya's) claim to be classed with the greatest thinkers of any age and clime has been handsomely conceded in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.* The name of Swami Adidevananda is a byword for authoritative and critical expositions of many an Advaitic treatise. The translation and the commentary present Sankara's standpoint faithfully in excellent and readable language.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

News & Notes

HAVAN'S MADRAS CENTRE

HE Madras Centre of the Bharatiya idya Bhavan moved into its new remises at 83, Gopathi Narayana-wami Road, Thyagarajanagar, on ednesday, 6th April, 1960. On that ay, Sri R. Raghunatha Iyer, formerly f the *Hindu*, Madras, inaugurated nder the auspices of this centre the anskrit classes at the Ramakrishna lission Boys' High School, Thyaga-ajanagar.

Impressing upon the parents that it as their duty to make their children tudy Sanskrit in order to have a ackground of our tradition and cul-ure, Sri Iyer praised the activities of he Bhavan in its concerted and sus-ained efforts to provide facilities for he study of Sanskrit all over the ountry.

ALMIKI JAYANTI

NDER the auspices of the Sanskrit idwat Parishad, Madurai, the Jayanti f Sage Valmiki was celebrated on the h of this month under the president-hip of Sri Thothadri Iyengar, Princi-al, Madurai College, who also distri-uted the prizes. In the morning, the *arayana* of *Valmiki Ramayana* was naugurated by Brahmasri Ramamurthy ikshitar at the Hanuman Temple, rishna Rair Street, Madurai. Sri S. amakrishnan delivered a lecture on he occasion. In the evening the rama, *Rama Pattabhisheka,* was en-cted by students.

YYAPPA'S TEMPLE, HARDWAR

WORTHY plea to raise funds for the roper upkeep of Lord Ayyappa's Tem-e at Hardwar has been made by de-otees of the Deity. The Hardwar mple was built and the Deity instal-d in May 1955. Since then Ayyappa *aktas* in and around Delhi have been aking contributions to meet the costs maintaining it and offering *pujas* in e hope that permanent endowments ould be forthcoming. As these latter ave not yet materialised, the temple eeds funds for its maintenance. Con-ibutions, big or small, for the above urpose would be welcomed by the mple authorities. These may be sent Sri O. C. Krishnan Namboodiri, ief Priest, Ayyappa Mandir, Hardwar.

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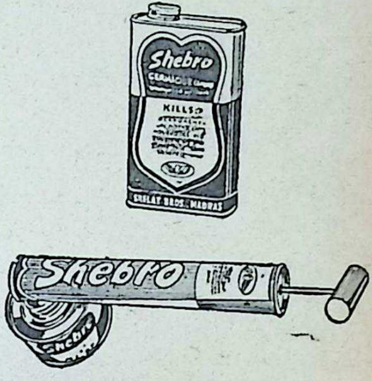

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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PRAYER TO LORD RAMA

नमो नमस्ते भरताग्रजाय
नमोस्तु यज्ञप्रतिपालकाय।
अनन्त विश्वेश हरे मुकुंद
गोविन्द विष्णो भगवन् मुरारे॥
श्रीवल्लभानन्त जगन्निवास
श्रीराम राजेन्द्र नमो नमस्ते।
त्वया सनाथं कुरुमामनाथं
नाथ प्रभो दीनदयालुमूर्ते॥

Salutations to You, oh, elder brother of Bharata, Salutations to You, oh, Guardian of sacrifices, the Eternal Governor of the Universe, Hari (destroyer of sins), Mukunda (granter of beatitude), oh, Govinda, Vishnu, the illustrious vanquisher of Mura.

Oh, Lord of Affluence, the Dweller in the endless Universe, oh, Rama, the excellent king, salutations to You. Oh, Lord, Master, the very incarnation of compassion towards the distressed, take me away, who am an orphan, to Your care.

—Agastya Samhita, Ch. XXXIII, 63-64.

अ मृ तं तु वि द्या

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 202

★ JOURNEY TO HEAVEN CONTINUED ★ NARADA IN GOLOKA ★ THE PROBLEM OF WOMEN

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
April 3, 1960.

My Young Friend,

I WILL now resume the story of my journey to Heaven *via* the Swaminarayan case:

Before going to Borsad at the address stage of the case, I tried to evolve some coherent theory out of the chaotic mass of evidence which had been flung at me. I was clear in my mind that if my client was to win the case, I had to bring it within the principle laid down by the House of Lords in the *Free Church of Scotland* case reported in (1904) Appeal Cases, page 51. Apart from its legal value, it is a monumental case in which several eminent law-lords have delivered judgments in which the English language has reached its high-watermark of forensic power and eloquence.

The principle laid down by that case was that no trust devoted to one form of faith could be shared by another sect simply because some parts of the faith are common. 'Where a congregation became dissentient among themselves, the nature of the original institution must alone be looked at as the guide for the decision of the Courts,' as Lord Davey said. The sense of the existing majority or the truth or reasonableness of the doctrine is entirely irrelevant.

● ● ●

In Borsad, my hostess, Bhaktiba, was a follower of the Swaminarayan sect, and my host, Durbar Saheb, never missed an opportunity to crack a joke at the expense of her religious faith.

Before making my notes for the address, I wanted to know the founder's doctrines from the original sources. I therefore began to discuss them with our expert, Harjivan Shastri. It was a delightful exercise. Apart from having to reduce order out of chaos, I had to delve into religious history and trace the doctrines of Swaminarayan back to their original sources.

Soon I saw the light. The words of

ri Krishna Himself were the original ource of the doctrine. In the XVth anto of the *Gita,* the Lord has said:

'There are two kinds of *purushas* (or units of consciousness) in this world: one is *kshara* (those who are subject to the cycle of recurring birth and death) and the other *akshara* (those who are not so subject).

'However, the Supreme Purusha (Purushottama) is distinct from both these and is called the Highest Self, the Unchangeable Lord, Who, pervading the three worlds, sustains them.

'As I transcend those who are in bondage and am ever higher than those who are not so bound, I am called Purushottama (the Highest Purusha) in the worlds as also in the Vedas.'

This doctrine was elaborated by Ramanujacharya and formed the key octrine of Swaminarayan. His ascetic adhus were *aksharas* (those free from ondage) ; Sri Krishna was the Puruhottama.

'But what about himself?' I asked. How did he identify himself with Sri Krishna? Is he an *avatar*?'

'Sir, Shriji Maharaj is not an *avatara* ; he is Sri Krishna Himself come n earth again in the same body.'

'What?' I asked in surprise.

'Yes, sir. After the Lord came as uddha, Sri Krishna came again on arth,' reiterated Harjivan Shastri.

'What nonsense!' I said. 'After God ame in the incarnation of Buddha, He coming on earth only as Kalki. ever heard of Sri Krishna coming vice on earth!'

I was not merely surprised, but was shocked at the strange claim. However, Shastri was firm in his conviction.

'Sir, Sri Krishna came twice—second time as Shriji Maharaj. It is laid down in so high an authority as *Vasudeva Mahatmya.* I am telling all these lawyers of ours that they would not understand the case without studying it.'

'But that is a section of *Skanda Purana,*' I said. 'It was composed, according to scholars, in the 14th, 15th or 16th century. How can that Purana say that Sri Krishna was coming to earth a second time and that too in the 19th century? Unbelievable!'

'It is true,' replied Harjivan Shastri. '*Vasudeva Mahatmya* is the scripture of our sect, Uddhava Sampradaya.'

Shastri pulled out the book, opened canto XVIII and read out the portion in which the Lord describes to Sage Narada as to how He, as Sri Krishna, would be born a second time.

> When the *Dwapara* age comes to an end and the *Kali* age begins, I shall be known as Krishna Vasudeva of the Yadava clan.... (32-39). Again, O Sage, in the form of Buddha, relying on Vedic rituals, I shall stupefy by deceit the wicked ones who harass the three worlds.... (41).

Then followed these curious lines:

'O Sage, when the wicked ones whom, as Krishna, I killed in the company of Arjun, come back to the earth at the height of Kali age, and spread wickedness, I, the Self of Nara-Narayan, will be born as a *Sama Vedi* Brahman to father Dharma (Righteousness) and mother Murti (Bhakti or devotion).

.... The Sages cursed by Muni Durvasas will also keep Me company on earth while I establish the true Dharma.

This was clear as daylight. Shriji Maharaj was born of Brahman family which followed the *Sama Veda*. He had renamed his father as Dharma and his mother Bhakti. His sadhus were the sages born again. He was, therefore, Sri Krishna come to earth a second time!

However I was stupid enough to ask my expert a few questions about the original *Skanda Purana*.

'This is the original,' the Shastri said. 'Shriji Maharaj recognised it as *the* scripture. It cannot be wrong.'

Perfectly right, I said to myself. This was the scripture of the sect and I was there to uphold it. My zeal for tracing the passage to some original *Skanda Purana* faded away.

* * *

Then I pursued the doctrine about Goloka and *akshardham* where the devotees of Swaminarayan went after death. That doctrine too was in *Vasudeva Mahatmya,* which was in substance the latter-day text-book of Hindu belief, rituals and doctrine. A study of that book shows the basic doctrine of the *Gita,* embellished by the *Bhagwat,* and later developed to meet the needs of a population who wanted something more palpable to hold on in faith.

When I read the journey of Sage Narada to Goloka, which, according to it, was the highest heaven, my mind went back to Dante's visit to hell, but Narada's visit to heaven was not so grim.

Shorn of the exuberant imagery from the original verses so common in Sanskrit, the description of Narada's journey to heaven might be easily summarised.

The Sage first alights on the peak of Mount Meru, the pivot of the world. From there, he sees *Shveta Dwipa* (the White Island), where live thousands of *muktas,* liberated souls. Then he meditates on Lord Vasudeva and soon reaches the island. There he meets the devotees shining like moonlight, who lead him through the skyway to Goloka.

On the way, the Sage sees several worlds: the abode of gods; the world of the Seven Sages (Ursa Major); the world of Dhruva, the changeless; the world of Brahma, and many other interesting worlds.

Finally, Narada descends on the banks of the Viraja river. Its waters are picturesque with multi-coloured lotuses; they are sweet-smelling because of the sandalwood paste washed away from the bodies of *gopis* while they had their dip. The banks of the river flash with gems. Rows of wishing-trees adorn both sides of the river.

Then the Sage journeys through Shata Shringa, the plateau of the hundred peaks, full of flowers, spices and golden banana trees, where birds sing and herds of deer roam in freedom.

Then the Sage sees the dance-halls where the Lord plays his *rasa,* with their bejewelled pillars from which banners flutter. He sees the crowds of *gopis* moving in them to the rhythm of delicious music. The young damsels are dressed in picturesque garbs, bedecked with exquisite ornaments.

hey carry in their hands flowers and ndal paste for worship, singing songs l the time in praise of the Lord.

While crossing the valley of Sata hringa, Narada sees, surrounded by other forests, Vrindavan, the forest eloved of Sri Krishna and Radha, here grow lovely creepers and rich uit trees; where streams of limpid ater gurgle through caves lit up by welled lamps.

When Narada reaches the city of oloka, he finds it surrounded by a welled fortress and crossed by well-velled roads. He sees numberless *manas* (aeroplanes) shining with ems; chariots with a thousand jing- ng bells; palaces of rare magnificence ith *toranas* and flower gardens—all r the use of the devotees of Sri rishna, who are crowding the streets go and offer worship to the Lord.

Then Narada arrives at the palace rounds flanked by the mansions of anda and Vrishbhanu, and girdled y a moat. As he walks through them, e salutes the beloved friends of the ord as they stand at one entrance or e other, and reaches a square efful- ent with divine light as if numberless ns had lit up all the quarters. It is y this light that the sun and the stars ine.

On all the sides of *akshardham,* or e Abode of the Imperishable, stand e devotees; gods in worshipful at- udes; *gopas* and *gopis* crowding ch other.

In this Abode, the Sage sees seated the throne of indescribable beauty i Krishna Vasudeva, Almighty Lord, e Highest Purusha, Parabrahma, ining with a beauty as of a thousand pids—ever youthful, majestic and calm, worshipped by the *ksharas* and *aksharas*. He is attended by Radha, the goddess of joy, and Laxmi, the goddess of plenty.

The colour of the Lord is that of a dark cloud, His eyes, lotus-shaped, His head, adorned with shining diadem. The Sage can even see the *srivatsa* mark on His chest and on His lips is the flute from which issue the notes of sweet melody.

Near Him stand Dharma, the four Vedas, the six *aishvaryas* or splendours, and the favourite *gopas* headed by Sunand and the beloved Shridama.

Narada prostrates himself before the Lord and offers prayers. The Lord then tells him of undiluted devotion and the ways to attain it—of non-violence, self-control, charity and compassion; of devotion to duty, detachment from sense enjoyment, self-introspection and company of the saintly; of yoga and the control of the senses; of eating simple and spare food, self-discipline and freedom from all bad habits; above all, of knowledge of His Power and undiluted devotion to Him.

The Lord adds: 'O Sage, in this *akshardham,* I live accompanied by Radha and Laxmi, and surrounded by those devoted to Me. I am Vasudeva . . .'

The Lord describes to Narada as to how many times He will descend on earth and under what names. I have already given the appropriate quotations.

Tat dham paramam mama: 'That is my abode' said Sri Krishna in the *Gita.* To this idea of attaining absolute unity with God had thus been given a local habitation and a name by the hopes of countless generations.

The exhortation of the Lord was evidently the source of the strict ethical standards which Shriji Maharaj embodied in his *Shikshapatri.*

Having read this, I reached the rock-bottom of the doctrine of the founder.

* * *

At the address stage, the defendants had briefed Sri M. P. Amin, who later became the Advocate-General of Bombay.

The Court was crowded when I began my address. I traced the doctrine from its source, the *Bhagavad Gita,* step by step, and took the Court through one text after another, down to *Vasudeva Mahatmya, Shikshapatri* and the discourses of Shriji Maharaj in which he had developed not only the doctrines on which his own divinity as Sri Krishna was based, but elaborated the ethico-spiritual message which, according to *Vasudeva Mahatmya;* the Lord had given to Narada.

Then I discussed the heterodox doctrine of Gunatitanand; his followers' contempt for Sri Krishna as an inferior *avatar* of Swaminarayan; their attempt, departing from the founder's doctrine, to create a new heaven out of *akshardham*. Gunatitanand had never minced words. In one of his discourses, he had described how Swaminarayan went in search of a proper heaven and discovered *akshardham* for his devotees:—

> The sadhus performed severe penance, so, Shriji Maharaj started to find an appropriate abode for them. First he went to Badrikashram. There Nara-Narayan offered an abode for the sadhus, but he saw that it was no better than the earth. So, he went to *Shveta Dwipa* (The White Island). Vasudeva, who lived there, enthusiastically offered an abode for the sadhus, but the sea was roaring on all its sides and it was found impossible to worship God in peace. So, from there he went to Vaikunth. Ramchandra lived there, who cheerfully offered to make room for the sadhus. But Shriji thought that there was difficulty as he had four hands and quite a few women with him, and therefore it was not possible to worship God there. Having therefore considered it unfit as an abode, he went to Goloka. Sri Krishna lived there. But it was not possible to worship God there on account of the obstacles created by the *gopas* and *gopis,* cows, calves, etc. From there, therefore, he went to the land of Prakriti and Purush. There he saw that Prakriti was darkness and Purush was light, but Purush was lost in Prakriti. So he thought that if the sadhus lived there, they would become black themselves; this was not proper. Then he went to *akshardham.*

This abode, Shriji Maharaj found appropriate and settled there with his sadhus. How far *akshardham* moved since Sri Krishna used the words '*tat dham paramam mama*' 'that my supreme abode' to indicate the absolute unity with God.

The address lasted for a few days. The Sub-Judge knew Sanskrit well and followed the arguments closely. After a few weeks he delivered an elaborate judgment. My client won the case.

When I returned to my host, he apo-ogised to his wife: 'Bhaktiba, all these ears I was laughing at your sect. I old you that it was only fit for ignor-nt and illiterate villagers. But now know how noble are the doctrines.'

* * *

The defendant appealed. The appeal ame before the District Judge of Vadiad, where again Amin and myself ppeared for our respective clients.

The Judge was a very intelligent on-Hindu, who had been transferred o Nadiad from Sind, then part of ombay Presidency, a few weeks be-ore. In the beginning he asked us as o how many hours we would take. Ve held up our hands in horror. Hours! We will take days.'

Then Amin opened the appeal. The udge was all attention. He was very uick of grasp and alert-minded and ollowed the arguments closely. But he ok no notes of the arguments. I uld also see that Sri Krishna and adha were strangers to him. *Bhagavad ita* and *Bhagwat*, Ramanuja and amananda, were equally unfamiliar him.

When Amin closed his address, I ed to capture the attention of the dge to the central point.

I said:

'The case is simple. If the defendant's doctrines conflict with the Founder's doctrine, has he a right to preach his heresy in the temples of the Founder's sect? I will give a hypothetical illustration. Your Honour knows the Roman Catholic doctrines. According to them, the Godhead is a trinity—Father, Son and the Holy Ghost. The Pope is God's representative on earth, the final authority on spiritual matters, and the Bible the authoritative scripture.

> In the ideal figure of Sri Ramachandra we have the perfect Man, the Man who in every relation of life—son, husband, brother, king, set an example of nobility and purity great as human imagination can depict. We have in Him the highest perfection to which human qualities can be carried, and it is this perfected humanity tried to the utmost yet never found wanting, that acts as so inspiring an ideal through the length and breadth of India.
>
> —*Mrs. Annie Besant.*

'Suppose, relying on the same Bible, a new sect arises in the Catholic Church with an unorthodox doctrine—that the Son and not the Father, is the supreme Godhead; that the Father is a very inferior divinity; that the association of the Holy Ghost is sinful; that the Pope is not the highest spiritual authority, but someone else is. Would such a sect be allowed to preach this heresy in the Catholic churches merely because it relies upon its own interpretation of the Bible?

'According to me, Sri Krishna is the supreme Godhead; Swaminarayan is Sri Krishna descended on earth again to spread Dharma. In the heaven, as I conceive it, Sri Krishna presides, accompanied by Radha and Laxmi. My client is the

Acharya or the supreme ordaining authority.

'The defendants say that not Sri Krishna, but Swaminarayan is the supreme God; that Sri Krishna is a very inferior *avatar*; that in the heaven to which the followers of Swaminarayan go, Sri Krishna is not there, neither Radha nor Laxmi; that the presence of the latter is, if not sinful, degrading, and that my client is not the ordaining authority.

'Can such a heterodox doctrine, so conflicting with the doctrines of the Founder, be taught in my temples only because both the Swaminarayan sect and the new sect draw their authority from the same texts?

It was rather difficult to argue before a Judge who took no notes and spoke next to nothing. But when the turn of Amin came to reply, the Judge told him this:

'Mr. Amin, your client may be a learned man. He may be an ascetic; maybe in some matters his doctrines are superior. But how do you explain this fundamental difference that when your followers go to heaven, they find there Swaminarayan alone, but when the followers of Mr. Munshi go to heaven, they find not only Krishna, but those two women? Are these not conflicting doctrines?'

I muttered:

'Radha, goddess of beauty and joy! Laxmi, Vishnu's consort, goddess of plenty and happiness! Whatever others might say or do, no heaven would have any attraction for me if you two are not there.'

In spite of the difficulty that we had found in addressing a judge who talked so briefly and took no notes, it was a delightful surprise to find that the judgment when it was delivered was extraordinarily cogent and to the point. We won the case.

●●●

And thus it was that I had, like Narada, visited Goloka and had a glimpse of the Abode of the Imperishable. I was glad, for perhaps I may not have a chance to see it after death.

Yours sincerely,

K M Munshi

FRONT COVER

स चतुर्भिर्महाभागैः पुत्रैर्दशरथः प्रियैः ।
बभूव परमप्रीतो देवैरिव पितामहः ॥

King Dasaratha felt extremely delighted by his four Divine Children like Lord Brahma with the Devas.

—*Valmiki Ramayana.*

Sri Rama's Coronation

गुरु बसिष्ठ द्विज लिए बुलाई।
आजु सुघरी सुदिन समुदाई॥
सब द्विज देहु हरषि अनुसासन।
रामचंद्र बैठहिं सिंहासन॥

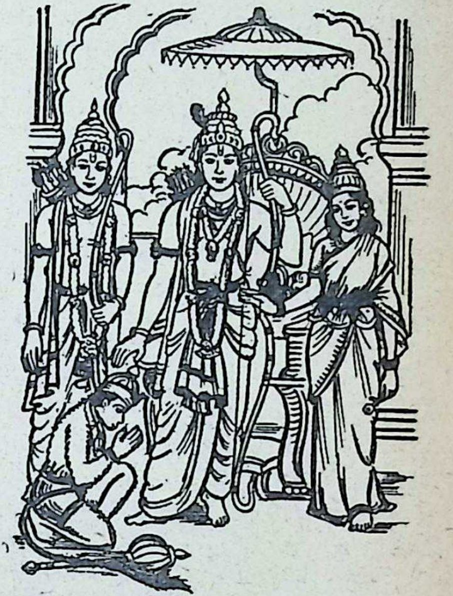
The preceptor, Vasistha, called the Brahmans and said to them, "This lay is an auspicious one. Therefore, ll of you, Brahmans, be pleased to rder that Sri Ramachandra may ccupy the royal throne."

मुनि बसिष्ठ के बचन सुहाए।
सुनत सकल बिप्रन्ह अति भाए॥
कहहिं बचन मृदु बिप्र अनेका।
जग अभिराम राम अभिषेका॥
अब मुनिबर बिलंब नहिं कीजै।
महाराज कहँ तिलक करीजै॥

All the Brahmans, on hearing the greeable words of the sage Vasistha, varmly welcomed them. Many of hem spoke in affectionate terms: "Sri Rama's coronation will bring delight o the whole world. Therefore, O good ige, apply the sacred mark on the orehead of His Majesty without further delay."

व मुनि कहेउ सुमंत्र सन सुनत चलेउ हरषाइ।
थ अनेक बहु बाजि गज तुरत सँवारे जाइ॥
हँ तहँ धावन पठइ पुनि मंगल द्रब्य मगाइ।
रष समेत बसिष्ठ पद पुनि सिरु नायउ आइ॥

The sage thereupon instructed umantra, who, as soon as he received the order, gladly proceeded and rthwith got ready a number of chariots and numerous horses and elephants. He sent messengers here and there to bring articles of good omen; then gladly returning to Vasistha, he bowed his head at his feet.



अवधपुरी अति रुचिर बनाई।
देवन्ह सुमन बृष्टि झरि लाई॥

The city of Ayodhya was beautifully decorated and the *devas* showered flowers continuously.

राम कहा सेवकन्ह बुलाई।
प्रथम सखन्ह अन्हवावहु जाई॥

Sri Rama called His servants and said, "Go and first arrange a bath for my comrades."

> Well may the *Ramayana* challenge the literature of every age and country to produce a poem that can boast of such perfect characters as a Rama and a Sita. Nowhere else are poetry and morality so charmingly united, each elevating the other as in this poem.
>
> —*Principal Griffith.*

सुनत वचन जहँ तहँ जन धाए।
सुग्रीवादि तुरत अन्हवाए॥

At this command the servants immediately ran in all promptness and quickly bathed Sugriva and the rest.

पुनि करुनानिधि भरतु हँकारे।
निज कर राम जटा निरुआरे॥
अन्हवाए प्रभु तीनिउ भाई।
भगत बछल कृपाल रघुराई॥

The All-merciful (Rama) next called Bharata and disentangled his matted hair with His own hands. The gracious and almighty Lord of the Raghus, who is so fond of His devotees, now bathed all His three brothers.

पुनि निज जटा राम बिबराए।
गुरु अनुसासन मागि नहाए॥
करि मज्जन प्रभु भूषन साजे।
अंग अनंग देखि सत लाजे॥

Then Sri Rama disentangled His own matted hair, and with the Guru's permission bathed Himself. After finishing His ablutions, the Lord adorned Himself with jewels; the beauty of His person put to shame hundreds of Cupids.

सासुन्ह सादर जानकिहि मज्जन तुरत कराइ।
दिब्य बसन बर भूषन अँग अँग सजे बनाइ॥

(In the gynaeceum) the mothers-in-law immediately bathed Janaki with all tenderness and carefully dressed Her in heavenly robes set with rich jewels for every part of Her body.

राम बाम दिसि सोभति रमा रूप गुन खानि।
देखि मातु सब हरषी जन्म सुफल निज जानि॥

On Sri Rama's left side shone forth Rama (Lakshmi) Herself, a mine of beauty and goodness. The mothers who were all delighted at this sight thought that their life was fully rewarded.

सुनु खगेस तेहि अवसर ब्रह्मा सिव मुनि बृंद।
चढ़ि बिमान आए सब सुर देखन सुखकंद॥

Listen, O king of the birds: (continues Kakabhusundi,) on that occasion Brahma (the Creator), Lord Siva and multitudes of sages came to see the Fountain of Bliss and so did all the *devas* from their aerial cars.

प्रभु बिलोकि मुनि मन अनुरागा।
तुरत दिब्य सिंघासन मागा॥
रबि सम तेज सो बरनि न जाई।
बैठे राम द्विजन्ह सिरु नाई॥

As he gazed upon the Lord, the sage's heart filled with infinite love; he sent at once for a heavenly throne, which was bright as the sun and defied all description. Bowing His head to the Brahmans, Sri Rama took the seat thereon.

जनकसुता समेत रघुराई।
पेखि प्रहरषे मुनि समुदाई॥

The whole host of sages was enraptured as they looked upon the Lord of the Raghus along with Janaka's daughter.

बेद मंत्र तब द्विजन्ह उचारे।
नभ सुर मुनि जय जयति पुकारे॥
प्रथम तिलक बसिष्ठ मुनि कीन्हा।
पुनि सब बिप्रन्ह आयसु दीन्हा॥

At that time the Brahmans recited the Vedic hymns, and, in the heavens above, the gods and sages shouted "Victory! Victory!!" The sage Vasistha having applied the sacred mark himself first, directed all the other Brahmans to do likewise.

सुत बिलोकि हरषीं महतारी।
बार बार आरती उतारी॥
बिप्रन्ह दान बिबिधि बिधि दीन्हे।
जाचक सकल अजाचक कीन्हे॥

The mothers were overjoyed at the sight of their son and waved lights above His head again and again. They bestowed a variety of gifts on the Brahmans and gave the beggars so much that they begged no more.

सिंघासन पर त्रिभुअन साईं।
देखि सुरन्ह दुंदुभीं बजाईं॥

Seeing the Lord of all the three worlds seated on the throne of Ayodhya, the *devas* sounded their kettle-drums.

नभ दुंदुभीं बाजहिं बिपुल गंधर्ब किंनर गावहीं।
नाचहिं अपछरा बृंद परमानंद सुर मुनि
पावहीं॥

A number of kettle-drums were sounded in the heavens; the Gandharvas and Kinnaras (the celestial musicians) sang and the *apsaras* danced to the supreme delight of the gods and sages.

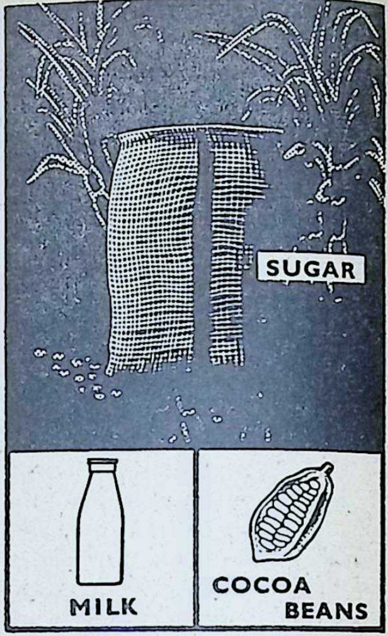
भरतादि अनुज बिभीषनांगद
हनुमदादि समेत ते।
गहें छत्र चामर ब्यजन धनु असि
चर्म सक्ति बिराजते॥

Bharata, Lakshmana and Satrughna with Vibhishana, Angada, Hanuman and the rest shone forth beside the Lord, each holding severally the royal umbrella, *chowrie,* fan, bow, sword with shield and spear.

श्री सहित दिनकर बंस भूषन
काम बहु छबि सोहई।
नव अंबुधर बर गात अंबर पीत सुर मन मोहई॥
मुकुटांगदादि बिचित्र भूषन
अंग अंगन्हि प्रति सजे।
अंभोज नयन बिसाल उर भुज
धन्य नर निरखंति जे॥

With Lakshmi (Sita) by His side the Jewel of the Solar Race shone forth with the beauty of a myriad Cupids. His exquisite form, possessing the hue of a fresh rain-cloud clad in yellow robes, enchanted the soul of gods. A diadem, armlets and other marvellous ornaments adorned the various parts of His body; He had lotus-like eyes and a broad chest and long arms. Blessed indeed are those men who behold such a form.

> Although the Hindus, like the Greeks, have only two great epic poems, namely the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata,* yet to compare them with the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* is to compare the Indus and the Ganges rising in the snow of the world's most colossal ranges swollen by numerous tributaries spreading into deep divergent channels, with the streams of Attica or the mountainous torrents of Thessaly.
>
> —*Sir Monier-Williams.*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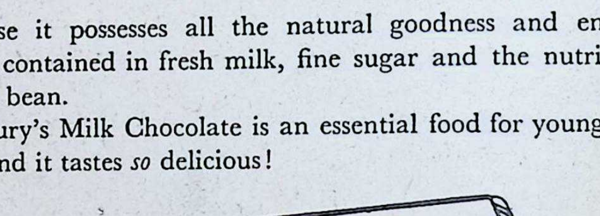
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RAMANAMA:
the PANACEA

Mahatma Gandhi

NATURE CURE treatment means that treatment which befits man. By "man" is meant not merely man as animal, but as a creature possessing, in addition to his body, both mind and soul. For such a being *Ramanama* is the truest Nature Cure treatment. It is an unfailing remedy.

The expression *Ramabana* or infallible cure is derived from it. Nature, too, indicates that for man it is the worthy remedy.

No matter what the ailment from which a man may be suffering, recitation of *Ramanama* from the heart is the sure cure.

God has many names. Each person can choose the name that appeals most to him. *Ishwara, Allah, Khuda,* God mean the same. But the recitation must not be parrot-like, it must be born of faith of which endeavour will be some evidence.

What should the endeavour consist of? Man should seek out and be content to confine the means of cure to the five elements of which the body is composed, i.e. earth, water, *akash,* sun and air.

Of course, *Ramanama* must be the invariable accompaniment

When Charaka, Vagbhata and other giants of medicine in ancient India wrote, the popular name for God was not *Rama* but *Vishnu.*

I myself have been a devotee of Tulsidas from my childhood and have, therefore, always worshipped God as Rama.

But I know that if, beginning with *Omkar,* one goes through the entire gamut of God's names current in all climes, all countries and all languages, the result is the same. He and His Law are one.

To observe His Law is, therefore, the best form of worship.

A man who becomes one with the Law does not stand in need of vocal recitation of the name. In other words, an individual with whom contemplation on God has become as natural as breathing is so filled with God's spirit that knowledge or observance of the Law becomes second nature, as

> Whoever has done or willed too much let him drink from this deep cup (the *Ramayana*) a long draught of life and youth. Everything is narrow in the West. Greece is small and I stifle. Judia is dry and I pant. Let me look towards lofty Asia, and the profound East for a little while. There lies my great poem (the *Ramayana*) as vast as the Indian Ocean, blessed, gilded with the sun, the book of divine harmony, wherein there is no dissonance. A serene peace reigns there, and in the midst of conflict an infinite sweetness, boundless fraternity, which spreads over all living things, the ocean (without bottom or bound), of love, of pity, of clemency.
>
> —*Michelet.*

it were, with him. Such a one needs no other treatment.

The question, then, arises as to why, in spite of having this prince of remedies at hand, we know so little about it; and why even those who know, do not remember Him or remember Him only by lip service, not from the heart.

Parrot-like repetition of God's name signifies failure to recognize Him as the panacea for all ills.

How can they? This sovereign remedy is not administered by doctors, *vaidyas, hakims* or any other medical practitioners.

These have no faith in it.

If they were to admit that the spring of the Holy Ganges could be found in every home, their very occupation or means of livelihood would go! Therefore, they must perforce rely on their powders and potions as infallible remedies.

Not only do these provide bread for the doctor, but the patient, too, seems to feel immediate relief. If a medical practitioner can get a few persons to say: "So and so gave me a powder and I was cured," his business is established.

Nor, it must be borne in mind, would it really be of any use for doctors to prescribe God's name to patients unless they themselves were conscious of its miraculous powers.

Ramanama is no copy-book maxim. It is something that has to be realized through experience. One who has had personal experience alone can prescribe it, not any other.

A friend has copied out for me four verses. Out of these, Charaka's is the simplest and most apt. It means that if one were to obtain mastery over even one out of the thousand names of Vishnu, all ailments would vanish:

विष्णुं सहस्रमूर्धानं चराचरपतिं विभुम्।
स्तुवन्नामसहस्रेण ज्वरान् सर्वान् व्यपोहति ॥

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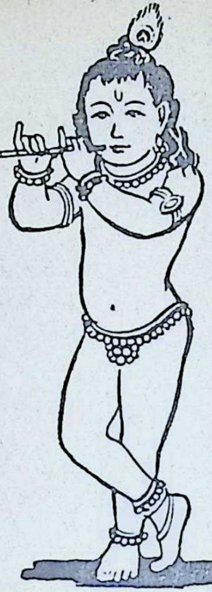
RISHNAVATARA

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

30

Krishna Leaves For Mathura



BEFORE the dawn broke, Nanda and the cowherds accompanying him were on their way to Mathura with carts laden with tribute. Akrura had washed and watered his horses and, yoking them to the chariot, was waiting on the outskirts of Vrindavan.

Krishna and Balaram got busy paying farewell visits to the villagers. But, for the people who loved them, that was not enough. They turned out—men, women and children—to bid him good-bye and brought with them such of their cows and heifers as were beloved of Krishna.

Akrura, standing by the chariot, saw the village—or such inhabitants of it as had not gone to Mathura—coming, with Krishna in their midst, easily recognised by the peacock feather he wore in his turban, and Balaram distinguished by his gigantic size.

The boys prostrated themselves before Akrura, who blessed them. Then Krishna turned to his mother, Yashoda, who stood in front of the crowd, sobbing.

Krishna fell at his mother's feet and applied the dust of her feet over his eyes. She raised him and, loath to part, clung to him as if he were her very life. Then she embraced Balaram.

Radha was also by her side in the new bridal dress, her face covered by her sari in the modest way befitting a newly wedded wife. Like a ray of the sun flashing through the clouds, her eyes cast an ardent, longing look at Krishna from time to time; each look was an ecstatic pledge of eternal devotion. Each time Krishna replied with a swift glance and a faint smile which conveyed a farewell, which only the two of them understood. In the presence of elders, any other exchange was out of the question.

A farewell—a final folding of hands—a pat on the head of a heifer rubbing its head on his skin, and Krishna turned away. All eyes were humid and longing was in every heart as the people gazed at him as he drew Balaram away and climbed on the chariot.

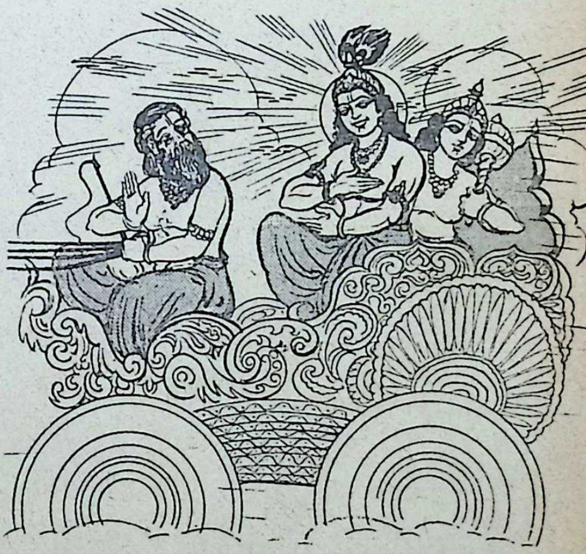
Akrura cracked his whip. The impatient horses sped away. Krishna and Balaram, from the running chariot, returned the loving farewell of the people, and for a moment, in their loving hearts, the light of life was extinguished.

Radha continued to look at the fast disappearing chariot and when it was hid by the turn of the road, she tried to catch hold of Mother's hand, uttered a cry of agony as was never heard before and swooned.

• • •

When Akrura saw his loving farewell, his aith was shaken. Was his handsome boy with dancing curls and eacock feather and a ody of incomparable race the dread reeemer, for whom he was waiting for the last seventeen years? From time to time when he heard of Krishna's miraculous exploits, he had felt that the mission for which he had lived would be fulfilled. But did the boy actually perform them, or were they those of his brother who even at eighteen was so tall and broad-shouldered, or just village gossip?

Krishna was said to be the darling of Vrindavan's girls—a gay lover who went about playing the flute and dancing the *rasa*. The way he suddenly insisted on wedding a village maid in the middle of the night showed a weakness for women, which scarcely betrayed a conqueror's strength. Gargacharya, who always spoke of him in ecstatic terms, was certainly mistaken in his estimate of his pupil. How could he have the strength and the will to



....returning the loving farewell....

fulfil Narada's prophecy and to redeem Vyas's promise? How could he be God Himself? There was nothing godlike about him except the faultless lines of his youthful body.

Krishna was smiling at Akrura. The boy, the older man thought, had a winning smile, for he smiled with lips, eyes and glowing cheeks—as if his whole body was lit up with affection. Akrura could not help smiling in reply.

'Uncle, when will Father reach Mathura? Before us or after us?' asked Krishna.

'They would arrive in the afternoon. We would reach in about eight *ghatikas*. Our horses are fine,' replied Akrura.

'I like horses when they run fast,' said Balaram, who with great discomfort somehow had squeezed his huge frame in the chariot, keeping his long legs dangling from it. 'We can reach Mathura in four *ghatikas* if we speed the horses. Uncle, you are not driving them fast enough.'

Akrura smiled in reply a little indulgently. What a difference between the elder brother who was just an overgrown boy, thoroughly enjoying a ride in a chariot for the first time in his life, and the younger brother so self-possessed and so attractive, taking to the new experience as if he had had it all his life.

'But, Uncle, would it be right to arrive before Father and our party?' asked Krishna. 'I came with you because you wanted me to; otherwise, I would have loved to go with them in bullock carts or on foot.'

Akrura was a very kind-hearted man, and the way Krishna referred to Nanda went straight to his heart.

'The whole of Mathura is waiting for you impatiently, Krishna,' said Akrura. 'Vasudeva and Devaki are dying to meet you.'

'They have waited for sixteen years; they can wait for a few *ghatikas* more,' said Krishna. 'But I can never ride into Mathura in a chariot when Father is trudging there on foot.'

'My boy, forget Vrindavan,' said Akrura. 'You are now a prince—Vaasudeva, the son of Prince Vasudeva.'

Krishna laughed with fascinating shyness. 'No, Uncle, I am one of Vrindavan's cowherds. I do not want to forget it—never.'

Again a doubt entered Akrura's mind. Could this boy, Krishna, redeem Yadu's noble race?

'Let us stop on the way and then catch up with Father when he is about to reach the city,' said Krishna.

Balaram made a grimace. 'Krishna, you were always like that. It would be great fun to get to the city at once. I want to see it—its palaces and marts.' Though Balaram showed a desire to go to Mathura before every one else, his look of confidence in Krishna was eloquent; he would always accept the law from his younger brother.

'Yes, if you so like,' said Akrura. 'But you know what is in store for us. I have invited the Yadavas to walk into Kamsa's trap and am leading you into it.'

'Why did you allow Uncle Kamsa to lay this trap for you at all?' asked Balaram.

'That has been our folly for years,' said Akrura. 'Kamsa was crafty. His minister Pralamba was more far-sighted than we were. And most of the

Andhakas were behind them. You know that one of their powerful chiefs, Pradyota, is a loyal follower of Kamsa.'

'It is always a mistake to let a tyrant grow in strength. What do you expect to happen today?' asked Krishna.

'Today or tomorrow, when the anointed Bow will be worshipped, he will take the final step; he will try to stage a massacre of most of us,' said Akrura.

'Then why has he invited us?' asked Balaram. 'To put us to death?'

Akrura for a little while kept quiet. Then, weighing his words, he spoke. 'He wants to kill Krishna first. He is afraid that, if he is left alive, the prophecy will be fulfilled.'

Krishna laughed. It was the laugh of a god who knew that the fate of men was in his hands. Akrura saw in the well-chiselled eyes for the first time an imperturbable self-confidence, and a mysterious stream of faith issuing from Krishna enveloped him.

'He would himself be dead before he kills me,' said Krishna in a reassuring tone.

'How do you know?' asked Akrura.

'I learned it from revered Gargacharya and Acharya Sandipani,' said Krishna.

'Did they tell you of our woes? Of what we have suffered all these years?' asked Akrura.

'They told me all about the wickedness of Uncle Kamsa,' replied Krishna.

'My boy, you have no idea of what we have suffered all these years,' said Akrura. 'And sometimes I wonder why I have lived so long with this load of suffering. The venerable Ugrasena is in prison. Your father and mother have lived in a veritable hell. Before my eyes, I have seen your brothers killed the moment they were born. And I hid Balaram and you in Gokul only because I believed in the prophecy of Narada and in the promise of venerable Veda Vyas.' A tear fell from the eyes of Akrura.

'Uncle mine, do not think of the past,' said Krishna. His young voice acquired an almost paternal accent of solace. 'I know how Uncle Kamsa has broken the pride and strength of the mighty Yadavas; how he has deprived them of land; how he has driven many of them out of Mathura; how he has robbed the mothers of their newborn babes and the Chiefs' daughters of their honour.'

'Yes, Krishna,' said Akrura. 'Murder, plunder and rapine have been his sport. He holds himself answerable to none. He has scoffed at the gods; silenced the voice of the Brahmans from whom wisdom flows; departed from the ways of our venerable ancestors.'

'He is the enemy of *dharma*,' said Krishna.

Akrura heard this boy of sixteen speaking with the authority of an ancient seer and his faith in him, which had faltered, began to grow higher.

'Then you know what your mission in life is?' asked Akrura.

'Yes,' replied Krishna.

'When did you learn it?' asked Akrura.

'Often I had felt something stirring in me, but I knew not what it was. But the day next after they told me who I was and what Uncle Kamsa had done, I went and stood on the highest point of Mount Govardhan, looking at the rising sun. And when the sun rose and the rays lit up the earth, I felt....' Krishna hesitated and asked: 'Shall I tell you? You won't laugh at me?'

'My boy, I am dying to hear from you as to what you felt. I have lived only to hear it from your lips,' said Akrura.

'I felt wickedness rolling away from the earth; I saw men walking in *dharma*—their head raised high in god-like freedom. I felt *dharma* enveloping the heavens, the earth and the nether region,' said Krishna and paused.

'And then?' asked Akrura breathlessly.

'It was no longer a law; it was life itself. And....,' said Krishna.

'Yes, and?' asked Akrura.

'I felt.... Yes, I felt that.... as if all entered into me. I was not Vasudeva, the son of Vasudeva, but VASUDEVA That-is-All,' said Krishna.

'Then?' asked Akrura in reverential whisper.

'I returned to the village. And I felt myself changed. My people were not mine; they were in me and I was in them.... I could not understand this change. Was Gargacharya correct in telling me that I had a mission to redeem mankind, I wondered. Then I waited for a sign....a sign to prove that what I felt was true. I fought against the fear of Indra which held my people in grip. And I received the sign. At my touch Govardhan rose two cubits in height.' Krishna then paused.

Akrura looked at Krishna in awe. He saw the sun, the moon and the seven stars whirling round this strange young boy, whose voice sounded as the voice of the Eternal. He had never felt so humble, so insignificant, and devotion sprang in gushing torrents from his saintly heart. He saw Krishna transfigured into VASUDEVA—the God of all gods, enveloped in the radiance of a thousand suns.

Akrura felt blinded, dazed. He lowered his head and was going to place it on Krishna's feet. But he felt as if he had been awakened from a stupor; he felt Krishna's hands by a gracefully unobtrusive gesture, preventing him from offering salutation.

The words 'VASUDEVA That-is-All' sounded in his ears as if rolling away in a distant corridor. Their echoes feebly died away. And he heard the charming laugh of the boy who sat before him—a laugh so loving and yet respectful, an unpretentious gesture of a kindly soul.

Akrura rubbed his eyes. Was he asleep or awake?

'VASUDEVA That-is-All'—did he hear it in a dream?

'Uncle, there is a shady place here on the bank of the Yamuna. Shall we halt here? Shall we go and bathe?' asked Krishna.

'Yes, Krishna, if that is your wish,' said Akrura, as he reined in the horses to an abrupt halt.

'Now you two go and take your bath,' said Balaram sleepily. 'I will sleep a while. I must get ready to fight Uncle Kamsa and all his men.'

'Brother mine, you will require all the strength you have before we have done with Kamsa,' said Krishna.

And as Akrura dived into the waters of the Yamuna, he had the vision of his young nephew transformed into VASUDEVA. [*To be continued*]

True Significance of the Ramanama

VISHNU, the preserver of the world, descended on earth in human form on the ninth day of the bright half of Chitra at an auspicious hour when five planets were in exaltation. On this day, the moon transited her mansion Punarvasu and the Sun was in the zodiacal sign Aries. Jupiter and the Moon were located in Cancer.

The *Champu Ramayana* describes this incident figuratively. It looked as though the city of Ayodhya served the purpose of the fire-producing stick (*arani*) for the conduct of a sacrifice. The sacrificial fire shone with unprecedented dignity and splendour.

निर्दग्घं निखिलाः पलाशसमिधो
मेध्यादयोध्यारणेः ।
आविर्भंतमभूतपूर्वविभवं यत्किञ्चिदेकं
महः ॥

The demons who oppressed mankind served as sacrificial sticks.

This day is otherwise known as Ramanavami and is celebrated with grandeur throughout the length and breadth of the Indian continent. It is in fact a festival of the Spring. The epic poem of Valmiki is sung with great devotion in every household. Great sanctity is attached to this work. For, the hero and the heroine of this great work practically serve as the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood. The story of Rama has been a source of inspiration to the religious reformers of India, so much so that it has purified the popular faith.

M. V. SRIDATTA SARMA

Why did the Lord incarnate Himself as four brothers in Ramavatara?

It is common knowledge that the whole of Ramayana expounds the essence of Dharma. In the person of Rama we have one who fulfils what are called common **Dharmas like** 'obey **your parents', 'speak the truth', etc. In Lakshmana we have one who fulfils what is called** special **Dharma, in that the God of his choice is supreme, even in contravention of common Dharmas. That is why he was harsh even on his father and brother Bharata. In Bharata we have one who fulfils a** more special **Dharma in that he is perfectly willing to worship, not his God direct, but His symbol like Rama's Sandals. In Satrughna we have the fulfiller of the** most special **Dharma, namely devotion to the servant of his God, Bharata.**

Renderings of the *Ramayana* have appeared in the regional languages from out of Sanskrit and Prakrit. The lead was taken by Kamban in the eleventh century in Tamilnad. The *Ramacharitamanasa* written by Tulsidas in Hindi, Keertibas's *Ramayana* in Bengali, Sridhar's rendering in Marathi are other instances in point.

Sayana while expounding the qualities of the ideal King Sri Rama, says in a nutshell that Sri Rama was a repository of the qualities *par excellence* (*gunadhyatva*), causality (*karanatva*), splendour (*prakasata*), subject of contemplation (*dhyeyata*) and the faculty of exercising control or regulation (*niyantrata*). These are the traits associated with a *punya-sloka*. With the characteristic tendency towards austerity as would be worthy of an Arya, Rama represents the very touchstone of noble speech.

The *Agastya Samhita* enjoins that on the day of Ramanavami, one should observe a complete fast, breaking it only on the succeeding day (Dasami).

उपासनं नवम्यां वै दशम्यामेव पारणम् ।

By such observance, it is said that the devotee will be absolved from metempsychosis, besides obtaining for himself divine communion.

मातुर्गर्भमवाप्नोति नैव रामो भवेत्स्वयम् ।

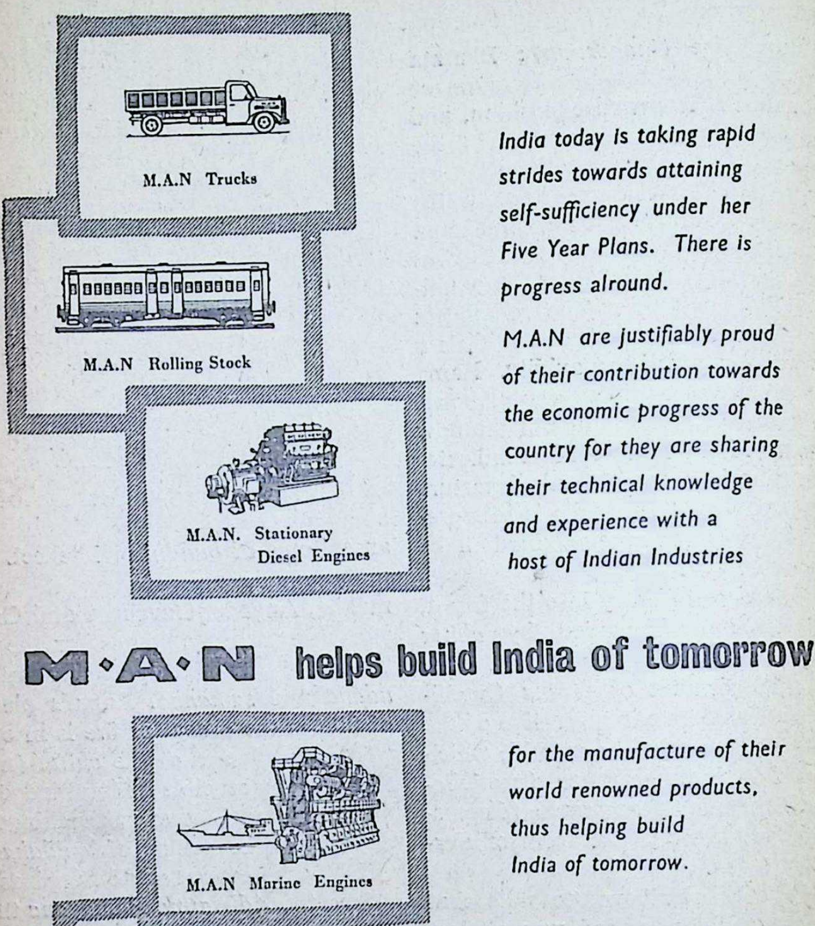
The *Adhyatma Ramayana* which is ascribed to the *Brahmanda Purana* gives a philosophical interpretation of the Rama episode. Lord Siva, the *chaitanyaroopa* for the Jiva (individual soul), addresses Uma in the form of *mati* or understanding. The import of the *Ramayana* is thus explained. A clash ensued between the motor-organs as also the organs of perception (in the form of mankind and the gods) on the one hand and on the other the ego (the internal instrument) represented by the fiends like Ravana, who connived at oppressing the former. The gods in their turn offered their prayers to the Supreme Spirit settled in the cavity of the heart with fervent devotion. In response, the Supreme Spirit assured them security (in the form of *virati* or indifference to worldly attachment). The Lord who occupies free space or vacuity entered into the heart region, which is identified with Ayodhya. He assumed a form with the ten *indriyas* (interpreted as Dasaratha). He came out as life from the womb of Kausalya (*vedagarbha*). This is Rama. Next, three more forms originated: Lakshmana as the symbol of knowledge (*jnanarupa*); Bharata indicating the faculty of discretion or rationale i.e. reasoned exposition, and Satrughna denoting devotion to the Truth or Reality (*tattvanishtha*). Rama and Lakshmana kept watch over the sacrifice of Brahmajnana (Knowledge of Brahma) which was conducted by the friend of the universe (*Visvamitra*). The demoness Tataka, who attempted at a raid, is a byword for greed or avidity. Rama next entered Mithila (*sushumna*), where he broke the chords of the bow (*dhanus*). His union with Sita indicates his settling in peace. Rama's departure from Ayodhya as an exile is interpreted as casting away the kingdom of *vyasana* or evil.

At the time of entry into the forest, Rama was accompanied by *chitta* (Maya Sita) and Lakshmana, who wore the garment of *prajna* (intelligence). This forest is suggestive of the empirical (*vyavaharika*) world, which exists only in appearance (*pratibhasika*). Rama next eradicated (dispersed) the epidemic in the form of Surpanakha.

It may be significant to note that the demons who waged war against Rama at Dandakaranya viz., Khara and Dushana, are mere personifications of such traits as insanity and wild excitement. When their missions failed in defeating Rama, *ahamkara* (ego) appeared in the form of Ravana and abducted Sita. On his way, he was intercepted by Jatayu, the symbol of elf-respect. The latter was killed by the fiend. Sita is placed in the Asoka Vana, which symbolises Sukarma. The destruction of the date-trees (grove) at Kishkindha is in other words the extirpation of distress. Conciliatory words were spoken to Tara (*suvani*) by Rama. The *mudrika* was sent to Sita through Rama's emissary Hanuman. In other words, this denotes the imparting of Brahmajnana. Hanuman is *mukhya-prana* or vital breath. The fiends Ravana, Kumbhakarna, Indrajit and Atikaya represent the evil propensities like the ego, spiritual ignorance (*ajnana*), wrath and inebriety respectively.

In Vibhishana is represented the faculty of discrimination (*viveka*) and to him is entrusted the charge of the kingdom of Lanka. Sugriva is in short an epitome of *buddhi* or intellect. The monkey chieftains Hanuman, Dadhimukha, Angada, Gavaksha and Gavayana are mere synonyms for the five life-winds (*prana, apana, vyana, udana* and *samana*). Rama's placing of Sita in the ordeal of fire is in other words the placing of the *chitta* (mind stuff) in the crucible of knowledge. In the end, Rama ascends the kingdom of Truth (the realm of *chidakasa*), which is the source of all happiness.

Says the *Adhyatma Ramayana* thus: "Rama represents the Supreme Spirit, who neither moves, nor is stationary. He never feels distressed. He is not subject to the influence of desire; nor does he abandon anything. He is the manifestation of the Supreme Bliss or felicity, which is unmoved and remains unaffected. He manifests Himself in his splendour (*beautiful form*) following the constituents of Prakriti."



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रामो न तिष्ठति न गच्छति नानुशोचति
नाकांक्षते त्यजति नो न करोति किञ्चित्।
आनन्दमूर्तिरचलः परिणामहीनो मायागुणा-
ननुगतो हि तथा विभाति॥

Now coming to the import of the word Rama, it is stated in the Puranas that the syllable *"ra"* is of universal signification, while *"ma"* is indicative of the Supreme Spirit. The Iswara (the Supreme Lord) to whom the entire cosmos is subservient or dependent is otherwise extolled by the term Rama.

रा शब्दो विश्ववचनो मश्चापीश्वरवाचकः।
विश्वाधीनेश्वरो यो हि नून रामः प्रकीर्तितः॥

Says the *Ramapurvatapaniyopanishad* thus: "That pure intelligence which consists of perpetual bliss and is infinite, and in perceiving which the Yogins are delighted, is known by the term Rama. It is otherwise known as the Supreme Spirit. This form which is without a second and consists of pure intelligence and which is stainless and incorporeal, serves as Brahman for the sake of the *upasaka's* object".

In the Rama *Uttaratapaniyopanishad* the significance of the Ramapanchayatana is discussed. The five forms (Rama, Lakshmana, Bharata, Satrughna as also Sita denote the letters forming the Pranava along with Prakriti. Thus *"a"*, the first letter of the Pranava, is indicative of Lakshmana in the *visva* or *virat* state. The letter *"u"* denotes Satrughna in the *taijasa* or *hiranyagarbha* aspect. The third letter *"ma"* symbolises Bharata in the *prajna* or *antaryami* state. The *bindu* (half letter) reveals Rama in the blissful state which is *turiya* (Cf. शान्तं शिवं चतुर्थं मन्यन्ते।). Sita who is the cause of happiness to the Universe and who always indulges in her pastime, viz., projection, support and dissolution of beings, is otherwise known as primordeal nature (primal *prakriti*). Because of her nature which is entirely of Pranava form, those who have realised Brahman call her Prakriti.

The *Ramarahasyopanishad* dwells on the greatness of the Rama Mantra. Hanuman, the great *upasaka* of Rama, says that the unseen form lies hidden in Rama Mantra like the subtle form of the prospective tree concealed in the tiny banyan seed. Thus, the moveable and the immoveable world remain like the substratum (*samavaya*) in the Rama Nama. The Upanishadic doctrine *"Tat-tvam-asi"* (That thou art) is expressed by the word Rama. While the letter *"Ra"* denotes the *tatpadartha*, *"ma"* indicates the *tvam padartha*. Their close union is the *asi padartha*. Says the Upanishad thus: "Those who meditate with the Truth 'I am always Rama' will certainly be united with Rama being released from the fetters of *samsara*. There is no room to doubt it."

सदा रामोऽहमस्मीति तत्त्वतः प्रवदन्ति ये।
न ते संसारिणो नूनं राम एव न संशयः॥

(*Ramarahasyopanishad*)

Hanuman says thus in the presence of Rama: "Considered from the point of view of the body, I am Thy servant. If viewed as an individual soul, I am Thy part and parcel. Judged in the light of the Absolute, I am Thyself. This is my firm conviction."

(*Hanuman Nataka*)

Sita's Lament

Dr. Radhagovinda Basak

IN Indian literature there are numerous descriptions of lamentations, such as those of Aja-vilapa, Kausalya-vilapa, Gandhari-vilapa, Mahasveta-vilapa and Rati-vilapa, but Pravarasena's[1] beautiful and pathetic description of Sita's lament[2] stands out as a masterpiece.

It compares very well with the sentiments, so full of pathos, expressed by Rati in Kalidasa's epic, *Kumarasambhava* (Canto IV).

Ravana is in a forlorn state of mind. He is fully engrossed in the thought of Sita and his mind is disturbed with rhetorical *vyabhichari-bhavas* or subordinate feelings (here of love).

As he remembers his failure to attract Sita towards him, he becomes despondent, mad, and completely detached from the enjoyment of any sense object. He develops an utter dislike for all things other than Sita and while talking with his wives he unconsciously utters Sita's name.

He treats his wives with civility and courtesy, but this is merely external show, for he has no real love for *them*, and he evades talking with them.

He dissimulates, he commits excessive blunders, he develops fanciful ideas, he even feels ill and rolls in agony on the ground where he has spread his bed.

All these reactions to his state of mind are described as indicating his deep feeling of separation from Sita, his desire for union with her.

In this despondent mood, Ravana now begins to ponder whether to attempt to crush the army of monkeys or whether to try to compel Sita. He thinks, however, that Sita, who never felt inclined towards him in the absence of Rama, cannot be expected to do so now that Rama has already arrived on the island of Lanka; nor could she be won over by his supplications.

So Ravana then falls to imagining if Sita could be made to surrender herself to him, if out of fear he could make her lose all sense of decorum. This could only be done if he could manage to show her Rama's head lopped off.

As Ravana's attendants appear on the scene, he tries to speak to them but fails; one of his mouths tries to speak, but another prevents it. At last he overcomes his hesitation, and, with a deep sigh, addresses his attendants and asks them to make a counterfeit head of Rama, and to make it appear as if it has been freshly cut off from the neck. This they are to show to Sita.

Instantly the attendants make such a head of Rama and present it before their master. At the behest of Ravana, his obedient night-rangers then take the head to the pleasure-garden where Sita is residing; it was the very place where, some time previously, Hanuman had broken down the trees.

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[1] A Prakrit epic poem by name *Ravanavaha.*

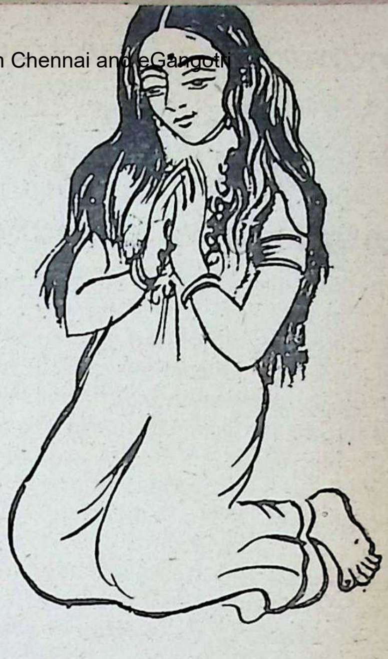
[2] On seeing the false head of Rama sent to her by Ravana.

Arriving at the garden, they observe Sita sitting with her face resting on her hand, her hair-fillet without the jewel given her by her husband, and with tears in her steadfastly gazing eyes. She could hear the screamings of the monkeys, far off in the distance, and the sound delighted her heart.

Ravana's messengers, the Rakshasas, also notice that her face droops and that its lustre is dimmed while her left arm quivers. From time to time Sita closes her eyes in order to feel the delight of imagining Rama's face. Sometimes she thinks of what might happen as the result of a war between Rama and Ravana.

At last the Rakshasas approach Sita and show her the head of Rama, the head that has been made under orders from Ravana. As soon as she sees it, Sita falls to the ground in a swoon.

After a while she regains consciousness, and, raising her head, she looks at the head again. She sees that it is a human head, the head of her husband. Apparently it had been freshly, but rudely, cut off from the neck by a sword; blood is oozing out, and pieces of flesh at the wound have shrivelled and seal the hollow of the neck. A tooth can be seen through the gap at the base of the lower lip. The face is seen to wear a frown. Sita continues to gaze with horror upon the head as it is held before her, the Rakshasas gripping it by the hair. Alas! It seems to Sita to be the veritable head of Rama! Again she falls into a swoon.



As she regains consciousness her doubts give place to conviction. It is her husband's head! She tries to speak, but her voice fails her. She tries to stand up, but she falls, and she cannot even remove her hair that has fallen over her face. She places her hand on her bosom and looking askance once more at the head, she begins to bewail.

In her lament she says, "Sorrow at its onset is terrible, but its end does not become so frightful; for I have seen your death—so repugnant to a woman—and I have endured it without myself dying. From the moment of leaving home I thought that I would be able to dissolve my sorrow with hot tears on your chest; but where shall I pour out my grief now? My life has been sustained by the desire to meet you. Now I have seen you thus! My desire to see you has been fulfilled, but it does not bring me full happiness, for I could not see you alive."

The poet now adopts the Indian convention of regarding a king as having three wives, the Earth over which he rules, the Royal Fortune that he possesses and his own beloved queen. So Sita continues her lament by saying that after her husband's death, Earth will have a second lord; the Goddess of Royalty, being fickle, will choose another distinguished man; but her own widowhood is absolute.

Sita now cries, and looks at the head brought before her. Casting modesty aside, she shrieks, "Clearly it is his face." Continuing her lament, she says, "If it was only for the sake of seeing you that I endured being separated from you, living with female demons as my companions, then (now that I have seen you) my life should melt away. Now that you have passed to the other world, I may follow you by my own determination to do away with my life. But instead of the joy which this would bring me, my heart burns, for I have not yet seen the slaying of the ten-faced demon. No bond of hope stays my heart, yet I cannot understand what it is that restrains my life. For my sake you have crossed the ocean and met with death, and yet my ungrateful heart survives. People will sing with praise your virtues, but me they will condemn for not yet embracing death, as would be natural for a chaste woman to do. My wish to see Ravana's ten faces smashed by the thrusts of your arrows has gone away, reversed by my destiny. A friend dreads calamity to a friend even in a tiny separation, but that calamity has actually appeared before my sight."

After this lamentation, the female demon, Trijata, who is now Sita's companion, raises Sita's face and consoles her with sweet words. She says, "You are smarting with sorrow without proper reason, because you are a woman. Knowing full well that your husband is the prop and pillar of the three worlds, you should not compare him with all other men. Never believe that his head could be thus cut off! Had it been his head, all the oceans would have mingled together, all the mountains would have crumbled, the earth would have turned upside down. In the event of Rama's death, this pleasure-garden of Ravana's would have lost its beauty, the branches of the trees would have been broken as if by a storm; every lotus would be closed. Rama's death is false. It has been created as an illusion by the demons. So wipe away your tears, and do not weep. You will very soon have plenty of time to shed tears —during your embrace with Rama! Soon you will meet your lord, lovelorn, and with his bow no more in action. Had it really been Rama's head, it would have burst on account of the fire of anger contained within it. You should not be so infatuated as to think that this can be the head of Rama, that Rama by whose order his servant, Hanuman, brought about such devastation in Lanka. Why, the world would have ceased to exist, if Rama had been killed.

"Although I know that this head is a delusion created by the demons, I myself feel sad at the sight of it, false though it is. You should not cherish any disregard for Rama, for it is Rama who has succeeded in building a bridge linking Suvela, the mountain of Lanka, with Malaya, the mountain on the other shore; and this he did in front of all the demons who had joined together to help Ravana. You are foolish to think that Raghava, Rama, is powerless, for he is now residing on Suvela."

Sita, however, does not believe what Trijata tells her. Leaning against the bosom of her friendly companion, Sita once more begins to shed tears. Then, growing a little calmer, she begins to speak to Trijata: "Fie on me that I still live! I first saw his head, then I swooned, and then I recovered consciousness, and I still live! How is it that my heart is still at work? O Lord, after seeing you come to such an end, and after residing so long in the intolerable abode of the Rakshasa, how does my heart still work? What a despicable life I am leading, instead of putting an end to it, like a worthy woman! You, my husband, have acted like a true man, and the king of demons has done his part well, but I have not done my part, as a woman. You came here to save my life, O Lord, on hearing from Hanuman that I was yet alive. So I am the cause of your life's ending."

With these few words, Sita again falls onto the lap of Mother Earth, almost in a swoon. Somehow she manages to wipe away her tears. Again she casts a look at Rama's head, now rolling on the ground, and she continues to look at it, wiping her eyes every time her vision is blurred by tears.

Smiling sadly at Trijata, she tells her that she is now determined to put an end to her own life. "I have borne so long my husband's separation" she says, "and now I have experienced widowhood, so you should not ridicule my shameless ending of my life. Death is the end of all beings, but the end of such great personages as my husband is deplorable."

With these words she again falls to the ground. In her bewailing she then uses the word 'Dasarathi' (Dasaratha's son) and not 'dear' (*priya*).

Now, determined to die, Sita puts a stop to her lamentations. Again Trijata tries to console Sita, saying, "Please do not hate me because I am a demoness. What I have said I have told you out of my love for you. Had this scene not been false I would have quite understood your resolve to die; but when Rama is living and is quite well, I cannot but feel sad to see you die. If what you are thinking about Rama had been true, I would never have opposed your determination to die. When one monkey alone could bring about such devastation in our capital city, how could Rama's death, if true, leave all the Rakshasas uninjured? Rama cannot be killed by anyone; on the other hand the three worlds will be bereft of Rakshasas. Do you believe that anyone can feel pleasure to see the imminent destruction of her own race? Rise up, and wipe away your tears. When a husband is proceeding to a battle, the wife's tears are regarded as a bad omen. It is Rama alone who can make Ravana perspire in shame in all his ten faces and denude him of his majestic lustre. Very soon Rama will be able to untie the braid of your hair. Since Rama remains alive, I do not pity you so much as I do the shameless conduct of Ravana in showing you this false head of Rama. You should not think the power of Rama's arrows to be insignificant when you know how Vali was slaughtered by him and how by the force of his fiery arrows, he compelled the ocean to help in the construction of a land route over it. I have seen you in a dream accompanied by the sun and the moon, and riding an elephant. I also saw in that dream that Death was dragging Ravana by a noose with his ten faces drooping down. Maintain patience. Let this condemned but effective delusion vanish. Had it really been Rama's head, it would have revived by the loving touch of your hand!"

Although still bent upon putting an end to her life, Sita again begins to cry aloud because Trijata's words remind her of her love for Rama; and as she is not yet consoled by Trijata's loving words, she cannot hear the loud war-cries of the monkeys.

Gradually, however, there arises in her mind the feeling that her companion may perhaps, after all, be telling her the truth; perhaps Rama really is alive.

Now she believes that, possibly, she has not become a widow, and so the grief of her separation from Rama again presents itself to her. Her sorrow now disappears, and hope, the bond of life, is brought back by Trijata's consolation.

The illusion produced by the delusive head vanishes from her mind, and she is now able to hear the war-cries of the monkeys. At last she appreciates the effect of the words of consolation addressed to her by Trijata.

Now approaches the time when the two armies will clash. The only thing that now intervenes between Rama's reunion with Sita is the war which gives him an opportunity to give vent to his rage against the ten-headed Ravana. While the din and bustle caused by the monkeys is cheering to Sita, it bewilders all the inhabitants of the city of Lanka.

According to Pravarasena, Meghanada reports to Ravana the news of the death of both Rama and Lakshmana, and Ravana becomes overjoyed to hear this news, for this will make easier his attempt to get Sita under his control.

Sita is shown by her associates her husband as he lies in a swoon, and she cries out on seeing the sight.

Later, all the great warriors in Ravana's large army are killed, one by one, by Rama's forces.

Now ensues the last battle, the battle between Rama and Ravana, and Ravana's ten heads are cut off by a single arrow from Rama. The great demon expires, to the relief of the three worlds.

Vibhishana attains suzerainty, Sugriva sees the fulfilment of his own task, and Rama returns to Ayodhya with Sita, after she has been purified in the fire-ordeal at Lanka, thus bringing to fruition the great devotion of Bharata.

Sita's liberation, after all her bewailings and lamentations during her captivity, having been achieved, prosperity smiles on Rama.

[*Condensed from his recent lecture at the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta.*]

B. J. Competition—7

First Prize Winner

BHARATA THE NOBLEST

N. SUBRAMANIAN

[There were 93 entries in all, of which this article and the following have been adjudged first and second in merit. The prize monies have already been sent to the respective winners.—Editor.]

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill.
—Sir Henry Wotten.

HISTORY is replete with instances of romances in royal families, court intrigues and plots for gaining thrones. Their consequences are well known. Ambition and jealousy at royal level have made and marred kingdoms. Thus we have a Manthara and a Kaikeyi in the *Ramayana* too. But human nature is elevated when we take Bharata who had a kingdom to gain without his asking, but who did not care for it. What would have been the course of *Ramayana* if Bharata succumbed to his mother Kaikeyi's pulls, and availed himself of the opportunity, goaded by the love of power?

This gives us a turning-point to pause and study Bharata whose words and deeds mark him out for extraordinary sense of justice not only in private but also in the public life of a Prince.

If only Bharata had any ambition and allowed it to get the better of him—either out of respect for his mother's words or taking advantage of the situation—ordinary human standards could judge the result. In the struggle between the Human and the Divine in Man, Bharata established the supremacy of the latter, and thus came to occupy a special place in the story.

Kaikeyi's wishes for Rama's banishment were fulfilled. With Sita and Lakshmana, Rama left Ayodhya, leaving the entire royal household and the citizens to sorrow. King Dasaratha died from utter grief and remorse. Kausalya's anguish was twofold—widowhood, on the one hand, and the misfortunes of her son Rama, on the other.

On being summoned, now Bharata arrives on the scene only to grieve at the death of the King, to hear of Rama's exile, and, last but not least, to see the plot that his mother slowly unrolled before him. The dead man would not wait, and all rites and ceremonies followed. Then concern and sympathy for Rama, and anger and disgust for mother alone remained for Bharata.

Here is a situation that can perplex the clear-headed and tempt good men to do a wrong thing. Bharata himself being no party to the conspiracy, he could not easily understand the scheming mind of Kaikeyi. It is noteworthy that all the brothers possessed an ad-

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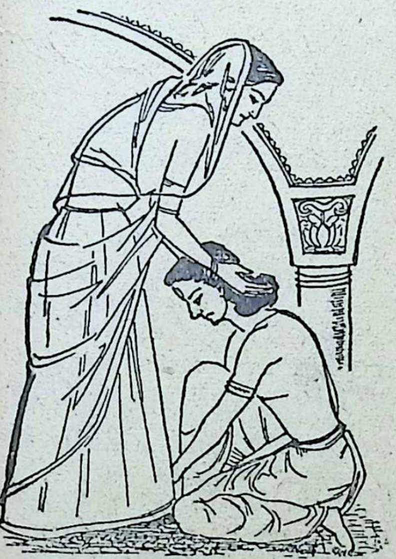
mirable conception of *dharma.* To Bharata, Kaikeyi's words only gave a violent shock, and he could not contain himself.

The guilty can be expected to confess their guilt. The innocent can establish their innocence. In the case of Bharata, an innocent man is made to look guilty before others by the wickedness of his own mother. We owe it to Bharata that a tragedy was averted by his prudence.

The task of proving his innocence becomes doubly difficult and most embarrassing. Apart from this personal difficulty, on him has fallen the onerous public duty of filling the vacant throne. The path of righteousness is clear and straight to Bharata. To him Rama is bigger than a kingdom. A blind reverence for mother and her words, is not his.



Bharata and Kausalya.

If the father's words are set at nought by the mother, she deserves scorn and not respect and love from the son. If to Rama father's word was a command, and he should yield his throne to Bharata, Bharata too knows the intention of the father and the legitimate line of succession.

It is an intrigue of his own mother that hastened the death of the King and disturbed the throne.

Armed with these convictions based on *dharma,* Bharata begins to face his trials to give proof of his clear conscience and to settle the seat of power in the absence of Rama.

Because he rises above all human weaknesses in pursuit of what is right —and not in pursuit of what is pleasant or expedient—a spiritual nobility is revealed in Bharata.

Firstly, Kausalya with a heavy heart came to wish him success in his new assignment, not knowing that Bharata was completely out of the picture. He at last convinced her that he was not to blame and that he was only keen on bringing Rama back to Ayodhya.

All the persuasions of the court including Vasishtha that he might rule, were of no avail. Leaving Ayodhya without a king, Bharata set out followed by a big crowd including all the widowed queens and the brother Satrughna, to meet Rama and entreat him to return.

The Ganga had to be crossed. Guha came to meet Bharata with a suspicion of his *bona fides*. His misgivings were of such a serious nature that he felt Bharata, besides wrongly obtaining the kingdom, had come to kill Rama as well. What a sad lot it is to answer an unjust accusation grounded on a baseless fear! On being satisfied about the truth of the matter, Guha gave a full-throated and well-deserved praise to Bharata, in the words of Kamban:

The kingdom of the world was yours
Which at your mother's desire
Your father gave to you.
You refused to touch the gift
Avoiding it as an evil thing.
Grief is in your face
Like a great river dammed.
Admirable soul, your greatness is more
Than a thousand Ramas, believe me, Prince!

(Tr. by Rajaji)

Even Bharadwaja, on the arrival of the party at his ashram, could not help fanning the fire in his own way, and Bharata explained his mission. Thence, on to Chitrakuta, Bharata found his way. On seeing the crowd at a distance, Lakshmana got worried, and soon discovered that it was Bharata who was coming. He too was uncharitable, and wondered why Bharata was pursuing Rama, even after becoming the king of Ayodhya.

Rama at once displayed his own great nobility by telling him that Bharata was only coming to take him back to rule Ayodhya, and in that case, he would ask Lakshmana to take over. Thus Lakshmana was silenced, and this also shows how well Rama knows Bharata and his mind.

The heart-to-heart dialogue between Rama and Bharata that followed the meeting and the counsels of the sages for tackling the problem present a memorable scene in the drama. The talks took Rama and Bharata along parallel lines, and they could never meet, the former insisting on the word of the father, and the latter refusing to accept the crown. Rama could not help expressing his concern for the people and advising Bharata:

Render justice pure and spotless as befits thy royal line,
And to save the good and guiltless, Bharat, be it ever thine,
For the tears of suffering virtue wither like the thunder levin,
And they slay our men and cattle like the wrath of righteous heaven.

(R. C. Dutt)

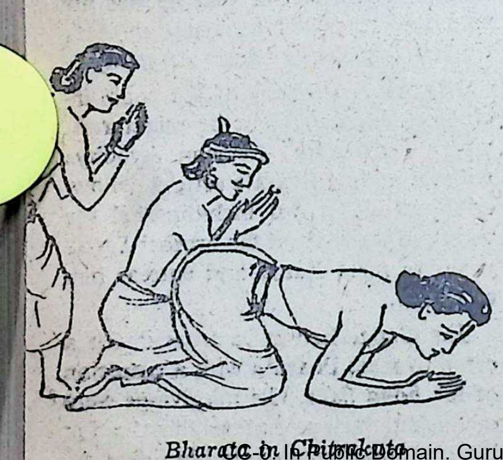
Bharata begged of Rama:

As a pupil, as a brother, as a slave, I seek thy grace,
Come and rule thy father's empire, King of Raghu's race.

Firmly and gently replied Rama:

Not on thee, nor on thy mother, rests the censure or the blame,
Faithful to his father's wishes Rama to the forest came,
For the son and duteous consort serve the father and the lord.
Higher than an empire's glory is a father's spoken word!

* * *



Bharata in Chitrakuta

Trust me, Bharat, lofty virtue, strength
and will to thee belong,
Thou could'st rule a worldwide empire in thy faith and purpose strong,
And our father's ancient ministers, ever faithful, wise and deep,
They shall help thee with their counsel and thy ancient frontiers keep.
List! the Moon may lose her lustre, Himalaya lose his snow,
Heaving Ocean pass his confines surging from the caves below,
But the truth-abiding Rama will not move from promise given,
He hath spoke and will not palter, help him righteous God in heaven!

(Ibid)

Vasishtha's compromise was accepted. Bharata took a token of Rama's in the form of his sandals, installed them in Ayodhya in Rama's place, and performed the functions of a king as Rama's deputy, remaining outside the City at Nandigram, on the understanding that he would hand over charge to Rama on his return after fourteen years. Rama becomes King at last to found the Rama Rajya.

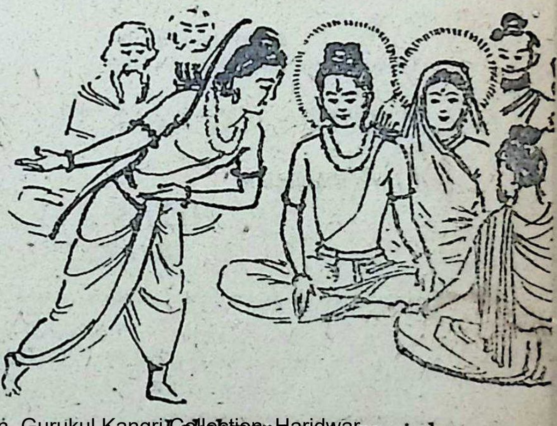
Before Rama assumed kingship and after Bharata's return to Ayodhya from Chitrakuta as a deputy of Rama, we cannot forget with what warm affection Rama recalls in distant Lanka in the thick of war, Bharata's name when an invidious comparison was sought to be made by Sugriva between Bharata and Vibhishana.

Though Rama gracefully accepted Vibhishana's surrender and justified it, he was all admiration for Bharata who, he said, could not be excelled by anyone in the path of *dharma*. Better than Rama's own words, what can we say in praise of Bharata, the noblest character in the *Ramayana?*

Quoting the proverb that "all virtue is summed up in dealing justly", Aristotle equates justice with "perfect virtue because it *practises* perfect virtue ... perfect in a special way because the man who possesses justice is capable of practising it towards a second party and not merely in his own case." All honour to Bharata—"while the rivers shall run to ocean, while the shadows shall move in the mountain valleys, while the sky shall feed the stars, always shall thy honour, and thy name, and thy glory abide."

A treatment of such a noble figure will be incomplete without a few words from the renowned pen of Rajaji:

"The story of Bharata in the Ramayana portraying a character of unrivalled purity and sublime selflessness is something more than an episode, and stands out by itself even in that noble epic as holy shrines do on the banks of the Ganga. It uplifts the heart and gives one a glimpse of the heights to which human nature can rise when cleansed by love and devotion. Whether Rama and Bharata were incarnations of the Deity or merely supreme creations of a nation's imagination, this episode is among the masterpieces of the world's literature."



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B. J. Competition—7

Second Prize Winner

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RAMA: PARAGON OF VIRTUE

A. S. NANJUNDASWAMY

OF all the noble characters that crowd the pages of Ramayana, the character of Sri Rama is the noblest. Little wonder that the epic is named after its hero who has been elevated to the status of God.

Nor is it surprising that since time immemorial, saints have adored Him and sinners have sought sanctuary in Him. Hence Rama alone deserves to be placed in the highest level of nobility.

A perusal of the principal events in his life would convince us of his claims to touch the zenith of nobility. We have the first glimpse of Rama's noble traits when the sage Viswamitra, constrained by the menace of Maricha and his evil companions, approaches Dasaratha to seek the aid of his sons. Without betraying the slightest sign of obstinacy or reluctance Rama follows the sage and at his bidding slays Tataka and others.

On his way to the Kingdom of Janaka he restores the life of Ahalya and makes obeisance to her. After displaying his strength and skill in lifting the bow he wins the hands of beautiful Sita.

Rama is true to his warrior race when he accepts the challenge of Parasurama and subdues him in the battle. When the question of selecting a successor to Dasaratha rises, the entire population unanimously favours this darling of the royal household and idol of the masses. It is a fitting tri-

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bute to his popularity. When fate wills otherwise, he consents to obey the words of Kaikeyi without the least perturbation or animosity. His only grief was his inability to attend on his miserable father.

He makes it clear to Kausalya and Lakshmana that it is his sacred duty to carry out the wishes of his parents. He does not want Sita to undergo the hardship of forest life. But, when she insists on accompanying him, he does not wound her tender feelings. He accedes to her request.

He not only refrains from blaming Kaikeyi, the architect of his distress, but also restrains Lakshmana from reprimanding her. His heart melts at the sad plight of Lakshmana and persuades him in vain to return to Ayodhya. He embraces Guha, the tribal chief. Unlike Lakshmana he does not suspect the *bona fides* of Bharata when he comes in search of Rama. He advises Bharata not to speak ill of his step-mother. The offer of the throne cannot alter his firm resolve to stay in the forest for fourteen years.

His spirit of chivalry comes to the forefront when he performs the funeral rites of Viradha whom he kills. He exhibits his sense of humour when he suggests to Shurpanakha to marry Lakshmana. He treats Jatayu with paternal reverence. He readily accepts the hospitality of Shabari, an ascetic born of untouchable caste. He expresses his profound sense of shame when he slays Vali in order to redeem his pledge to Sugriva.

On another occasion he tells Lakshmana that one should not kill one's friend. It is on Rama's advice that Sugriva accords political asylum to Vibhishana. When the latter pleads that the spies like Suka and Sharan should be slaughtered, Rama says that it is not diplomacy to kill the couriers.

When he first beholds Ravana he does not conceal his warm appreciation for his worthiness to be the ruler of Lanka. He refuses to kill Ravana when he faints on the first day of the battle. Nor is he inclined to slay the innocent Rakshasis. His deep love for Sita reveals itself when Ravana kills the fake Sita.

Who can measure the depth of Rama's sorrow when Lakshmana swoons? He offers to give himself as a gift to Hanuman, the saviour of Lakshmana.

When Ravana is rendered weaponless in the course of the combat Rama would rather spare the life of his enemy than succumb to the temptation of destroying a helpless opponent at the most opportune moment. Again, he not only wishes to learn state-craft from Ravana but also enjoins on Vibhishana to perform the obsequies of the former.

Although Rama has absolute faith in the chastity of Sita he refuses to accept her until she survives the ordeal of fire and thereby openly vindicates her purity. He asks Indra to give him a boon so that he can restore the lives of Vanaras who are lying dead.

When Vibhishana expresses his intention to make a gift of a thousand pretty damsels Rama politely declines the present, saying that he craves not for any other woman save his beloved Sita.

As a true democrat he pays heed even to the whispers of a washerman and drives Sita into exile. He allows Sita to become a martyr on the altar of public opinion. However, scandal cannot diminish his love for her but tends only to intensify the pangs of separation from her. Yet, in the end he induces her, in the presence of his subjects, to commit herself to flames. He himself plunges into the flowing waters of the Sarayu and throws off his mortal coil.

Thus comes to a close the career of a prince who was a god among men and a man among gods. In him we have a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a loving brother, an ideal king, an ideal friend and also an ideal foe! He is the very embodiment of righteousness and the very model of lofty idealism. It is inevitable that all the other noble characters in the Ramayana should pale into insignificance before this paragon of virtues.

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Liberty is a good to be improved, not an evil to be lessened. It is not only a blessing of the first order, but the vital spring and energy of the State itself which has only so much vigour as there is liberty in it.

—**Edmund Burke.**

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PART I

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHI (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri):—Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL:—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

BHEEM:—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

Uday felt suspicious and uneasy in mind due to Samar's peculiar behaviour. In spite of this, Bhupat and Majiba decided to marry Rajba to Samar. Hanskunverba, the second wife of the Maharaja of Manigadh, too, was eager about seeing the marriage through. The Maharani's undue anxiety for the failing health of the Maharaja, Samar's behind-the-scene confabulations with the Maharani, the execution of the document entitling Samar to eight lakhs of rupees from the Maharani and his sudden disappearance from Bombay—all these confirmed Uday's suspicions.

18. RANI VEDCHHI

SHEELA and Bhagwandas left for Surat by the night train. In the morning they got down at a flag station where Bhagwandas' son Jagjiwan met them, and took them to Vedchhi in a bullock cart.

When she left her house, Sheela's mind had been in turmoil. She could not keep Radharaman out of her thoughts and several times she almost decided to return home. But once she alighted from the train and took her seat in the bullock cart, a change came over her; she was like a little school girl out on a picnic.

City-bred as Sheela was, being born and brought up in Bombay, to her all this was a novel experience. Fascinated, she watched the driver, twisting and turning the tail of the bullock, goading it to run faster, combining his dexterous use of the goad with words equally harsh, "May your master die!" The motion of the bullock-cart, stirring up a good deal of dust which threatened to blind her eyes, kept her elated. She was amused at the occasional obstinacy (she hoped it won't become too frequent!) of the bullocks in refusing to move, and all sorts of tricks which the driver had to use to keep them moving. As the bullocks speeded their way through, she saw the farmers busy at their work. Women passed gaily-clad, singing and laughing with gay abandon which Sheela found heart-warming.

Rani Vedchhi where Jagjivan's camp was located in the midst of a forest was twelve miles from Bardoli. The bullock cart had soon to leave the main road and go along a forest track. On the way they passed groups of Dubalas, men and women, walking towards the village. The Dubalas are short and dark, with a cheerful disposition. The menfolk were scantily clad, many of them wearing nothing more than a loin-cloth, while the women were dressed in saris that hardly covered their knees. The medicine-men of the Dubalas, distinguishable from the rest by the feathers that adorned their heads, and the varied designs drawn all over their bodies, with magic wands made of peacock feathers in their hands, passed by. Jagjivan, who seemed to know everyone, exchanged greetings with many of them.

"Are these people having a festival today?" enquired Sheela.

Jagjivan burst out laughing. "We are taking out a procession today."

"A procession? What for?" asked Sheela.

"To consign the idols of these Dubalas in the sea," explained Jagjivan.

Sheela was puzzled. She was unable to make head or tail of it all. Bhagwandas and his wife laughed loudly on seeing her puzzled.

"That is the magic of Jagjiwan," said Bhagwandas smiling.

"Magic?" queried Sheela and then pleaded, "Please tell me what it is."

"Sheela-ben, there is no magic whatsoever," replied Jagjivan modestly. "About a year ago, Bapu (Gandhiji) entrusted this *ashram* to me. The Dubalas there, addicted to arrack and toddy, were a quarrelsome lot, living miserably. They were virtually slaves to Banias or Parsis. Ill-fed and poverty-stricken, they were too indolent to work. The women-folk were no better and no less addicted to drink. Drink was the root cause of all this misery and I took up the task of weaning them away from it. It was difficult at the outset, and I did not know what to do about it."

Jagjivan stopped his narration for a moment to greet a group of medicine-men, accompanied by their disciples. As Jagjiwan brought the bullock-cart to a halt, one of the medicine-men asked, "Jagjivanbhai, where are you going? Unless you leave early, you will be late in returning."

"Do not worry," assured Jagjivan. "By the time you arrive, we would be ready to start."

As the bullocks moved, Jagjivan continued his narration: "I tried to persuade the Dubalas, taking assistance from some of the medicine-men. These Dubalas worship clay idols and believe that these idols could speak and direct them whenever necessary. To make these idols speak, a medicine-man is called who works himself up to a state of frenzy. After eating well and getting completely drunk, the medicine-man pronounces various *mantras*. Swaying his head from side to side for a long time, he claims to have been visited by the god who speaks through him."

Sheela, with her eyes widening ever more, sat rapt in attention, fascinated by the strange ritual of the Dubalas.

Jagjivan continued: "I taught spinning to a few Dubalas and succeeded in inducing them to give up alcohol. The Dubalas watched me praying and offering worship to Bapu's portrait. They were curious to know all about Bapu. I thought of a good plan. I told them that Bapu was a god who had come from a distant country across the seas to rescue them! I told them their own gods had grown old, Gandhiji henceforth would be their god and he was not particularly fair as they themselves weren't, and he too took goat's milk exactly as they did!"

Sheela smiled. What a clever but harmless ruse!

"Simple and unsophisticated as they are," continued Jagjiwan, while others listened with growing interest, "they believed me and came to treat Bapu as their God. They took to spinning with zeal and many gave up drink. They save a good deal now and quarrel less. My own Ayurvedic medicines have impressed them, for they now consider me as the medicine-man of the new god! And what was more pleasing was that many Dubalas began to attend my evening prayers. The medicine-men naturally took affront and tried to create discontent among these poor, ignorant folk."

"What happened after that?" queried Sheela, to whom all this seemed to be like a chapter from a novel.

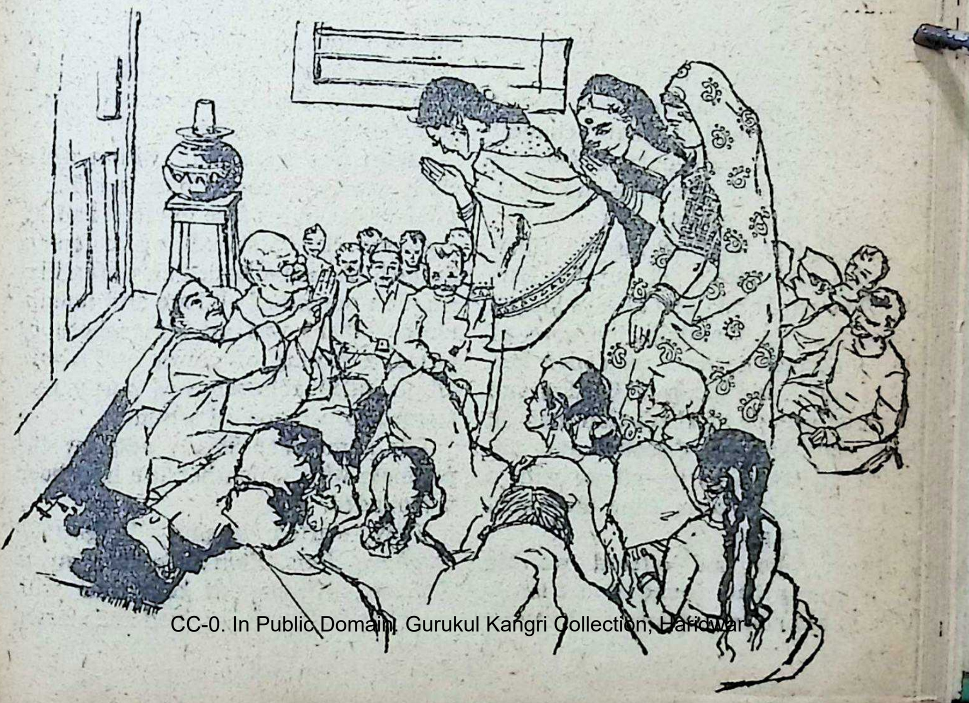
"I had to tackle them. But Gandhiji's influence, as you know, is all-pervading. They could not help falling in line with the rest and start worshipping him!" said Jagjivan with a hearty laugh.

"Not only that," continued Jagjivan, "a month back, I sent for some medicine-men from our own neighbouring villages and persuaded them to give up their old ways. One evening, they appeared to get their usual trance, trembling all over with their spirits swaying them. The Dubalas started singing, beating their drums and creating a tremendous dim to invoke their gods. Sometime in the morning the spirits spoke—'Oh! Dubalas! we are old and our time is past! For your good, we have sent you a new god, Gandhiji! Henceforth we direct you to immerse us in the sea and do as Gandhiji bids you to. He is already worshipped as a god everywhere.' We have found today an auspicious day to drown the old gods!" concluded Jagjivan.

Sheela was amused at the way great changes would be worked by such simple methods. It was so novel and interesting and she could hardly believe what she had heard.

Jagjivan's camp was astir with boisterous activity. The Dubalas were dancing with vigour and the womenfolk, dressed in new clothes and wearing brass ornaments, singing in chorus with wild delight. Under a tree the portrait of Gandhiji was placed while the medicine-men danced in frenzy in front of their old gods after placing them in *thalis* all soon to be immersed.

Sheela bathed and dressed herself in a Khadi sari presented to her by Jagjivan. Along with the rest, she drank some milk and ate porridge prepared out of jowar. By this time the ceremonies were finished and the procession moved forward led by the medicine-men shaking their magic wands. Jagjivan, his father and his colleagues followed them. Next came the Dubala women singing and carrying the *thalis* while the men followed them dancing. The deafening sound of drum and the shrill-sounding *shenais* provided the background music. Sheela, Nirmala and Jagjivan's wife, Kashi, were at the tail-end of the procession. Shouts and cheers in praise of Gandhiji added to the excitement.



By noon the procession reached another village. After taking food and resting a while, it moved forward to reach the sea-shore. Though hoarse in throat and tired of the day's excitement, the Dubalas were not deterred from dancing with their usual gusto and vigour that night.

Next morning the medicine-men ceremoniously immersed the old gods, covered reverently with flowers. All of them then bathed in the sea and took their meal. The procession then returned with Gandhiji's portrait.

By the third day every house in Rani Vedchhi displayed portraits of Gandhiji. Pledges never again to drink and attempts to learn spinning seemed to complete the remarkable transformation.

Sheela was moved by the simplicity of these people. She could not help considering her supercilious city-ways foolish and she began to look upon the Dubalas as her own relations.

Next day there was sad news for all of them. Bloodshed in Chauri-chaura! Gandhiji was deeply hurt. Indeed he had had no sleep the previous night. He had gone on a fast.

Immediately Jagjivan, his wife, Bhagwandas and Sheela set out for Bardoli. Though Sheela had always looked forward to see Gandhiji, the news of the bloodshed however saddened her. There was a big camp at Bardoli and they met groups of khadi-clad men on their way looking dejected and anxious. Jagjivan's party put up with a friend and after some time they went to the Ashram.

Sheela who had offered worship when young had found it extremely difficult after her marriage to find time even to sing some devotional songs. Community prayer was something in which she had never taken part before. Nirmala and Sheela joined the other women and watched as the leaders kept arriving. The entire crowd was waiting for Gandhiji.

A number of thoughts flitted through Sheela's mind. Like Ashtavakra she began to ask herself which world was real. Was it the one she was seeing in Bardoli or was it that of the Willingdon Club or the Bombay High Court? At last Gandhiji arrived resting one of his hands on the shoulders of a girl. His face betrayed the worry which beset him. As he took his seat, Sheela forgot all about his physical personality. She felt that there was in this strangely hushed atmosphere some deep unimaginable strength. They began repeating verses from the *Gita*. Sheela was familiar with the *Gita* but did not know them by heart. She tried to recite them along with the others. When the recital was over, someone sang the *Vaishnava Janato*.

All the while, Gandhiji, with a white cloth wrapped around him, sat like a stone idol with his face lowered and his eyes shut. Sheela stared at him feeling thrilled. She experienced an unfamiliar emotion purged of all hate and unhappiness; there was an atmosphere of peace, a feeling of power and above all an indefinable sense of purity that seemed to pervade all around.

For a moment Sheela outgrew the pettiness with which her life had been surrounded.

They started singing *"Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram; Patita Pavana Sitaram."* All present kept time with their hands. Gandhiji joined and started keeping time gently and slowly. The singing was soon over. Gandhiji opened his eyes, removed the cloth that was covering his shoulders and began to address the assembly. There flowed from his mouth words clear and sweet, reflecting his unswerving devotion to truth. His voice with its deep pathos vibrated as he spoke.

"You will have learnt of the outbreak of violence in Chauri chaura. I have made a mistake, a Himalayan blunder. I must confess it. I have failed to implant in the hearts of our people the true meaning of non-violence. Where there is violence, there can be no salvation. I have thought and thought all through the night and kept appealing to God that He may show the right path to my countrymen. I can see my way clear. Without non-violence there can be no hope for us. Violence and Satyagraha cannot go together. I must suspend Satyagraha. People may put a wrong interpretation on this decision. They may say that the decision is due to cowardice. That cannot be helped. Many will, no doubt, believe that our strength is meagre. If that is so, it cannot be helped. But in violence lies our destruction. I must therefore withdraw Satyagraha. May God give us an opportunity again to acquire the strength of non-violence!"

The flow of words stopped. Sheela felt as if Gandhiji was touching the feet of God with his forehead. She and all others were overcome with emotion but the tear in every eye had been frozen.

Gandhiji stood up, covered his shoulders with the piece of cloth which was in his hand, put on his wooden sandals, folded his hands in greeting the audience and then walked away. The atmosphere had become unbearable, so oppressive was the seriousness of the occasion. None had the courage to shout the usual slogan of *"Mahatma Gandhiki jai."*

Sheela sat enthralled. In Gandhiji she had found an immense, indefinable power which would stop at nothing till it reached the ideal set for itself. Here was a tower of strength which could go a long, long way in healing the wounds of a cruel world.

The following morning Jagjivan and members of his family went along with Sheela to see Gandhiji. Sheela had had no sleep the previous night. She realised that something very terrible had happened that evening. As Radharaman had predicted, the rebellion of Bardoli had fizzled out. Although in a sense it was a matter for humiliation, strangely enough, she did not feel that there was anything cowardly or derogatory in it. Indeed, Sheela felt that there lay behind the decision a kind of amazing courage. She would not have, however, been able to explain why it was that she saw courage in the decision. The prospect of meeting Gandhiji filled Sheela with an undefinable enthusiasm such as she had never before experienced.

They all went to a room where a number of people were already seated. On the one side Gandhiji was sitting on the floor, spinning. All the others sat quietly with their eyes fixed upon him. Nirmala pointed out a gentleman with a moustache and said that that was Vallabhbhai Patel. Sheela and her friends bowed to Gandhiji who patted Jagjivan on his back. "What have you done, Jagjivan?" asked Gandhiji smilingly.

"Why, what have I done, Bapu?" queried Jagjivan as if he did not understand.

"You have made me a god of the Dubalas. Why do you practise such deceit? Where do you see god in me?"

"Bapu, I have done nothing. The Dubalas have done what they thought they should do in accordance with the desire of their old gods."

"I am afraid you have been up to one of your tricks. How can there be such falsehood. I am unfortunately full of shortcomings," Gandhiji said modestly and then burst out laughing. Jagjiwan also joined in the laughter.

"Very well, do not practise such deceit again."

A leader who was sitting close to Gandhiji inquired what Jagjiwan had done. "The day before yesterday, he organized a procession of the Dubalas. He induced them to drown their old gods in the sea and to establish me as their god. Do I look like a god?"

"Bapu, you are a god not to the Dubalas only. We also look upon you as a god," replied Jagjiwan reverently.

"Don't talk nonsense,' replied Gandhiji laughing, and then pointing towards Sheela, asked, "who is this young lady?"

"She is the wife of the well-known lawyer of Bombay, Barrister Radharaman," replied Jagjiwan.

"Well, so you did arrive," remarked Gandhiji to Sheela. "I hope you realise that since you have come here, you may have to go to jail. Your husband's advocacy cannot help you."

Sheela felt as though some unknown strength was urging her on to make an offer of sacrifice.

"Since you say so, I am ready," she replied, but she was immediately sorry that she had said so.

"I am afraid it is not for me to suggest that you should go to jail. That is for the powers in Delhi to decide when and how you are sent to jail."

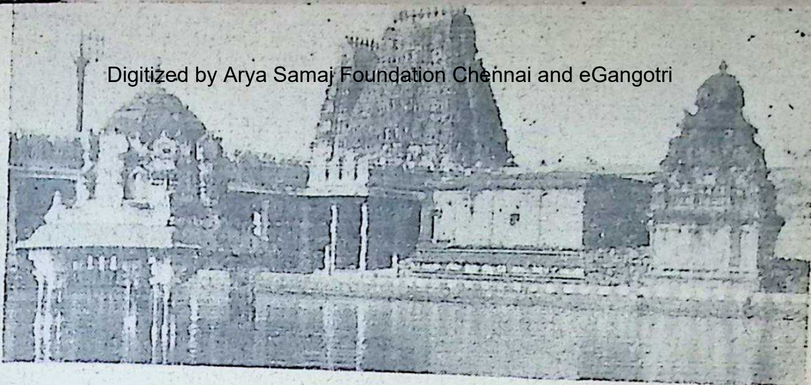
By this time someone else had arrived and Gandhiji started talking to him. Sheela moved away but with a feeling that she had acquired a new life. After a while, Gandhiji went for his bath and the crowd dispersed.

Sheela returned to Rani Vedchhi along with Jagjiwan and his father. A few days later, there came a telegram from Radharaman saying that he was very unhappy without her and asking her to return. Sheela was immediately overwhelmed by her deep love and affection for her husband. The atmosphere of Rani Vedchhi became unbearable to her. She knew she had to go. She wired back that she was returning the next day.

[*To be continued*]

A life of service must be one of humility. He, who would sacrifice his life for others, has hardly time to reserve for himself a place in the sun. Inertia must not be mistaken for humility, as it has been in Hinduism. True humility means most strenuous and constant endeavour entirely directed to the service of humanity.

—Mahatma Gandhi



Ekamreshwar Temple, Conjeevaram

JYOTIRLINGAS AND PANCHATATVALINGAS

J. H. DAVE

EVEN though there are countless temples of Siva, the twelve Jyotirlingas, regarded as Swayambhu, are held in great veneration all over India.

According to the *Siva Purana,* they are: 1, Sri Somanath at Prabhas Patan near Veraval in Saurashtra ; 2, Sri Mallikarjun on Sreesaila Mountain ; 3, Sri Mahakal at Ujjain ; 4, Sri Omkareswar on the bank of River Narmada about seven miles from Mortakka station—this Jyotirlinga is also called Amareswar or Amaleswar ; 5, Sri Kedarnath in the Himalayas ; 6, Sri Bhimasankar which is pointed at in two different places—one on the Bombay-Poona line near Neral station and the other in Assam on Brahmapur Hill near Gauhati ; 7, Sri Viswanath at Varanasi ; 8, Sri Tryambakeswar near Nasik ; 9, Sri Vaidyanath—this Jyotirlinga is also pointed at in two different places, one at Parli near Hyderabad and the other in Chitabhoomi in Santhal Pargana ; 10, Nageswar—this Jyotirlinga is also claimed to exist in two places, one near Dwarka in Saurashtra and the other at Audhagram near Hyderabad ; 11, Sri Rameswar at Setubandh and 12, Ghushmeswar near the Ellora caves.

Fuller information on some of these Jyotirlingas is contained in *Immortal India,* Volume I: Chapter 1 (Viswanath) ; Chapter 2, (Rameswar) ; Chapter 9, (Mahakal) ; Chapter 17, (Kedarnath) and Chapter 20, (Tryambakeswar). Similar information on others is contained in *Immortal India*, Volume II: Chapter 25, (Somnath); Chapter 29, (Mallikarjun); Chapter 43, (Vaidyanath); Chapter 47, (Bhimasankar); *Bhavan's Journal*, Volume III, Article No. 57 on Ellora for Ghushmeswar).

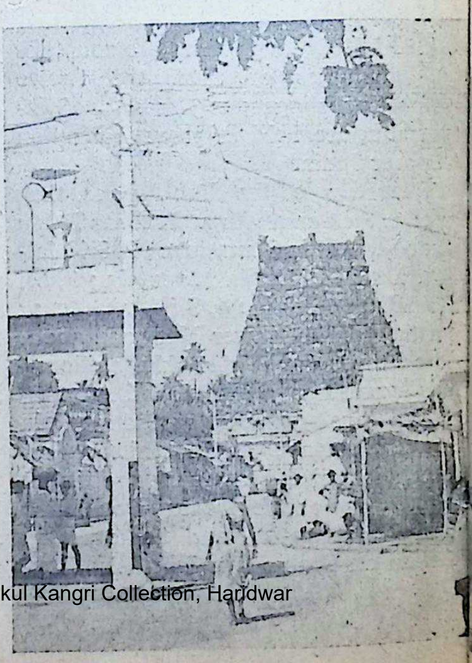
Regarding the remaining two, viz., Sri Omkareswar and Sri Nageswar, the former which is also called Amareswar or Amaleswar, is situated in a place about seven miles from Mortakka. Here the river Narmada branches out into two and forms a small island in the centre. This island is known as Mandhata or Sivapuri. Legend has it that King Mandhata of the Ikshvaku race performed great penance in this place and propitiated God Siva. The Peshvas renovated the present temple, and though the name of Amareswar is also associated with the Jyotirlinga of Omkareswar, in fact both these temples are separate.

Legend says that Vindhya Mount propitiated God Omkarnath and on the prayers of gods and sages this Sivalinga split itself into two, one of them being called Omkareswar and the other Amareswar or Amaleswar. On Poornima day in the month of Karttika a great festival is held here. There also stands a hill or Bhrigupatana nearby on which a few religious-minded devotees committed religious suicide in the past.

The Jyotirlinga of Nageswar is also claimed to exist in two places. The more well-known one is on the way from Dwarka to Bet Dwarka. Legend says that one Supriya, a very religious-minded *vaishya*, who was moving in a boat, was suddenly attacked by a demon called Daruka. He and his associates were imprisoned but even in prison Supriya was engrossed in contemplation of his Ishta Devata God Sankar. The demon tried to kill Supriya but ultimately God Sankar manifested Himself in the form of a Jyotirlinga and the demon was killed with the help of the Pasupata weapon. The other temple of Nageswar is near the Audhagram. One can reach it from the Purna junction. According to another view, the Nageswar Siva temple near Almora is the same as that of Nageswar Jyotirlinga.

Tradition says there are five Siva *lingas* in the south of India corresponding to the five Mahatatvas or elements, namely, the earth, water, fire, wind and ether. The Prithvi or earth *linga* is located at Kanchi. The Ap or water *linga* is situated at Jambukeswar.

Jambukeshwaram Temple



The Tejas or fire *linga* is situated at Tiruvannamalai. The Vayu or wind *linga* is situated at Kalahasti. The Akasa or ether *linga* is situated at Chidambaram. *Immortal India,* Volume I, Chapter 24, gives fuller information on Chidambaram and Chapter 10 gives additional details on Kanchi and the Prithvi *linga* while *Bhavan's Journal,* Volume III, Article No. 55 contains details regarding the Fire *linga* at Tiruvannamalai.

The Jambukeswar water *linga* (Ap-Lingam), that is the *linga* representing the Jalatatva, is situated not far from Sreerangam and it is believed to be even more ancient than the Sreerangam temple itself. This place is also known as Tiruvanaikkaval. It is about two miles north of Tiruchirapalli. It is called Ap *Lingam* because in the Garbhagriha the *linga* is always surrounded by water. The construction of the temple and the force of water are such that even if the water is taken out, it soon collects around the *linga.* The place is called Jambukeswar on account of the fact that there were a number of Jambu trees in the vicinity. The temple has got five *prakaras.* There is a small lake called Teppakulam where in the centre there is a *mandapa.* Here the Utsava Murti of God Ranganatha is brought once every year. It is stated that Adi Sankaracharya used to worship this Jyotirlinga. There is also an image of Sankaracharya nearby. There are several *mandapas* in this temple. It is said that the Somaskanda Mandapa was constructed by Sri Rama. The goddess here is called Akhilandeswari. Near the temple of the goddess is a temple of Sri Ganesh which is stated to have been established by Sri Sankaracharya.

Sanctum of Jambukeshwar Temple

Regarding Goddess Akhilandeswari, tradition says that originally the goddess was very *ugra* but Sri Sankaracharya with his penance propitiated the goddess and made her *santa.* For this purpose he decorated the goddess with the *kundals* of Sri Yantra studded with diamonds and in order to generate in the goddess softness and mercy, he placed in front of her the image of Sri Ganesh, the son of the goddess. Near the temple of the goddess, on one pillar there is an image of one-legged Trimurti Maheswar on a bull. Siva is standing between Brahma and Vishnu who are on the two sides, and it is a very fine specimen of sculpture.

Legend says that a sage was performing penance here in a forest of Jambu trees for propitiating God Sankar who ultimately manifested Himself here in the form of a Sivalinga.

Kalahasti Temple

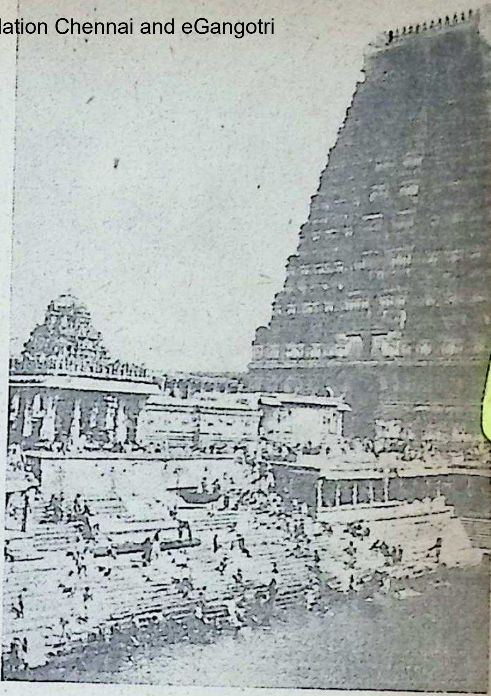
Legend further says that one elephant was in the habit of worshipping this Sivalinga by pouring a shower of water over it through its trunk. In a similar manner a spider also was worshipping this Sivalinga in its own way by weaving a cobweb over the Sivalinga in order to prevent the falling of stray leaves from trees over this *linga*. When next day the elephant used to come for worship it removed the cobweb and thus the spider always used to get irritated. The two became enemies of each other. One day the angry spider entered into the trunk of the elephant and pierced it with a determined sting. As a consequence, the elephant dashed its trunk on the ground and legend says that ultimately both of them died and went to Kailas for having worshipped God Sankar. It is said that the spider in its next birth became King Kochangan, i.e., a child with red eyes. The reason for this name is said to be as follows: The queen to whom this child was born was promised by astrologers of the birth of an eminent ruler if the child was born 24 minutes later than the expected time. In order to prevent the birth of the child early, the queen was tied with her legs up till the auspicious hour came. As a consequence, the child was born with red eyes. The child became an eminent ruler according to tradition and was a great devotee of Siva.

At Kalahasti there is the Vayu or wind *linga*. It is situated about 15 miles from Renigunta station. It is near the bank of River Swarnamukhi. The temple of Sri Kalahasti is so called because *sri*, i.e. a spider, *kala*, i.e. a serpent and *hasti*, i.e. an elephant had originally propitiated God Sankar here. The marks of all these three are found on the *linga*. The temple has several large *gopurams*. Near this temple there is one *mandapa* which is called Manikanyaghattam. There was a female devotee of this name and it is stated that God Sankar uttered the Taraka-mantra in her right ear at the time of her death. Some faithful people of weak health deliberately come down to this place so that they also may receive at the time of their death Taraka-mantra in their ears.

A similar tradition is also in vogue with regard to Kasi where Lord Viswanath is stated to utter the Taraka-manra into the ear of a dying person.

Another tradition says that Arjuna secured the Pasupatastra from God Sankar by performing penance on the hill nearby. The Sivalinga which was established by Arjuna was subsequently worshipped by Kannappar. He was a devout Tamil saint. He was a hunter by birth. He used to offer to God Siva the meat of the animal killed while hunting. It is said that one day God Siva decided to test his devotion. On that day Kannappar saw some blood oozing out of one of the eyes of the Deity. Even though he tried to stop the blood he could not. Ultimately Kannappar took out his own eye and fixed it on that of the Deity. Immediately thereafter, the second eye of the Deity was afflicted in a similar manner. Without any hesitation, the devout devotee plucked out his second eye and fixed it on the second eye of the Deity. The blind Kannappar thereby completely propitiated the Deity who manifested Himself before the devotee and blessed him.

The following verse of Sri Sankara-harya in his *Sivanandalahari* records he devotion of saint Kannappar: "The hoes spoiled on the way were used to lean the body of God Sankar. Mouthuls of water served as water for the



Arunachaleshwar Temple, Tiruvannamalai

divine Abhisheka. The remnant of meat which could not be consumed was served to the God as fresh Naivedya. What cannot be done by devotion? Even a denizen of the forest became the best of devotees!

मार्गावर्तितपादुका पशुपतेरङ्गस्य कूर्चायते
गण्डूषाम्बुनिषेचनं पुररिपोर्दिव्याभिषेकायते ।
किञ्चिद्भक्षितमांसशेषकवलं नव्योपहारायते
भक्तिः किं न करोत्यहो वनचरो भक्तावतं-
सायते ॥

At the time of Mahasivaratri there is a festival of ten days here. There is also a festival on the 3rd day after the Makara Sankranti when the Utsava Murti of the Deity is taken out in a palanquin round the Kalahasti hills.

“Reviving” Religion by Biochemical Means!

WHAT IS MYSTICISM?

RISHABHCHAND

ALMOST at the beginning of his article, Huxley quotes the following words from William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*: “The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties in human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour ....The drunken consciousness is a bit of the mystic consciousness.”[1] He even goes to the length of qualifying the above statement as having a bearing on the “metaphysical aspect of addiction.”

Here, I think, we have the central clue to Huxley's astounding metamorphosis. The author of *Perennial Philosophy* is hardly traceable in the author of *The Doors of Perception* and the present article in the American journal. In 1946 Huxley wrote in *Perennial Philosophy* in reference to the Upanishadic story of Indra and Virochana: “Indra sees through material salvation and is then offered dream-salvation, deliverance out of bodily existence into the intermediate world between Matter and Spirit—that fascinatingly odd and exciting psychic universe, out of which miracles and foreknowledge, ‘spirit-communications’ and extra sensory perceptions make their startling irruptions into ordinary life. But this freer kind of individualised existence is still all too personal and egocentric to satisfy a soul conscious of its incompleteness and eager to be made whole.” That fascinatingly odd world of miracles, foreknowledge, extra-sensory perceptions Huxley rightly perceives to be all too personal and egocentric, which cannot satisfy our inmost soul's yearning for spiritual freedom and immortality. That universe, he rightly perceives, again, is psychic and not spiritual. But he takes our breath away when he writes a few years later in his book *The Doors of Perception*: “These effects of mescalin are the sort of effects you could expect to follow the administration of a drug having the power to impair the efficiency of the cerebral reducing valve. When the brain runs out of sugar, the under-nourished ego grows weak, can't be bothered to undertake the necessary chores, and loses all interest in those spatial and temporal relationships which mean so much to an organism bent on getting on in the world. As Mind at Large seeps past the no longer watertight valve, all kinds of biologically useless things start to happen. In some cases there may be extra-sensory perceptions. Other persons discover a world of visionary beauty. To others again is revealed the glory, the infinite value and meaningfulness of naked existence, of the given, unconceptualised event. In the final stage of egolessness there is an 'obscure knowledge' that All is in all—that All is actually each. This is as near, I take it, as a finite mind can ever come to 'perceiving everything that is happening everywhere in the universe.' " Isn't it rather strange that Huxley now finds egolessness where he had found the individualised existence "all too personal and egocentric?" Such instances of self-contradiction are many, but I shall mention only one more, not of the same nature as the above, but of a slightly different kind.

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[1] This inept assertion is a typical example of the confusion that exists in the minds of many philosophers of religion between mysticism and occultism, and Underhill does not hesitate to dispose of it as such. Such assertions are an inevitable outcome of an intellectual poaching on mystical and spiritual terrains.

Describing his own experience under the influence of mescalin, which he had taken, Huxley says in *The Doors of Perception*: "The Beatific Vision, *Sat-Chit-Ananda*, Being-Awareness-Bliss—for the first time I understood, not on the verbal level, not by inchoate hints or at a distance, but precisely and completely what those prodigious syllables referred to." But later on in the same book, he admits: "I am not so foolish as to equate what happens under the influence of mescalin or any other drug, prepared or in the future preparable, with the realisation of the end and ultimate purpose of human life: Enlightenment, the Beatific Vision."

But let that pass. The clue that I spoke of above is the confusing of occultism with mysticism. And that explains the precipitate drift of Huxley's mind from the "*philosophia perennis*" and the awareness of the fulfilment of "the necessary conditions of spiritual knowledge," of which he writes so eloquently in his *Perennial Philosophy*, to chemistry and pharmacology and their (what he has come to consider) wonderful mystic-making and religion-reviving discoveries.

What then is mysticism? So far as this subject is concerned, I shall try to substantiate my arguments mostly (not quite wholly) with quotations from Western writers on mysticism, though they are not always fully satisfying; because such quotations are likely to carry conviction and find favour with Western readers more easily than those from Indian writers.

Berger defines mysticism as being in essence "the concentration of all the forces of the soul upon a supernatural Object, conceived and loved as a living Person." And he adds: "Love and desire (by desire he means intense yearning) are the fundamental necessities; and where they are absent, a man, *even though he be a visionary, cannot be called a mystic*."[2] Dismissing as unsatisfying William James's famous "four marks" of the mystic state—ineffability, noetic quality, transiency and passivity—Evelyn Underhill, one of the most perceptive of the Western writers on mysticism, defines mysticism, both positively and negatively as follows: "Mysticism....is not an opinion: it is not a philosophy. *It has nothing in common with the pursuit of occult knowledge.*[3] On the one hand, it is not merely the power of contemplating Eternity; on the other, it is not to be identified with any kind of queerness. It is the name of that organic process which involves the perfect consummation of the Love of God: the achievement here and now of the immortal heritage of man. Or, if you like it better—for this means exactly the same thing—it is the art of establishing his conscious relation with the Absolute." "The movement of the mystic consciousness towards this consummation is not merely the sudden admission to an overwhelming vision of Truth: though such dazzling glimpses may from time to time be vouchsafed to the soul. It is rather an ordered movement towards ever higher levels of reality, ever closer identification with the Infinite."[4] And she indicates four marks of true mysticism, which come very near to distinguishing it from the general forms of religious and spiritual endeavours, on the one hand, and from occultism, on the other.

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[2] The italics are mine.

(1) "Mysticism is practical and not theoretical." It is a way of living in which the quest of the Infinite and Eternal replaces all other aims and seekings, and an unrelaxed firmness of will, intensity of concentration, and rigour of self-discipline constantly feed the Godward endeavour. It is a remaking of character and a remoulding of the whole texture, tenor and pattern of life. It is a ceaseless battle. Only when, by our untiring personal effort, fortified and guided by the Divine Grace, have we become God-like that we can realise God.[5] Or, as Catherine of Siena says: "Secrets are revealed to a friend and not to a servant." There is a somewhat similar saying in Sanskrit: *devo bhutva devam yajeta,* worship a god by becoming a god yourself. The silence and calm of the mystics are vibrant with the roars of battle and the paeans of victory.

(2) "It is an entirely spiritual activity." It is not psychical (as the word is commonly understood) or moral and intellectual, but a purely spiritual work—the ascent of the soul to the Oversoul, the pilgrimage of man to the Divine. It is sloughing off the normal and assuming the higher and higher forms of consciousness. It is dying to one's own self and being reborn into the Divine.

(3) "The business and method of mysticism is Love." It is that form of spirituality which establishes a super-rational, direct, immediate, impassioned, and intensely living and intimate relation between the human soul (not the heart or the mind) and the Supreme Reality, the Ultimate Ground, conceived either as God or the Absolute. It is a relation of love, which is unimaginable and ineffable—"a naked intent stretching to God," as the Cloud of Unknowing describes it rather austerely. It is a relation in

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[3] The italics are mine.

[4] *Mysticism* by Evelyn Underhill.

[5] "....As the drop becomes the ocean....so the soul imbibing God turns into God."—Eckhart.

which the soul gives all itself to the Divine, desiring nothing but the Divine, expecting no return or reward. For, where there is expectation of a return or a reward, there is no love—it is only bargaining. The human soul seeks the Divine, it adores the Divine, it serves the Divine, because it cannot help doing so ; because so to love and adore is the very breath of its life, the eternal urge of its being ; because Love is the radiant blossom of the bliss of identity. The soul's self-naughting love springs from that beatific identity.[6] On the wings of love it soars back to That, which is its own infinite and eternal Self, its eternal Home, its eternal Essence and Existence—the Divine Reality, the Supreme Purusha. Loving surrender becomes the lever of ascent, the gateway to divine Union. Through this absolute and loving surrender, the spark becomes the Sempiternal Fire, the tiny, pulsating drop becomes the immeasurable ocean. And yet—it is, indeed, an incomprehensible mystery—there is no traceless merger in this union of Love. The individual spark thrills in the embrace of the Sempiternal Fire, the individual drop trembles in the ecstacy of the ocean. The soul is not extinguished or abolished in the Union. Love leads to no Nirvana, to no self-extinction, of the soul, but to its divine self-fulfilment. The soul persists, but, to quote Suso, the great mystic, "in another form, in another glory, in another power."[7] It persists as an eternal individual, *jivabhutah sanatanah,* in an indissoluble union with the Divine—Lover and Beloved enjoying the termless bliss of luminous Love. "A perfect uniting and coupling together of the lover and the loved into one", so is the Union described by Walter Hilton. If the soul annihilates itself in the Divine, *liye Parabrahmani,* Love dies out, the Union dissolves at once, and the bliss of Love fades away into the silence of the Spirit-skies. Who will then love whom? Who will enjoy whom? Only the incommunicable, relationless Absolute abides immobile in the unvarying Beatitude of Its timeless Self-Existence—Sat or Tat.

Love, then, is the fulcrum upon which the mystic life rests and functions. If this all-absorbing, all-consuming love is not there, one cannot be called a mystic. No amount of "radical self-transcendence" by biochemical means can give birth to mysticism in a man, unless he has burnt out the Old Adam in him in the fire of this love. "The astrolobe of the mysteries of God is love",[8] and not chemistry and pharmacology.

(4) "It entails a definite psychological experience." Psychological experience alone, and not psychic (taking the word in the current sense), can develop the mystical faculties, and turn a spiritual seeker into a true mystic. A deep churning and exploration of the inner being in all its parts and movements ; a diving in its depths and a scaling of its heights, and a relentless weeding and dredging and salvaging—all this stupendous psychological

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6. "Love is the yearning of the One for the One"—*Savitri* by Sri Aurobindo.

7. Cf. "Every soul like a live coal, burned up by God on the heart of His Infinite Love."—Ruysbroeck.

8. Jalaluddin Rumi.

labour, this long travail of the soul, is indispensable, if one really wants to lead the mystic life.

Visions, voices and other kindred images and representations are no particular mark of spirituality. "Visions and revelations are not true contemplation, but merely secondary. The devil may counterfeit them," says Walter Hilton. They may have, at their very best, some symbolic or prophetic significance, and point to something beyond them; but there is nothing intrinsically spiritual in them. Mysticism is not a cinematograph of the occult worlds. Visions and voices are often distrusted by the mystics, who never weary of warning their disciples against them. St. John of the Cross says: "It often happens that spiritual men are affected supernaturally by sensible representations and objects. They sometimes see the forms and figures of those of another life, saints or angels, good and evil, or certain extraordinary lights and brightness. They hear strange words, sometimes seeing those who utter them and sometimes not. They have a sensible perception at times of most sweet odours, without knowing whence they proceed.... still, ...we must never delight in them nor encourage them; yea, we must fly from them, without seeking to know whether their origin be good or evil."

He who seeks pleasure devoid of gain or virtue is akin to him who sleeps at the top of a tree and wakes only when he falls below.

—Valmiki Ramayana.

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ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

757

Sri Amirthanather, Ceylon.

Q: *It is common knowledge that temple priests do not perform their functions properly and temples themselves are kept unholy by them. Under the circumstances, do you think I am justified in avoiding these temples and preferring to meditate at home?*

A: You are not justified in avoiding temples on the grounds you mention, if going to the temple inspires you with purity or devotion. It is the quality of *your* devotion which matters, not the real object to which it is directed that matters.

758

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *Does it not affect the reputation of a national leader to change parties, particularly when the new party happens to be against his own previous party?*

A: No. This is a free country. Every citizen has a free right of association. The first duty of every person is to live by his truth. And if anyone feels that the party of which he is a member has come to represent an untruth, it becomes his supreme duty to leave it. The party is an instrument of a free man; man is not the instrument of his party. That would be totalitarianism.

759

Sri Gopal Krishnan, Bangalore.

Q: *It is stated in the* Bhagavata *and by the Alwars that Brahma came from the navel of Vishnu, and Shiva from the third eye on the face of Brahma. Is this true?*

A: I know that Brahma is mentioned in the Puranas as coming out of the navel of Vishnu. I do not know whether Shiva is said to have come from the third eye of Brahma. These are poetic imageries, not scientific truths which could be tested in laboratories.

760

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Cuddapah.

Q: *Mahatma Gandhi has stated that a teacher who teaches from text-books does not impart originality to his pupils; he himself becomes a slave of text-books and has no opportunity or occasion to be original. Do you agree?*

A: I cannot say whether you have quoted Gandhiji correctly. But it is a fact that if one only relies on a text-book, originality may suffer. But without a text-book you cannot lay the foundation of any teaching, as we know it in

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schools. And even originality can only grow out of one's study of text-books.

761

Sri A. K. Das, 12 East Hostel, Cuttack-3.

Q: *I am afraid that some cowards who fear death and punishment for their sins try to escape them by using God's name. There is no God as such. Do you agree?*

A: How did you discover that there is no God?

762

Sri Sushil Kumar Gupta, Simla.

Q: *It appears from the series of articles by Sri Rishabhchand that every supernatural agency tends to oppose man's effort to reach truth. Is there no factor at all which helps him achieve it?*

A: Why not ask Sri Rishabhchand?

763

Sri V. Sreenivasa Sastry, Madras.

Q: *Don't you think it was wrong against Kshatriya Dharma for the Pandavas to have kept quiet when Draupadi was pleading for rescue from the clutches of Dushasana?*

A: (1) Unless it is a question of morals, each age has a set of characteristic conventions. According to the convention of their own times, the Pandavas acted rightly; then the eldest brother's word was law, and many things were done which would shock us. Conventions have changed and we judge differently.

(2) If the Pandavas had heard that respectable men and women pay heavy price for tickets to see naked or quasi-naked women dancing in 'strip-tease' shows, perhaps they would have been shocked. In that age good men were shocked at the forcible disrobing of a woman, and Sri Krishna intervened to stop it. In this age a woman disrobing herself to make money secures money, applause and newspaper fame.

764

Sri Ravi Shanker, Bangalore.

Q: *In the Puranas, the trinity of deities like Brahma are said to have given boons to wicked people like Ravana. Should they not have avoided doing so?*

A: When they received the boons, they had performed *tapas-charyas*. It was only when they got them that they misused.

What about graduates who use their knowledge for dishonest purposes?

765

Sri V. D. Prasada Rao, Begumpet.

Q: *I read in Sudha Mazumdar's* Ramayana *that Mandodari married Vibhishana immediately after the latter's succession to the throne. Inasmuch as the scriptures say that the eldest brother is next to one's father, should Vibhishana have been justified in marrying Mandodari?*

A: Customs differ from age to age. and there have been societies permitting a younger brother to marry another brother's widow.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—131

Princess Margaret

ANYTHING connected with the British Royal Family has always been regarded with solemnity and reverence, more so if it relates to the engagement or marriage of a prince or princess. To the people of Britain, to the people of the Commonwealth, in fact to the people of the world at large, such news is of unusual interest, and there is little wonder that congratulatory messages have started pouring in.

Highlighting a recent palace news in London was the announcement from Clarence House that Queen Elizabeth II's younger sister was engaged to be married to a commoner who is by profession a society photographer. Although a working lad, there is nothing proletarian about him. Son of a Welsh Barrister, he is a graduate of Eton and a Cambridge Blue. He is slender, charming and versatile.

To millions the announcement came as a pleasant surprise, for many had wondered whether Princess Margaret Rose had serious intentions of getting married at all after the unhappy event of 1955.

The Royal Princess and her fiance, Antony Armstrong-Jones, are both 29, (he is five months older), and Queen Elizabeth and her husband Prince Philip were reported to be "delighted because this is such a happy match."

Princess Margaret Rose was born on 21st August, 1930, at Glamis, the Scottish home of the Princess' grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. The Princess and the present Queen had their education under the personal supervision of Miss Marion Crawford (now Mrs. George Buthlay).

A great traveller, Princess Margaret has visited a large number of overseas Commonwealth countries, in addition to several countries in Europe. She has visited South Africa, Southern and Northern Rhodesia, Malta, Canada, the West Indies, the Bahamas, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Nigeria, Tanganyika, Mauritius, Zanzibar, Kenya, British Guiana and British Honduras. She has also visited France, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, Norway and Sweden.

In the Netherlands, she represented King George VI at the coronation of Queen Juliana in September, 1948, whereas in the Caribbean she was the Special Representative of Her Majesty the Queen at the inauguration of the legislature of the new Federation in April, 1958.

Her Royal Highness has travelled by the Royal yacht 'Britannia' in the Indian Ocean, the seas around Hebrides and the Caribbean. She has flown in a wide range of aircraft including the Comet, Britannia, Vikings, Dakotas, Herons, Argonauts, Viscounts and helicopter. She has lived for weeks aboard the famous royal "White Train" of South Africa, has travelled by launch in the Bahamas and by raft in Jamaica and has even driven a train in South Africa.

She is young, gay, fond of new places and new faces, takes lively interest in everything going around her and has a great sense of dignity.

"Princess Margaret brings a little glamour into a drab world," said, recently, the Chairman of the "Not Forgotten" Association which provides comforts and entertainments at hospitals and institutions for wounded and disabled ex-servicemen. "She is an ideal guest," one of her hostesses in the West Indies is reported to have said. "She was interested in everything, so easy to entertain—and got on famously with the children and the dogs."

One of the best dressed women in the world, the Royal Princess spends not only a busy day but also leads a varied life. She takes interest even in little things. Half the morning she is kept engaged answering mail; after that she gives another fitting to her dress-maker. She generally lunches with the Queen Mother. She often attends the sessions of the House of Commons showing her keen interest in the proceedings of the Parliament, especially in matters of stimulating interest. She is responsive to the cut and thrust of a keen argument and loves to be there on a "big day."

The Princess meets students from the Commonwealth and scholars from distant parts of the globe and makes inquiries about them, their work and their plans for the future.

Evenings are occupied by attending state functions, where she talks to officials, meets artists and sometimes attends parties given by friends.

She is the only woman recipient of the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar conferred on her by the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1956.

The Princess is a lover of outdoor sports. She is a fine rider of horses, a good swimmer and a keen gardener.

She is also a connoisseur of arts. She has inherited a love of music from her mother, and herself plays the piano and sings. In December, 1957, she was made an Honorary Doctor of Music of London University; ballet is another of her interests. She is also the patron or president of a great number of cultural bodies.

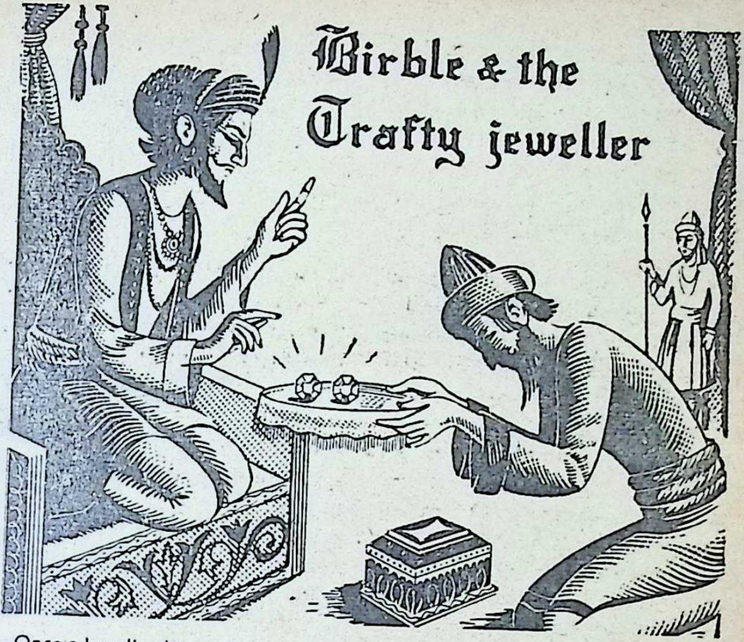
The gala regal marriage between the Princess—a member of one of the world's greatest royal families—and a commoner—so typical of present-day Britain—will take place in May at the Westminster Abbey.

To lend respectability to the commoner and to the lineage, Antony Armstrong-Jones, the fiance of the Princess, will be made a Marquis.

As a token of his love and romantic fancy, Antony Armstrong-Jones has already made a present of a ruby ring decked with scintillating diamond flowers. The Princess is now seen wearing the ring in pride and joy.

Princess Margaret is reported to be exceedingly happy and gay. This is but natural for she is at last able to marry the man of her choice. Further, is not the period of expectancy—the interlude between the decision and the actual consummation of the happy event—the happiest in every man's and woman's life?

Birble & the Crafty jeweller



Once a Jeweller brought two beautiful diamonds to Akbar's court. When asked about the price. he replied cryptically. "and select correctly, evaluate properly. pay the Right price." The diamonds looked so similar that many failed to value correctly. Then came Birbal's turn. During his scrutiny a fly alighted on one of the diamonds. Birbal smiled and placed both the diamonds in water. The diamond that attracted the fly soon melted away as it was a suger candy crystal. Then Birbal said. "Put to test and judge by the result."

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HORNS OF A DILEMMA

THE God of love accepted defeat at the hands of the royal couple who spent the night completely enraptured in each other and oblivious of everything else but themselves.

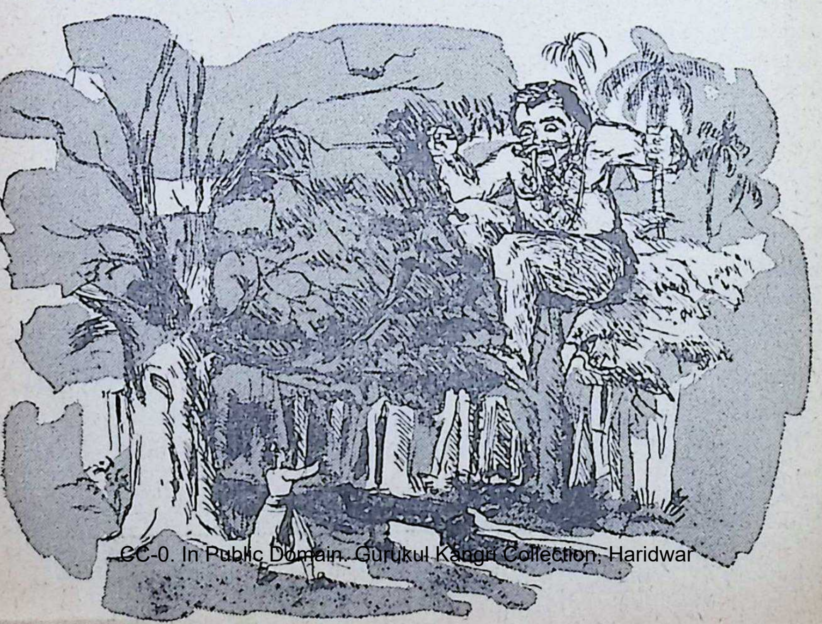
After staying at the bride's home for a couple of days more, Prince Ratnamandana left for his country, accompanied by his bride Pushpagandhi. King Sampati bade them adieu and sent a proper retinue carrying presentations of untold value.

At his home, Ratnamandana, like an over-drunk bee, dizzily spent his honeymoon. A few days later, he went on a spree to a nearby forest.

Enchanted by nature's exuberance, he stayed behind, asking his followers to return.

Moments later, he, however, saw on the branch of a nearby tree a grotesque figure menacingly looking at him. It had eyes like saucers, long and fearful teeth like daggers, hair like a lion's mane and ears sieve-like. It was so huge that it looked like a bridge between the sky and the earth.

"Ha,ha,ha!" it laughed savagely and said to the Prince: "*Are,* Rajkumar!



Come here. Brahma has sent you to me as my day's ration. Let me partially satisfy my hunger by devouring you!"

It was a Brahmarakshas that spoke so.

It then flashed across the Prince's mind that it was the ninth day of his marriage and what the astrologers had foretold of Pushpagandhi was, after all, coming true.

Realizing well the inevitability of fate, he, however, stood self-possessed and, as a last resort, addressed the Brahmarakshas as follows:

"Venerable Sir! I am quite willing to be devoured by you, for no one can alter the words Brahma has written on each man's skull. Yet, grant me this one prayer. My parents do not know where I am. The maid-servant who nursed me from my infancy does not know that I shall soon be no more. She will squirm like a trampled worm when she comes to know of my fate. How would my bosom friend Indradatta feel at my loss? How would my goddess of fortune, my wife, Pushpagandhi, live without seeing me? Please, therefore, permit me to meet them all for the last time so that I can pacify them by appropriate words and make them reconcile themselves to the inevitable, and I swear on oath that I shall return to you so that you may appease your hunger by eating me. Permit me now to leave."

Replied the Brahmarakshas: "Ha, ha, ha! You do not talk bad at all. You *are* clever indeed. Do you really believe that a man, reprieved by a tiger, would ever return to it? Do you think I am such a fool as to say 'I shall eat later,' when food is actually served before me? Do not fool yourself with the thought that anybody will fall in with your proposal. Come do not delay."

RATNAMANDANA: Sir, you know more than anyone else that human life is the most exalted form a life can take. Even among humans, I am born as a prince who is well versed in the *Sashtras*. Knowing as I well do that this body of mine is just temporal and subject to all sorts of danger, does it ever occur to you that I am likely to indulge in untruth? On the contrary, no one realizes better than I do that there can be no better salvation for me than to become food for your venerable self. Haven't you heard that in the past a mere animal, a cow at that, kept her word under similar circumstances?

BRAHMARAKSHAS: I do not know! Tell me how it did.

RATNAMANDANA: A Brahmin kept a cow which fed his *homa*. One day, while grazing in the forest, a cheeta which lay hidden, jumped on it unawares, and was about to kill it when the cow looked up unafraid and said: 'Tarry a little. After listening to me for a second, you can kill me.' Surprised by the cow's behaviour, the cheeta held back its upraised paw and replied sharply, 'What do you want to say? Tell me quickly or. . . .'

The cow said: "Oh! Great Sir! I have an infant calf who is only seven or eight days old. It is not for a mother to boast of her child, but he is so good-looking and playful. He is too young to eat grass presently. My only request to you is to permit me to return to him once now to suckle him to satiation so that he may hold on for some more days after which he can fend for himself. You will be earning great merit by granting my request. I shall return immediately thereafter." Tears flowed copiously down her loving cheeks.

"Ho! ho!" heckled the cheeta sneeringly and said: "I know you want to escape from me and your real intention is not to feed your child. I have yet to hear of a being which does not put up a fierce struggle for survival but agrees to offer itself tacitly. I shall tell you a story to illustrate my point."

Continued the cheeta: "Once a Yogi performed intense tapas on the sandy dunes of the Ganga. Being a sequestered spot, very few people frequented the locality. But a washer-woman, who had her hut nearby, had been casting anxious glances at him. One day she took courage and prostrating before him prayed: "Oh, prince among yogis, I am bewitched by your glorious mien. Pray, bless me with your grace!"

"Om Hari! Om Hari!" said he and closed his eyes. He continued: "Woman! I am a poor *tapasvin*. I am not familiar with the ways of the world. It is not proper for women to disturb us, much less to behave as you have done. Do not trouble me hereafter and begone!"

WOMAN: O, Yatishwar! Is it proper for you to reject a woman who, attracted by you, volunteered to serve you? Does not decency require that you should listen to her and make her seated by you?

YOGI: O, woman! Of what use is it for women to sit beside us whose function it is to scotch all forms of desires? Go away!

WOMAN: I believe you do penance for the achievement of the four-fold ends of life. When that is the case, how can you claim that you strive for scotching *kama*? When I seek your company for the purpose of begetting a son, how are you justified in rejecting me?

YOGI: If motherhood be your objective, I shall grant you a boon. With that in hand, live with your husband and you will get a son. If you have no mind to live with your husband, you may seek the company of those who offer it!

WOMAN: Venerable Sir, I am not a harlot to go after the lewd. Is it your idea that I have lost my morality the moment I set eyes on you? Why do you pain my heart with these harsh words?

So saying, the washer-woman came very near the ascetic who became enraged at it and shouted: "O! Wicked woman! Do not touch me. I shall *not* consent to your wishes!"

Unnerved, the young woman looked at him steadily and casting aside all sense of shame uttered: "Deva! Are there not handsome men all over the world? How is it that my heart has become irretrievably locked into yours? I can no longer bear the shafts of the love-god. Why are you so hard-hearted? Won't you relent a little? O! My sweet, accept me as your humble servant and bless me." So saying, she fell at his feet.

The ascetic thought: "The time has come when I must make a decision. Having reached this stage, if I forsake her, most likely she will be burnt up by the fire of love. I shall have to bear that sin squarely on my shoulders. If, on the other hand, I agree to accept her, then too, I shall be committing a sin. I now am caught between the horns of a dilemma. What shall I do?"

[*To be continued*]

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Stories of King Madana Kama

18

Ingratitude

APPARENTLY those were days when the brain was as much in demand as brawn, and princes were as much judged by their commonsense as by their prowess. When the two younger Princes of Mallikarjuna heard the fantastic proposition of the local Princess, they thought the Princess to be a half-wit, and therefore exclaimed: "O, ho! You will give us one pie and out of that we must not only get you oil, firewood and leaf but return that pie in addition. Obviously your Princess is cranky or why should a woman of her standing be so stingy as all that? We for our part are certainly not interested either in your Princess or her offer. Let us go."

The tortoise-Prince who was coming behind them heard all that had passed between his brothers and the palace officials of that place. Finding that his brothers had gone past them, he called them back and together with them asked the palace guards to explain the proposition once again. When they did so, the tortoise-Prince offered to fulfil those conditions when the officials gave him the tell-tale pie.

The tortoise-Prince on receiving the pie walked ten feet ahead with it and seeing a sesame plant by the road, pulled it out of the earth and giving it to the official said: "Sir, take this plant and give it to your Princess. Tell her that these fruits when squeezed will give til-oil; the plant when dried will become excellent firewood and of course there are leaves in the plant. Tell your Princess that I have thus fulfilled all her conditions."

The palace officials ran to communicate the solution of the newcomer, his explanation and his extremely unkingly appearance.

To their surprise, the Princess was taken aback, apparently of course by the apposite explanation of the wood-cutter and proceeding to her father, said: "Father, I have at last found a man who matches my intellect. He has solved my riddle and fulfilled my conditions. I shall now marry him."

"But, dear," protested the King, "do you know that the man who solved your riddle is but a wood-cutter and hardly suitable to marry into a royal family?"

"Yes, father, but I care more for intelligence than beauty," replied the Princess.

"Then have your way!" said the King and sent the royal palanquin to fetch the tortoise-Prince. Upon its arrival, the tortoise-Prince invited the hesitant brothers to accompany him and together they arrived at the palace. On the same day the marriage of the local Princess with the tortoise-Prince was solemnised.

Alone with the bride, the tortoise-Prince confided to her who he was and what brought him there and ended: "My dear! It is in the course of that quest that I came across your strange offer. Destiny has put us together. But I cannot stay here longer. I must get going early in the morning at the call of my self-imposed duty. By God's grace, I shall succeed in my undertaking. If, however, after seven days you do not hear from me, you may proceed to the Himalayas and look for me."

Rising with the sun, the tortoise-Prince accompanied his brothers on the Himalayan quest. For some days they walked across difficult terrain criss-crossed by peaks and ravines. Finally they entered a city. There too an invitation awaited them to marry the daughter of the local king provided they could understand and explain an abstract metaphysical treatise written by her. The two younger Princes of Mallikarjuna who rode on their steeds saw the treatise but could not make head or tail out of it. So they handed it back to the officials saying they were not interested in it. The tortoise-Prince who followed them, however, took it and explained the various passages as easily as though he had himself written them all. The delighted officials thereupon ran to their Princess and informed her of it. The Princess thereupon ran to her royal father and told him: "Father, I have after all found the great man equal to me in attainments. You may therefore arrange my marriage with him."

The King hurried to the roadside with appropriate accompaniments and prayed to the ugly-looking tortoise-Prince to accept his daughter in marriage. As usual, the tortoise-Prince requested his brothers to accompany him to the palace, but they refused, saying: "This man has made it a business to marry all the Princesses on the way. What have we to do with his marriage? Let us go our way." So they left him at the place and hurried to the Himalayas, and locating the highest peak, searched in vain for the Himalayan Princess whom their father wanted to marry. Thoroughly exhausted they sat down in the biting cold.

The tortoise-Prince, on the other hand, hurriedly stepped into the royal palanquin decorated with costly pearls and reached the palace where the Princess was married to him at an auspicious moment in due pomp and grandeur. While the bride and the bridegroom were alone, the tortoise-Prince confided in her who he was and what made him come there. He concluded: "Darling! I have to hurry up to help my brothers who in all probability are languishing on the way. If in the course of six days you fail to hear from me, you had better come to the Himalayas to look for me."

Asked the Princess: "My Lord! May I know how you will manage to bring the Himalayan Princess?"

This made the tortoise-Prince suspect that his latest bride knew about the Himalayan Princess and so he asked her, "Best of women! Will you kindly enlighten me as to how I should bring her?"

Replied his bride: "Lord! Do not think that the Himalayan Princess is of the ordinary kind of women. Her beauty is the craze of even the Gods. She lives on the top of the Himalayas. No mortal can see her from below. If you go round the peak reverentially, you will notice a creeper coming down from the top. If you hold the creeper and climb uphill along its track, it will lead you to her abode. The moment she sees you she will take you to her bed because she is so pent up with passion. It is up to you to tackle her with sweet words and bring her down. I now give you leave to proceed on your quest."

In the morning the tortoise-Prince resumed his journey to the Himalayas

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and travelled hastily since he was worried that any harm might befall his less-accomplished younger brothers. Soon he reached the peak and after a lengthy search, saw his two brothers seated on a rock woe-begone.

Calling them to his side, all three went round the peak thrice, at the end of which, as described by his last wife, he noticed the creeper coming down from the top. Asking his brothers to wait for him, he climbed up the peak with cat-like agility holding the creeper. After a strenuous climb, he reached the palace whose door opened at his touch. Proceeding inside, he reached the zenana where the Himalayan Princess, glorious like the morning sun, came towards him dancing excitedly and with unmistakable intentions. Just as she was about to embrace him, the tortoise-Prince threw his magic sword on the floor and fell at the Princess' feet stating: "Madam! I have come here to request you to marry my father and become my mother."

"Don't you know that it is my pledge to marry him alone who successfully climbs up to my abode?" asked she rather sternly.

"Quite true, Madam! But inasmuch as I have fulfilled your condition, is it not right that you should act according to my desire?" asked the Prince persuasively.

"All right. Then! tell me all about you," ordered the Princess. Thereupon the tortoise-Prince related all about him from beginning to end and said: "My brothers are waiting for you at the foot of the hill. Will you kindly follow me?"

The Princess agreed to start immediately and followed by the tortoise-Prince descended along the creeper and reached the foot of the hill where the younger Princes anxiously awaited them.

As soon as they reached the foot of the hill, the tortoise-Prince remembered that he had left his magic sword in the palace above, and so leaving the Himalayan Princess to the care of his brothers, again went up the hill along the creeper.

The two younger brothers who had become exasperated by the achievements of the wood-cutter, thought this was the best time to dispose of him and so, as the former was coming down along the creeper, snapped the creeper by tugging at it with all their might from below. When the creeper broke in two, the tortoise-Prince came tumbling down the peak and the impact of the fall smashed his body into smithereens.

[To be continued]

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SISTA S.SSN-13

H. M. PUBLIC SCHOOL

A LARGE gathering of parents, businessmen and distinguished citizens of Bombay attended the 23rd Annual Sports Day of the Hansraj Morarji Public School, Andheri, held on the evening of 20th March. The Hon'ble Sri Justice Shelat of Bombay High Court was the Chief Guest, and Smt. Shelat gave away prizes to more than 60 students.

Principal K. S. Talpade made a welcome speech in the course of which he paid warm tributes to the Chief Guest whose contribution to the development of the school, he said, was very great.

After introducing to the audience Jacob Thomas, the champion of the primary school who had won the first prize in the 60 yards of running, Justice Shelat said that he was happy to be amongst the young friends. He observed that a public school was somewhat different and distinct from the other schools and it had a different ideal. A boy in a Public School, he continued, would be free from several undesirable influences associated with a city life as that of Bombay. He appreciated the artistes in the selection of entertainments suitable for the young mind.

Sri Shelat was extremely happy to learn that the entire programme of sports as well as all the entertainments had been arranged by the students which showed how under the management of Principal Talpade during the last few years the spirit of co-operation and the sense of responsibility had been imbibed by the boys of the school. It was one way of training them for future leadership, he continued, and he was sure that when the time came there would be available all the leadership that schools of that type could provide the country.

Sri Thobani, President of the School Prefect Council, proposed a vote of thanks which was followed by light refreshments and cultural entertainments.

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OUR BOOK SHELF

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE AND RELATIONS (Vol. III). By M. K. Gandhi. Compiled and Edited by V. B. Kher. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. December, 1959. pp. 268. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THIS volume is in fulfilment of a promise by the publishers already stated in the review of the Second Volume which appeared in the *Bhavan's Journal* of March 6, 1960.

It presents a clear pattern of Gandhiji's thoughts on socio-economic and industrial problems of the modern world, with special reference to those of resurgent India. In his lofty mind, the worker was constantly present, his shoulders under the wheel, his body bent over the good earth. His thoughts, plans and decisions were always influenced by the labourer's freedom and dignity, so he ever struggled to settle relations between labour and capital peacefully, and stave off the methods of the centralized State.

The seven sections included in this volume are:

1. Conditions of Work and Living.
2. The Problem of Wages.
3. Organising Labour and Peasantry.
4. The Memorable Strike.
5. Strikes and Picketing.
6. To Kisans and Zamindars.
7. Peaceful Resolution of Industrial Conflict.

Gandhiji's advice has always been: Think only in terms of your duties and rights will follow as surely as day follows night. He would drum into our ears (almost like a staccato performance): "When you demand Swaraj, you do not want Swaraj for yourself alone, but for your neighbour too. The principle is neither metaphysical nor too philosophical for comprehension. It is just good commonsense. If you love thy neighbour as thyself, he will do likewise with you."

The glossary and index are useful appendages.

CHARACTER AND NATION BUILDING. By M. K. Gandhi. Abridged and edited by Valji Govindji Desai. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad-14. December, 1959. pp. 64. Price: 40 nP.

THIS little book contains an Outline of the Ashram Observances and an Outline of the Constructive Programme. Brief paragraphs on Truth, Ahimsa, Fearlessness, Bread Labour, Tolerance, Prohibition, Khadi, Untouchability, Basic Education, Communal Unity, Civil Disobedience, which form the diadem of Gandhian philosophy are presented with clarity and perspicacity. Appendices include passages on Humility and Importance of Vows.

MY MEMORABLE MOMENTS WITH BAPU. By Manubehn Gandhi. Translated from the original in Gujarati by Arvind Sheth. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. January, 1960. pp. 48 Price: 50 nP.

THIS book includes twenty-six anecdotes collected by Gandhiji's granddaughter which are intimately associated with the Mahatma. They are simple but full of deep meaning. They are meant to be enjoyed by children, but the elders could as well appreciate them. Many facets of this simple and great man of symbolic significance are revealed through the anecdotes. Even anecdotes like Bapuji's chappals and Bapuji's fountain-pen prove eloquent and edifying. It carries a foreword by Jawaharlal Nehru.

BAPU AS I SAW HIM. The original in Hindi by Ramnarayan Chaudhary. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. December 1959. pp. 274. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

THIS book carries reminiscences of Gandhiji, covering some thirty years of the author's personal contact with the Mahatma. It has 287 sections telling of isolated incidents which in different ways influenced the author greatly in favour of Bapu's ideal of winning over the enemy by undergoing voluntary suffering. We are told that Gandhiji liked revolutionaries because of their vivacity and tenacity. The author takes us back to 1917 when the Congress Session held in Calcutta was dominated by Mrs. Annie Besant (the moving spirit behind the Home Rule Movement), Tilak (the Idol of the Nationalist India), Gandhi (the hero of the South African and the Champaran campaigns) and the great Pandit Malaviya. The author tells us how Gandhiji's support of recruitment to the British Army angered him at one stage and how again his admiration for Bapu deepened as, like a sagacious political leader, Gandhiji launched a campaign of non-violent non-co-operation and later staged an open revolt (but non-violent) against the Rowlatt Act.

The reminiscences, like entries in a diary, engage our attention and Gandhiji appears like a practical idealist and an unrivalled architect of social construction, under whose benign influence even dacoits became social workers. We get glimpses into numberless social and national activities—the battle of Bijolia won in 1924; the Congress Session held at Kanpur in 1925; the Indian States' Peoples' Movement and the Princes' and Peoples' Service Society, showing that the interests of the people of the States formed planks of the Congress constitution; efforts for Ramrajya (i.e. important decisions resting on *Truth and Justice*); the Lahore Congress Session held in 1929 at which Gandhiji was in favour of India becoming a member of the British Commonwealth; the Satyagraha Movement; the famous Dandi march of March 1930; the Gandhi Seva Sangh; the Harijan Sevak Sangh; the Sabarmati Ashram (where celibacy was compulsory) and the hour-to-hour duties and the insistent emphasis on the formation of good habits in the

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matter of diet, medicine, etc., the Goseva Sangh.

Upon a perusal of this book we may well collect some valuable ideas about the Mahatma:

> Co-travellers in righteousness can only be his comrades.
>
> Forgiveness is an essential feature of his character.
>
> He was against vaccination as a preventive measure against smallpox.
>
> He considered insurance unnecessary from the point of view of faith in God.
>
> He introduced the Khadi programme to eradicate poverty.
>
> He considered the observance of a non-stop spinning programme to be appropriate when Rabindranath Tagore passed away.

The review should include Gandhiji's reply to a question, "Bapu, what is your opinion of Hitler?" His words are: "I regard him as a great man. Even his opponents admit that he is above vice; he neither smokes nor drinks. He is a bachelor too. He does not own property. He is occupied day and night in his country's service. It is no mean task to raise a country sky-high in so short a time. He knows how to conquer and then be generous..." Let the world speculate.

The appendix includes reminiscences by the author's wife, Shrimati Anjanadevi.

—Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF MYSTIC TRADITION IN RELIGION AND ART IN KARNATAK. By Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao. Published by Wardha Publishing House, Madras-5. pp. 189 and 32 pages of illustrations. Price: Rs. 6.

DR. M. V. KRISHNA RAO'S book under review is a competent, useful and vivid survey of the mystic traditions in the religion of Karnatak after the tenth century. It gives a complete picture in simple English of the different religious movements in Karnatak. The author's scholarship and more than that his catholicity of outlook have enabled him to present with imagination and sympathy the Saiva religion and the Vaishnava religion in their respective, true perspectives. He gives us a fair bird's-eye view of the movements and their religious tenets.

The volume is divided into 12 chapters and the first six are devoted to the study of Vira Saivism. We have excellent chapters on the religion and the personalities of Basavesvara, Chennabasava, Akka Mahadevi and Sarvajna. We do not know why the author did not give a separate chapter for Allama Prabhu. It is common knowledge that we should aspire to have the *bhakti* of Basava, the *vairagya* of Mahadevi, the *yoga* of Prabhu Deva and the *jnana* of Chennabasava.

The author gives a clear account of the works of these saints. He draws our attention to the reformist zeal, social passion and the high sense of justice imbibed by these saints. He highlights the special characteristics of Vira Saiva philosophy; its repudiation of the mechanical scheme of *varnashrama* theory; its insistence on physical

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labour, its stress on the ethical and the human aspects of religion and its respect for women and their status.

In the last but four chapters the author explains the philosophy of the mystics of the Madhva school. He gives us concise and moving accounts of the personal ties of the *Haridasa movement* e.g., Purandara, Kanaka, Vyasaraja and others. We get a comprehensive account of both the Vaishnava and Virasaiva philosophy in their bold outlines. The last two chapters are of special interest to the student of art, sculpture and music. The influence of mysticism on Karnatak Art is explained in Chapter Eleven.

The book needs an index to make it complete. The volume carries a commending foreword from Dr. R. R. Diwakar who himself has given us standard works in Kannada about the mystics of Kannada. On page 13 there is a mis-statement: "Sankara's system of philosophy was based on *Prasthanatraya* and the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Vedanta Sutras.*" *Prasthanatraya* is the name for all the later three works together; it is not a separate work. On page 108 Sri Vyasaraja's work is wrongly printed as *Vakyamrita*. It should be *Nyayamrita*. But for a few slips the volume is a splendid and most readable popular introduction to the study of Karnataka mysticism.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

SUVARNON—THE GOLDEN DUST. By Shambhu S. Bhat. Foreword by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. Published by the Jnana Vijnana Samanvaya Sabha, Bangalore-4. pp. 169. Price: Rs. 4.

THIS claims to be a modern interpre- ation of our ancient scriptures, the Vedas and Epics. The two names in he Sahasranama, Chandramshu (281) nd Bhaskaradyutiḥ (282), according o the author, convey that the Lord is oth pleasing and brilliant, a veritable lend of seemingly incompatible quali- es. The title refers to another name the Lord in that *stotra*, Akshobhyah uvarnabinduh, the 'imperturbable olden drop'. This *Suvarnon*, the mas- r of the multi-universe, is equipoised above pain and pleasure, and this, according to the author, is the secret of Sri Rama's life and success. The book ends with a prayer to this *'Golden Dust'* which is "My Father, my Mother and my All!"

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

SANSKRIT

SRI VISHNU SAHASRANAMA, with English introduction and full text in Devanagari. By Dr. H. Janardana Acharya, Karur (S. Rly.). Published by the author. pp. 60. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

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—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

GUJARATI

SHRI BHAKTA VIJAY GRANTH. By Sri Shantilal H. Varia. Published by Smt. Gangaben Varia, 71: Shanti Niketan, Vincent Road, Matunga, Bombay-19. Size: Demy 8vo. pp. 680. Price: Rs. 6.25 nP.

THE volume under review is a free adaptation in Gujarati from the original written in Marathi by the well-known Maharashtrian saint Mahipati. It consists of more than 50 biographical sketches of saintly persons renowned all over India but separated from one another by time and clime. The great persons treated of in this extensive volume include Poet Jaidev, Tulsidas, Namdeo, Kabir, Jnaneshwar, Savta Mali, Gora Kumbhar, Janabai, Matsyendranath, Gorakhnath, Chokhamela, Rohidas Chamar, Narsinh Mehta, Bhakta Bodano, Surdas, Mirabai, Kanhopatra, Eknath, Swami Ramdas and Tukaram—not to mention lesser-known but equally great saints.

A sense of steadfast devotion and piety permeates Sri Varia's writings investing the biographies with originality and creative value. His style is lucid and diction chaste.

The volume is embellished with pictures of several saints featured therein and the production values are good. In these days of high production costs, it is certainly priced very low considering the bulk of the text and the number of art plates. Sri Varia has rendered yeoman service to the Gujarati-reading public by making available to it such a splendid volume practically for a song.

—*Sri S. G. Tolat.*

PERIODICAL

"THE EDITOR"

AN English monthly called "The Editor" is being published from New Delhi by the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference.

The magazine will carry special articles by editors and members of the profession on the rôle of the press and its functions as well as reports concerning the press in India and abroad. Other topics of interest to the journalistic profession will also be published. The first issue is due to appear on Baisakhi Day.

The price will be 25 naye Paise per copy, the annual subscription being Rs. 3/- to be sent in advance to the Office Secretary, All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference, 50, Theatre Communication Bldgs., Connaught Place, New Delhi.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Arthur Road, Bombay 7. Managing Editor: J. H. Dave.

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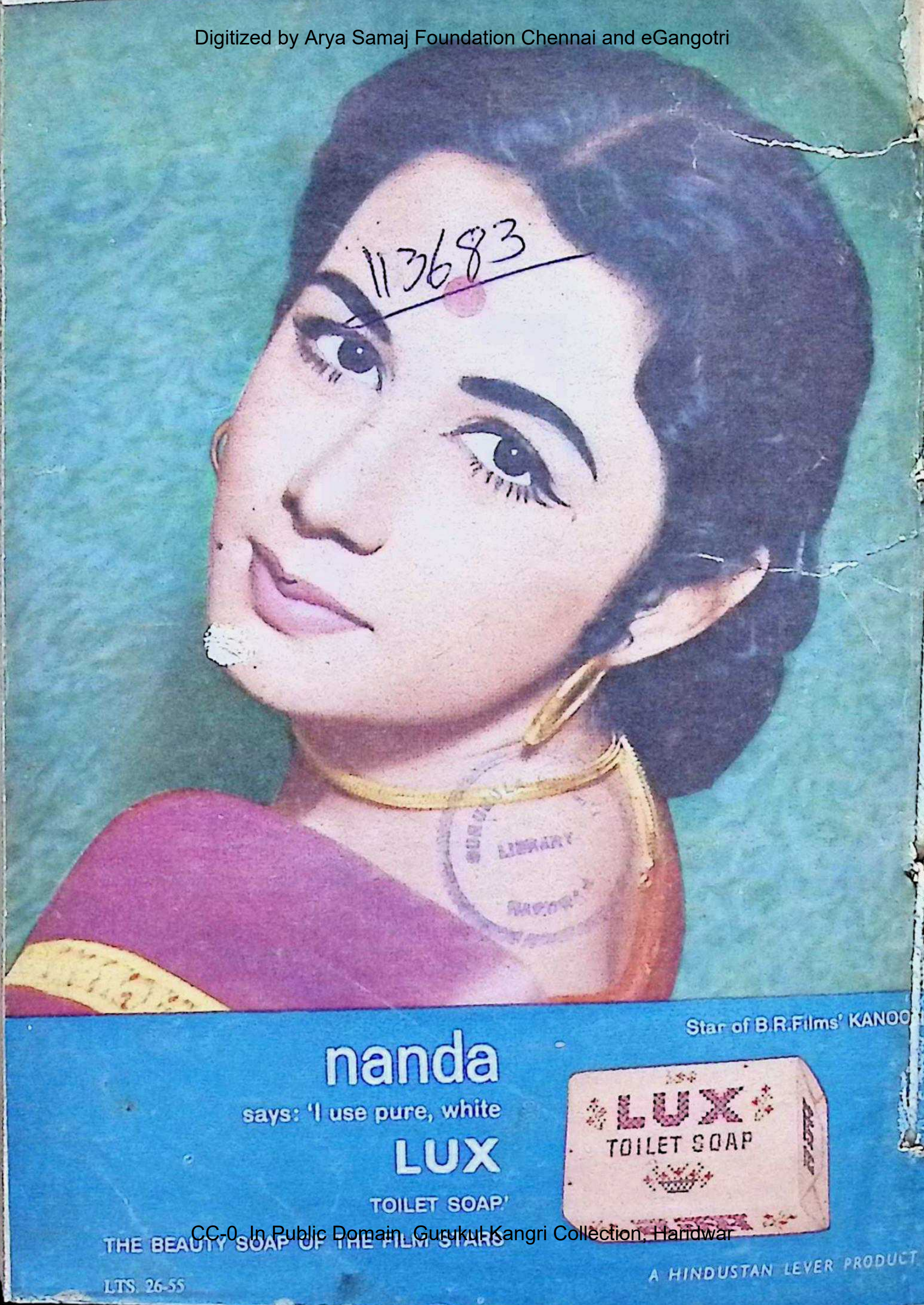

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